

The lights on Private Drive went out with a small pop. Thanks to the moonlight, you could barley see a tall figure in what seemed to be a traveling cloak walking towards one of the houses. The house in particular was number 4. In front of number 4 there was a small brick wall in front of the garden. On the wall sat a cat with strange square markings on its face. As the cloaked figured made its way towards the house the cat tensed. Then it relaxed as it caught sight of the figure. It walked towards the edge of the wall then jumped. But something strange happened as the cat jumped. I mid jump the cat turned into a woman that, with closer inspection, was wearing attire similar to that of the other figure.

“Albus is it true? Are the Potters really dead?” The woman said.

“Ah. Minerva. Yes. Sadly they are.” Said the other figure that was clearly a man by the voice.

“No! Not Lily and James!” Minerva was shocked. “And He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named? Is he really.....gone?”

“Yes. Terrible I know. But their boy lives.” Albus sighed, “As for Voldemort, I think not. Not completely.”

“Albus, is he really to stay here? The boy I mean. I’ve been watching the muggles all day and they are simply awful Albus! We simply can not allow him to stay here.”

“Them. Them to stay here you mean.”

“What?”

“There was another child in the room. Harry’s god sister. She was Lily’s best muggles friends’ daughter. They died a year ago. The girl, Hannah, came to stay with the Potters.”

Are you sure?”

“Positive Minerva. Hagrid should be here soon.”

“Hagrid? You sent Hagrid. Albus are you sure that’s wise?”

“I would trust Hagrid with my life Minerva.” He replied solemnly. Before Minerva could speak, a loud bang sounded. A huge flying motorcycle had papered in the air and was landing near the two

figures. Once it had hit the ground it slid a bit then stopped. "Ah Hagrid, there you are." Albus said to the massive figure sitting on the motorcycle.

"Ello there Professor Dumbledore. 'Ello Professor McGonagall. 'Ere he is. He slept soundly the 'ole way." He handed Professor Dumbledore a small bundle. The bundle was a baby wrapped in blankets. The baby was Harry Potter. He had just survived the killing curse causing the downfall of the most powerful dark wizard ever, Lord Voldemort.

"Ah thanks you. Hagrid, is that Sirius's bike?" Dumbledore asked looking at the huge motor bike.

"Yeh. It is. Beauty ain't it?" Then Hagrid remembered something. HE made his way back to the bike and carefully pulled out another bundle. "This one was there too Professor. I couldn't jus' leave her there. Sirius offered to take 'em both but I told 'im you asked me ter bring 'em back here. Or Harry at least." Hagrid handed Dumbledore another bundle. This one had a girl. Quite opposite of Harry, the girl was wide awake and looking around. Her dark brown hair turned blonde as she faced McGonagall.

"Oh my! Albus she's...."

"A metamorphagus. Yes I noticed." Dumbledore looked down at the girl. She smiled at him, her hair going back to dark brown. Her eyes a hazel that reflected the moonlight. "Hannah. This must be his god sister, Hannah. She's lost both set of parents a year apart. She along with Harry will have many more obstacles I fear." Albus looked from one child to the other. Harry had a lightning scar on his head that he expected to see on Hannah, but he didn't. Hers was on her collarbone. How interesting, he thought. "Welcome to your new home little ones." He whispered. He set them both on the front step of number 4. Snug in their blankets they looked almost out of place. Dumbledore then put a note on top of Harry's blanket addressed to the Dursleys. The Dursleys were Lily Potters family. Petunia Dursely was Lily's sister. Harry's only family and soon to become Hannah's. "Goodbye you two. See you soon." With that Albus Dumbledore returned to Minerva and Hagrid. "Don't cry Hagrid. You'll see them soon. Ten years and we'll all see them again." He smiled. It would be

ten years and these two would be at the doors of his school. He turned away from Number 4 Private Drive and kept walking. "Well, I will see you both at Hogwarts." He disapperated with a crack. Minerva took one more look at the babies. Then she did the same. Hagrid walked to the motorcycle and climbed on. The poor things, he thought, without a family already. He took one more look, then was gone.

Disclaimer: All of these amazing charecters, with the exception of Hannah, are the creation of J.K. Rowling. I just added some ideas.

A/K: I might just hit on the important parts of each year so let me know if you think that's a good idea. Thanks!

I wasn't allowed out of my closet for another two hours. I was starving and stiff. There was barley enough room to stand up let alone lie down to sleep. It had been this way for 11 years. I'm sure they took better care, if not by much, of me when I was a baby. But knowing the Dursleys, probably not. I ended up falling asleep standing, waiting for 8:00.

"HANNAH!! WHAT THE RUDDY HELL ARE YOU DOING?!?!?! GET OUT HERE NOW!!!!!!" came my wake-up call. That would be Uncle Vernon. I sighed. It would be nice just to get out of this closet. I unstuck the closet door and headed down to breakfast. I would have 30 min of freedom then I was off to school. I wouldn't be home till 3:00. There was a very tight schedule for me. That's why I never came home from school if I was sick. Thank God I had a great immune system. When I entered the kitchen I could smell the bacon, eggs, and pancake batter. But I knew it wasn't for me. I would get cereal like I had the rest of my life. Dudley would get the pancakes. I don't think he was all there. Mentally I mean. Physically he was and then some. What I mean is that he was always talking about "The Boy" I'm not sure what that meant but Vernon always seemed to agree with him. Example: "Hey dad. Did you see him run across the street to not miss the bus? He's so freaking fast. It's not natural." "I agree with you my boy. He's not natural." So.... See what I mean.

The day went on normally. School and all. But when I got home there was an owl perched by the door clutching, what seemed to be an envelope, in his beak.

"Hey there. Wow, you're gorgeous." I whispered to it. 'Go on get out of here. The Dursleys aren't fond of owls. Or any animal now that I think about it." It didn't budge. I shrugged and opened the door. As I did the owl flew in. "NO!" I cried. This was not good. The Dursleys were going to kill me. No joke. Sure enough as I walked in I was greeted by a shriek from Aunt Petunia.

“What is that thing doing in my house?!?”

“I don’t know Petunia.”

“Is that.... Is that the letter?”

“It can’t be!”

“Vernon it is!”

“Well we’ll just have to burn it!” What were they talking about? I cautiously walked in to the kitchen, pausing ever so slightly as I passed the cupboard under the stairs. I always thought there was something weird about that thing. I just wasn’t sure what. My entrance to the kitchen was not greeted well at all.

“What are you doing down here?!?” Uncle Vernon hissed at me.

“Well...uhh... I heard shrieking.” I stammered

“Well get to your closet! NOW!” I went without question. It was strange. He seemed almost...well scared.

The rest of the week went by without incident. I faded back into the back ground I knew so well. But the following Tuesday, when I got home a letter came from the fireplace. I picked it up and took it to Uncle Vernon. I didn’t notice the rustle as more letters followed. Uncle Vernon wasn’t to happy to see it. He went purple then grabbed it and shredded it. Then, big surprise, sent me to my closet.

But before I reached it, there was a commotion. I dropped my bag where I was and flew down the stairs. As I reached the cupboard under them, the door swung open and I ran straight into it. As I lay there, dazed, on the ground, a very attractive head of untidy black hair poked around the door.

“Are you okay?” he asked concerned. Then, “Wait. Who are you?” I didn’t respond. I had noticed the scar shaped like a lightning bolt on his fore head. I guess now would be a good time to mention my own

scar. It was on my upper collar bone. Shaped like a lightning bolt.  
“And furthermore, why are you here?”

“Well....uhhhh.....I.....I live here?” I almost asked. Then caught myself. I was never ever unsure of myself. “ I live here.” I said more confidently.

“Wait. I live here.”

“No. You don’t.” Then I remembered. “The boy,” I whispered as he said “The girl.”

“So that’s what they meant!” I cried. Just then Uncle Vernon came barreling from the kitchen.

“Oh snap.” I said as the boy said “Bloody hell.”

“WHAT THE RUDDY HELL ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE?!?!”  
Vernon shouted. “ I TOLD YOU TO GO TO YOUR CLOSET!”

“ I...I...I.... I’m going.”

“No the damage is done. Pack your bags we’re leaving.”

“Uhh....Sorry, what bags?” the boy asked, “We don’t exactly have anything to pack.” I stifled a smile. It was a great question. Uncle Vernon didn’t think so.

“YOU LITTLE....” He was cut off by a scream from Aunt Petunia.

“VERNON!!!!!!!!!!!!!! There’s one for each of them!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” she shrieked. What on earth were they talking about? Uncle Vernon understood perfectly. He went purple.

“One...one for each?”

“YES!! For Harry AND Hannah!”

“She’s one too?”

"Well apparently." I looked at the boy, Harry I guess, in amazement. I was a what to? What was he that I was too? What ever it was it must have been bad. Vernon looked at us and seemed to realize something.

"Get up stairs and get you things. NO BACK TALK." as Harry begun to talk. I hurried upstairs while Harry dove into his cupboard. What on earth was going on? Who was this Harry who had lived here the whole time I had without either of us knowing about the other? Was their more the Dursleys weren't telling us?

Disclaimer: See Chap. 1

We finally got to the Dursleys vacation home around 10:00pm. And with my luck we arrived in the middle of a storm. I was cold, wet and exhausted. I'm sure Harry felt the same. As Petunia and Vernon took the upstairs bedroom and Dudley the couch Harry and I got a few minutes to talk and figures things out.

"So how old are you?" Harry asked.

"I'll be 11 in September." I said, "How bout you?"

"11 tomorrow."

"Oh. That's cool."

"Yeah. So how long have you been at the Dursleys?"

"I think almost 10 years. Why?"

"Cause I've never seen you."

"Well obviously they didn't want us together."

"Oh, I guess you're right. So how did you end up at the Dursleys?"

"My parents died in a car crash in America on Halloween almost 10 years ago."

"Really? So did mine. It left me this scar."

"Oh so that's how you got it." I said right before Uncle Vernon came down and told us to go to sleep. As we crawled into our sleeping bags on the floor Harry asked me on last question.

"Hey, what's your name?"

"Hannah. Hannah Potter."

"Hannah POTTER?"



“Yeah. Why?”

“Cause I’m Harry Potter.”

“WHAT?!?! How.. when... I’m so confused.” He laughed teasingly at me. Then Vernon came down to tell us to sleep so we went quiet. When my watch and Harry’s went off at midnight I leaned over and quietly wished him happy birthday. Then without warning, the door was broken down, and a huge figure filled the doorway. Harry and I jumped to our feet and hid behind the fireplace. HE pulled me into a crouching position and clamped a hand over my mouth. I looked cautiously around th corner to see the Dursleys face to... well chest, with this huge person who was jabbing a flowerey pink umbrella at Duldley.

“Is that you ‘Arry? Blimey you’re a bit..... well... errr bigger that last time.” I turned to Harry with a huge smile on my face and nudged him to get out there.

“Actually,” Harry said as he stepped out, “I am.” The tall person turned and beamed.

“‘Arry! I knew tha wasn you. Yeh probably don remember me. Yeh were the size of my hand las time.” Then he seemed to remember something. “This is fer yeh. I might have....err well sat on it a some point. But it’ll still taste good.” And he handed Harry a birthday cake.

“Err.... Thanks. Sorry but who are you?” Harry asked looking ever so slightly over his shoulder to me.

“Oh yeah! Well I’m Hagrid the gamekeeper at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.”

“Come again?”

“Hogwarts. What you mean to tell me these muggles never told you wha you are?” with this he rounded on Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon with his flowery umbrella. “Yeh’ve no right to deprive him of who he really is. Why’d you never tell him?!?!”

"Tell me what?" Harry cut in.

"Tha you're a wizard!"

"WHAT?!?!" Harry and I said at the same time. Then I remembered I was hiding.

"A wizard?" Harry asked.

"Yes a wizard." Aunt Petunia answered tartly, "Your mother was a witch. My parents were so happy to have a witch in the family. Then she met that James Potter. They got married and had you. Then they died leaving you and Hannah with us."

"Is Hannah a witch?" Harry asked.

"I don't know."

"Well....errr... Here's your letter 'Arry and... well.... It seems Hannah's a Witch." Hagrid added.

"I am?" I asked as I emerged from behind the fire place. "Really? That's so cool!" Harry laughed and I couldn't help but smile. "Wait. Am I his sister?" I asked. Then Aunt Petunia explained that my mom was best friends with Lily Evans, Harry's mom, before she went to Hogwarts. That they were each others maids of honor at their weddings. Then my parents moved to America and then they died when I was a month and a half old. Then I came to live with the Potters and they died a year later.

"Dang. I just seem to be such an easy child." I said almost bitterly. "My real parents died and a year later so did my godparents! Seems as a matter of time for you guys." I said looking at the Dursleys. Then Harry spoke up.

"So where do we get.... how do we.... uhh...."

"What on earth are we supposed to do to get ready for Hogwarts?" I said for him. Hagrid smiled.

"At's where the fun comes in." He said.

A/N: So what do you think so far? PLEASE oh PLEASE review.

Disclaimer: See chap. 1.

A/K: I had like a writing spree so i got tow chapters done in an hour or so. Please let me know what you think about the me just hitting the major events. HINT: REVIEW!

Diagon Alley was more than I could have imagined. After Hagrid had taken us, more like rescued us, from the Dursleys he took us to this place called the Leaky Cauldron. Through there you get to Diagon Alley where you shop for all your school stuff.

"All righ' next stop is Gringotts." Hagrid took one look at our faces and smiled. "Tha's the bank. Where you'll get you gold so you can pay for all your supplies." I was going to say something about not having any gold but before I could Hagrid had whisked us in to the bank. The people working there weren't even people.

"Hagrid." Harry asked, "What are those things?"

"There goblins right?" I asked.

"Yes they are. Here we are." Hagrid talked to the goblins but I didn't pay attention. I was studying the people around me. Then I realized Hagrid Harry and the goblin had walked off. I ran to catch up with them. The bank was underground with all this crazy stuff. I thought it was abit absurd. Then we got to Harry's vault. "You didn' think tha' your parents wouldn' leave you anything? They lef' you a small fortune. And of course you too Hannah. Seeing as you were their daughter jus abou'." I stared at the gold piled in the vault in front of me and Harry. I looked at him.

"Well I guess we should get some huh." He said

"Yeah I guess." I replied. We took out our bags they had given us in the main part of the building and filed them about halfway. Then we stopped at a vault for Hagrid. He grabbed a small package and put it in his pocket.

"Best to keep this quiet harry. You too Hannah." We nodded and left Gringotts.

"All righ'. The firs' thing we'll get is robes." Hagrid said leading us to a shop. "You'll go in there I'll stay out 'ere, it'll be tight with all of us in there." Hagrid said. Harry looked a bit nervous; I grabbed his arm and dragged him in. The witch in the shop greeted us.

"Hello! Are you here for school robes...." She trailed off looking at Harry's scar. I figured that it must have meant something big. I knew that Lord Voldemort, or whatever his name was, had left it when he tried to kill us. Mine was out of sight on my collar bone.

"Yeah we are. We're not exactly sure what we're supposed to do so." I looked at her and smiled.

"Of course. I'm Madam Malkin and this is Madam Malkin's Robes for All occasions." She returned my smile. "Come this way and I'll start you off." We got our robes and were on our way. The next place we went was to Flourish and Blotts. Then Ollivander. Once we got to Ollivander's Hagrid left saying he had to get something. Harry and I walked in and it was silent.

"Hello?" I called. "Anyone there?" Then there was a sound of drifting papers and an old man popped out from behind the desk.

"Harry Potter." He said. "I've waited a long time for this." He walked a bit back into the shop then returned. "Try this. Just give it a flick." Harry did and a vase exploded across the room. "No definatley not." Harry did this with one more wand then Ollivander brought out one more. "I wonder." He muttered under his breath. He handed it to Harry. Harry took it and he seemed to get charged with something. A breeze picked up in the shop and Harry actually looked like he was glowing. The Ollivander proceeded to tell him that the wand that had left him his scar had contained a phoenix feather and that the phoenix had given one other feather. Just one. And that feather was in the wand that Harry just used. His new wand. He purchased it and stepped back. Ollivander saw me. "There were rumors. Are you Hannah?"

"Yeah I am." I replied uncertainly.

"Let me see...." Once more Ollivander disappeared to the back of the shop. I looked at Harry who was staring at his new wand and smiled. The Ollivander returned. He handed me a wand and I flicked it. The shelves crashed over. "No. I think not." Ollivander said as he fixed the shelves. The he handed me another wand. The same type of thing happened with that one and the next one. Then he handed me one more. "This is Oak with a dragon-heart string core." I looked at my new wand in awe. Though this little piece of wood, I would be able to perform magic.

"Wow. Thanks!" I looked up at Ollivander and smiled. "Thanks so much." Just then a knock came at the shop window.

"Harry! Harry!" Harry and I turned around. It was Hagrid. "Happy Birthday Harry!" Hagrid was holding the most amazing snowy owl ever. Harry and I thanked Ollivander one more time then ran out of the shop. Hagrid handed Harry the owl in the cage with a smile. "Isn't she beautiful?"

"Wow! Thanks Hagrid! Hannah! Look! What should I name her?" Harry was so excited. Like me, I don't think he'd ever have a birthday present before.

"I don't know." I replied.

"Hedwig! I'll name you Hedwig!" Harry looked at me and smiled. I smiled back.

"Oh. Hannah. 'Ere's yours." Hagrid said pulling out another cage from behind his back. I this one was a beautiful tawny owl. I stared at in sheer awe.

"No way! You got me one too?" I asked surprised.

"'course I did! You didn' think I'd let you not get a birthday present did ya?" I smiled at Hagrid.

"Thanks. Thanks a lot."

HPHPHPHPHPHPHPHP

The next day we headed off to Hogwarts. I was so excited I could hardly keep still. We had taken the underground to Kings Cross (getting quite a few strange looks from people seeing as how huge Hagrid was and the fact that we had owls) and once there Hagrid had given us our tickets.

"So we'll be taking a train." I said reassuring it in my mind.

"Yeh. Just look for Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ ." He checked his pocket watch.

"Blimey! Look at teh time! I need teh go! See you at Hogwarts!"

"Wait! 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ ? Hagrid!" But he was gone. Harry and I continued walking to Platform 9. There we stopped and looked for 9  $\frac{3}{4}$  but couldn't find it.

"Do you think we should ask someone?" He asked.

"No. Who would believe us?"

"Good point." Then there was a racket from the other side of the pillar that marked platform 9. Out from behind it came a family of red hair. Harry and I looked at each other and smiled. Most of them had owls and large trunks like ours.

"Excuse me." I said walking up to, what I had assumed to be, the mom. "Do you know how to get to platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ ?"

"Of course I do dear." She replied happily. I waved Harry over so he could hear too. "I'm Mrs. Weasley. This is Ron's first time too." From behind her we could see the youngest boy give a small smile. "Now, all you have to do is walk straight at that wall. Go at it at more of a run actually. Percy you go first." The tallest of the boys nodded and jogged towards the wall. I winced, ready for him to crash into it. But instead he went straight through. "All right. Fred, your next."

"Mum! I'm George!" Said the next boy. "Can't you even tell us apart when your our mum?"

"Oh. Sorry George. Go on then."

"Just pulling your leg. I am Fred!" He gave Harry and I a wink then ran at the wall followed by his brother, George. I smiled. Fred was kinda cute. Mrs. Weasley looked at me and Harry.

“Got it?”

“Yeah. I think so.” I replied. “I’ll go first.” I looked at Mrs. Weasley then to Harry. I took a deep breath and turned towards the wall.

“You’ll do fine.” Said a girl I hadn’t noticed before. She had to be a Weasley with the red hair. I smiled and ran through.

On the other side there were so many people. And the train was scarlet. Everything was amazing. Harry came in after me followed by Ron. Fred and George were there looking like they had been waiting. “There you are Ron! We wondered if you’d be able to make it through.” Said Fred. Ron merely scowled. “Ah well. We’ll help you three load your trunks.” He took my trunk and began walking through the crowd. I felt very out of place. Everyone here was in their robes and I was still in my skinny jeans and t-shirt. I followed Fred to a section of the train that seemed to be a loading dock. I followed him up the ramp and onto the train. He found an empty compartment near the back and walked in. He swung my trunk up onto the rack and turned around. I smiled at him.

“Thanks.”

“Anytime. I’m Fred.”

“I’m Hannah. And that’s Harry.” Fred blanched when he saw Harry’s scar. Then composed himself.

“Great to meet you. We will see you at Hogwarts.” He and George bowed out of the compartment.

“This is it then. We’re off to Hogwarts.”



Disclaimer: See Chap 1

A/K: Sorry it's been awhile but it's here so read and if you're feeling generous review!

The train ride was beautiful. But on the actual train not much happened. Fred and George stopped by a couple times showing Harry and I all these awesome wizard games. But really, other than that, I was bored. Harry and Ron talked a lot but I felt sorta weird being a girl and they were talking about sports (both wizard and muggle). I was staring out the window and the guys were talking about who knows what, when the compartment door opened and a girl walked in. I looked at her and tried to smile but she wasn't looking at me.

"Have you seen a toad? A boy named Neville has lost it." She said. His mind or his toad? I thought and had to suppress a smile. Harry and Ron shook their heads and I was about to offer to help when she seemed to realize something, "You're Harry Potter!" "Uhhh Yeah." Harry replied

"I know all about you! How The Dark Lord tried to kill you and you survived and no one has seen or heard of him since!" She finished out of breath. I rolled my eyes, this was going to get annoying and fast. Besides, no one seemed to know who I was. How depressing. School hadn't even started and I was a loser.

"If you....." I started but Ron cut across.

"I'm Ron Weasley and you are?" He asked the girl.

"Hermione. Hermione Granger." She replied a bit smug. I rolled my eyes again.

"Listen. If you need help finding the toad I'll help." I said forcefully making sure no one cut across this time. "I'm Hannah by the way." I held out my hand and she took it. I gave her a big smile.

"Thanks but I think we're good. You all had better change into your robes, we're almost there." She turned and walked out. I looked at

Ron and Harry. Something passed between them like a telepathic message. I turned back to the window and resumed my zoning out. Five minutes later the door slid open again.

"Harry Potter. So it is true. You are here." A voice drawled at the door. I turned and saw three boys. Two big and dumb looking. The other tall slim and looked almost regal. I looked at the third boy and arched my eyebrow.

"Yeah I'm Harry. Who are you?"

"I'm Draco Malfoy. This is Crabbe and that's Goyle." Then he noticed Ron. "Oh look, a Weasel." He snarled. Ron turned bright red and stood up looking like he was going to punch the Malfoy guy, Harry right behind him.

"Whoa. Lets just calm down here okay? There's nothing wrong with being a Weasley from what I can tell and I'm sure Malfoys are great too." I said stepping between them. I looked Malfoy in the eye and didn't blink. He looked back then looked away.

"Who are you?" He asked in a slightly subdued voice.

"I'm Hannah. Harry's adopted sister." I put emphasis on adopted. This Draco kid obviously had a problem with Harry and I didn't want to be lumped into it.

"Great. Another loser." Malfoy said with a snarl.

"Well excuse me!" I snapped back. He stared back at me and I turned back to the window crossing my arms in front of my chest.

"Sorry, but unless you're pureblood you're not good enough."

"Well I don't think I want to be good enough because you know what? I'm a MUGGLEBORN!" He just stared at me in disbelief.

"No your not."

"Uh Yeah I am. So take that."

"You know what?"

"What Malfoy?"

“Oh yeah, Potter?!”

“Yeah.” I walked forward three steps and slammed the compartment door in his face. I turned and leaned against it.

“Great Hannah,” Harry said, “We haven’t even gotten there and you’ve made us an enemy.”

“All in a days work.” I replied with a smirk. I pulled my trunk down and grabbed my robes. I just pulled them on over my t-shirt, skinny jeans, and Converse. Who cared what I looked like? “You to better get dressed.” I told the guys, “We’ll be there soon.”

The train stopped a few minutes later. Harry, Ron, and I all got off together. I took a deep breath of the new air. It was crisp and had a chill to it. I saw Malfoy and turned my back to him quickly. I didn’t want to get in a fight. Not yet at least. Then I heard a familiar, booming voice.

“Firs years over here! Firs years here!”

“Hagrid.” I whispered to Harry he nodded and smiled. We walked towards him. I was a head of both Harry and Ron. I just wanted to get to the castle.

“Hello Hagrid.” I said as I reached him.

“Ello Hannah.” He looked around me. “Where’s Harry?”

“Oh. I don’t know actually. Probably back there somewhere with that Ron.”

“Ah. Well we’ll be takin’ the boats tonigh. Firs year specialty.” He added in an undertone. I smiled. I was calm and composed on the outside but inside my nerves might as well have been doing the can-can. I looked around and saw the girl from the train looking for the boy’s toad. I couldn’t remember her name though. Was it Halley? Hermione? That was it! I caught her eye and smiled. She smiled back, if a bit nervously. Once all the first years were there we followed Hagrid to the boats. Hagrid looked us over and began assigning us in groups of three to boats. I was in a group with Harry and Ron. Hagrid got in a boat and looked at us. No one moved. Then I stepped forward stepping in the boat behind Hagrid. Everyone else followed

me. The journey to the castle was dead silent. All you could hear was the lapping of the waves against the sides of the boats. I looked to the boat on my left and saw Draco Malfoy starring at me. I stared right back until he looked away. Once we reached the castle we all stepped carefully onto the shore and walked to the front doors. We all stood staring at the doors then simulataniously Harry and I walked up and pushed them open. We all poured inside not making a sound. Then we heard a voice.

“Welcome to Hogwarts.” It said in a Scottish accent. We all looked up to the source of the voice. A woman was standing at the top of a stair case and was now making her way down. “I am Professor McGonagall, head of Gryffindor and teacher of Transfiguration.” We all stared at her in awe. She reached the bottom of the stairs and continued. “You are about to enter the Great Hall where you shall be sorted into one of four houses. Either Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, or Slytherin will become your home.” She said the last house with loathing. “Now follow me.” She turned and opened the second pair of large doors. We all entered the room and the chattering that was going on seemed to die down. We all followed McGonagall then stopped as she did. She walked onto the podium and stood next to a stool with an old hat sitting on it. “When I call your name you will come up here and sit on this stool. The Sorting Hat will then decide which house you will be placed into. And now, Abbot, Hannah!” I started at the first name then realized it wasn’t me. She was sorted into Hufflepuff. I zoned out after that looking absentmindedly around the room. I caught sight of Fred and George. Fred smiled and gave me a thumbs up sign that made me feel so much better. “Granger, Hermione!” I looked to the podium and saw Hermione sit on the stool.

“GRYFFINDOR!” the Hat shouted. The Gryffindor table claped loudly as Hermione joined them. The list went on. The boy who had lost his taod was placed in Gryffindor and Malfoy in Slytherin. Then McGonagall reached the P’s.

“Potter, Harry!” She called. I thought for the briefest moment that it wasn’t in alphabetical order since I should have been first, but forgot that as Harry sat on the stool. The Hat seemed to be talking to him and it took like what seemed a lifetime. Finally the Hat shouted

“GRYFFINDOR!” I clapped along with the Gryffindors. Harry caught my eye and smiled at me then I smiled back. After the cheers of ‘WE’VE GOT POTTER!’ died down the next name was called.

“Potter, Hannah.” The Hall went silent. It was quieter than when it had been Harry. Ron nudged me forward and gave me a smile. I walked up to the podium and sat down. The Hat was placed on my head.

“Interesting. Another one.” Said a voice in my ear, I guessed it was the Hat. “You too could do well in Slytherin. But Ravenclaw has possibilities as well. Hmm. You struggle with who you are. Not a Potter but that’s the only thing you know.”

“Not Slytherin.” I begged. The Hat laughed.

“Another similarity between the two. Well then better be RA....GRYFFINDOR!” I exhaled, not I had been holding it, and practically ran to the Gryffindor table. I was greeted realizing by a table full of cheers. I smiled and hugged Harry then sat down. The list went on. More and more people joined us, including Ron. Then a very old man stood.

“Welcome to Hogwarts.” He said. “I am Professor Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts. Just a few notes to first years, the Forbidden Forest is strictly forbidden, no wandering after hours and prefects and the head boy and girl have almost complete authority.” He looked around the room at us. “And now let us eat. Tuck in.” The plates in front of us filled with food and we all dove in.

After dinner Dumbledore gave a speech that I missed thanks to Fred and then we followed our Prefects to the Common room. The password was gillyweed. Then we all went to our dorms and the day was done.

Disclaimer: See Chap 1

I woke up the next morning to a beautiful scene outside my window. I got out of bed and just stared at it. I had never seen anything more beautiful. I rushed to get ready but slowed at the hair issue. It was too thick to do much with so I just pulled it into a ponytail. Plain but practical. I finished getting ready as everyone else was about half way through. I guess that being on a tight schedule at the Dursleys sort of put a routine in my head that would be hard to break. I had just finished tying my shoes when Hermione came over.

"Uhhh. Hi." She said nervously. I looked up at her and smiled.

"Hi. Hermione right?"

"Yeah. So do you want to walk down to breakfast with me?" She asked cautiously.

"Sure. I'm Hannah just incase you didn't know that."

"So are you related to Harry?"

"What?"

"Harry Potter. Are you related?"

"Oh yeah. I'm his adopted sister."

"No way."

"Yeah. It in a way sucks but I'll live."

"So do you have a scar?"

"Yeah on my collar bone." I could tell this was going to bring on more questions that I had no answers to. "Let's head to breakfast shall we?" I asked.

"Sure. You're going to wear jeans under your robes?"

"Yeah, I can't stand not wearing them." She didn't say anything else the entire time we walked to breakfast. We entered the Great Hall and I looked around. My eyes passed over the Slytherin table and locked on to Draco. He must have felt my gaze or something because he looked up at met my eyes. I gave him a smirk and he returned it

with one of his own. I shook my head in amusement and walked to my own table. I found Harry and sat down next to him.

“Hey Hannah.”

“Hi Harry. Ron. How are you?” I asked with a yawn.

“Great! Is this place great or not?” Harry asked excitedly. I smiled but totally agreed. Anything compared to the Dursleys was great.

Breakfast was wonderful. About half way through a dozen owls swooped down from outside delivering various packages to people. My eye was caught by a beautiful tawny that looked like Talia, that’s what I decided to name my owl. It swooped towards the Slytherin table landing in front of Malfoy. He looked up to retrieve his package and caught my eye and smirked. I glared back and turned back to my table. The stupid slimy little git.

After we all finished breakfast our schedule were passed out. Hermione studied it and then restudied it and once more. I tossed it on the table without so much as a glance. I really didn’t want to go to classes. I just wanted to sleep or read. Just not sit in a class and learn.

“Hello firsties.” Came a voice from behind me. I turned around and saw Fred and George Weasley.

“Hi Fred, George.” I replied. Then grabbed my schedule to check the times of the classes. “Dang. We have Transfiguration then Potions. Great.” I sighed and threw it back on the table. “We probably need to go. I have to get all my junk.” Fred shook his head at me.

“Poor little Hannah.”

“What?”

“Being brainwashed already and classes haven’t even started.”

“Well I want a clean slate to start with so later I can mess around cause they’ll excuse me.” I said. He looked at me and laughed.

“First year logic.”

“What. Ever.” I grabbed my schedule and left.

All the classes were pretty boring. Harry got in trouble in Potions for not knowing something. Snape was a git too. Maybe it was a Slytherin thing. After lunch we had flying. Harry and Ron were super excited but Hermione was scared out of her mind. I could really care less. On the Quidditch field were two rows of brooms. The professor, Madam Hooch, told us to line up with the brooms on our right. This class was with the Slytherins so it was Gryffindor vs. Slytherin with the lines. From there we were supposed to call our brooms up with our right hand over them. Harry and I got it the first time. Then Draco. I stopped paying attention after that.

At dinner that night everyone was talking about how Harry had made it on to the Quidditch team and how he was the youngest Seeker in a century. And when I say everyone, I mean everyone. I had grabbed a seat as far away from Harry as possible. I really didn't want to be part of the crowd over there. After a while Fred came and sat down.

"Have enough of everyone worshiping Harry for one night?" he asked. I nodded through as sip of Pumpkin Juice.

"I'm just tired of everyone fawning all over him because he has a stupid scar. Don't they know I survived Voldemort too?" I snapped.

"Wait. You did?" Fred asked. I looked up at him.

"Oh. My. God." I said standing up to leave. "It really is everyone who doesn't know!" I walked past the section of the table where Harry and his admirers were sitting glaring at him. I got to the doors and heard someone calling my name. I ignored them and kept walking. Right outside the doors I was face to face with Malfoy.

"What do you want?" I snapped

"Tired of not getting attention?" he asked in his cold voice.

"Why do you even care?" he looked at me as if thinking of what to say. Before he could answer, another voice cut in.

"Why the sudden interest in Gryffindors Malfoy?" I turned and saw Fred standing right behind me. Malfoy snarled at him but walked away. "I'd be careful if I were you Hannah."



“Why?”

“His dad was a big supporter of You-Know-Who.”

“You mean Voldemort.” He shuddered at the name. “It’s just a name Fred.” I whispered.

“I know. I was just raised that way.”

“Okay. Whatever.” I started to walk away.

“Wait.” He said grabbing my shoulder. “We need a co-coach for the Quidditch team. Would you be interested?”

“Why do you want me? I don’t know anything about Quidditch.”

“I’d teach you.”

“But...”

“I’ll talk to wood tomorrow.”

“But I don’t....”

“Hannah.”

“Fine.”

“Alright then. See you in the morning.”

“Okay. Night.” He smiled at me as I walked up the stairs to the dorms. I had to be mad by letting him talk me into this but whatever.

It turned out that the whole co-coach thing was Fred’s way of making me feel included and special. They didn’t even need one but Wood liked the idea so it was my job. I was there every practice and was either in the air with them or watching from the ground. I also had to talk strategy with Wood. True to his word, Fred taught me everything he knew about Quidditch and I caught on fast. The rest of the semester went by in a blur. It wasn’t until Halloween that anything out of the ordinary happened. The day had been pretty mundane until Transfiguration. Or maybe it was Potions. But in one of the two Ron started making fun of Hermione because well, she knew the answer to everything. It was time for the feast and I couldn’t find Hermione. I left Ron and Harry as we headed to the feast to go look for her. I finally found her in the girl’s room in the dungeons.

“Hermione?” I called out softly.

"Hannah?" came the reply.

"There you are. I've been looking all over, the feast is about to start." As I said this she emerged from one of the stalls. She looked as though she has been crying for the past hour. "Are you alright?"

"Yes. I suppose. No I'm not." And with that she broke into a fresh bout of tears.

"Oh Hermione." I said walking over to give her a hug, "It's okay. Guys can be complete jerks sometimes and not even realize it. Ron was just jealous because he didn't know any of the answers." I looked at her and smiled. "Sit down." I said sitting on the floor by the sinks. She joined me still crying.

"It's just... I don't know. I can't seem to please anybody! I try not to be such a know-it-all but it's hard! I just love learning and I don't know what else to be!"

"Don't try to impress anybody. If they can't appreciate you for you well that's their problem. It's certainly not your fault that they can't recognize a good friend when they see one." She smiled and gave me a big hug.

"You're right. I shouldn't let them get to me." She stood up dusting herself off. "Well, we'd better get going. The feast is probably almost over." She extended her hand and pulled me up.

"Okay. Do you still have your stuff or...." I trailed off listening hard.

"What? What is it?"

"Shh. Listen. Do you hear that?" I asked. We were quiet for a moment then there was a tremendous crash outside the door. Hermione screamed and I jumped back into the wall. Then the door just fell over and a huge ugly thing crashed through the wall. "What the bloody hell is that?" I called to her.

"A troll!" She called back over the crashing and crumbling of the wall.

"Oh snap." I said as it came closer to us. "What do we do?" Then we heard voices. Voices that belonged to Harry and Ron.

"Hermione? You in there?"

"Yeah! Is that you Ron?"

"Yeah. IS Hannah there too?" But before either Hermione or I could answer the troll brought his club down on the sink right next to me. Little pieces of porcelain showered me cutting my face and arm. I grimaced as blood seeped through my sleeve and trickled down my face. That had really hurt. Then the club was swiping through the stalls sending wood everywhere. Hermione and I dropped to the ground covering our heads. I didn't know what Harry or Ron was doing but they both needed to think of something quickly. The bathroom was being demolished right before our eyes and all around us. Right before the troll could bring his club down into the wall behind us Ron had levitated it out of his hand. Then he brought it down on his head again and again until he fell over unconscious. Hermione and I took our arms off our heads and saw Harry and Ron standing there and Professor McGonagall, Snape and Dumbledore entering what was left of the room.

"Potter Weasley! What did you two think you were doing coming after that troll?" McGonagall asked sharply. But before either one could answer Hermione cut in.

"You see Professor, Harry and Ron had come looking for me. I was upset earlier and Hannah came to find me and calm me down. We talked and were about to go up to the feast when that troll came cashing in here. Harry and Ron were just trying to help us." I nodded in agreement. I could feel the cuts on my face still bleeding.

"I suggest that Miss. Potter and Miss. Granger both go to the Hospital Wing to get bandaged up. They will also be needing food correct?" Professor Dumbledore said looking at us over his glasses. Hermione and I nodded and followed him upstairs. We didn't know what McGonagall said to Harry and Ron and I really didn't care. Once we reached the Hospital Wing, my right sleeve was almost completely soaked in blood and Hermione's wrist was swelling rapidly. We were

fixed up in no time thanks to Madam Pomfrey and some food was brought to us. Hermione and I ate in silence, not wanting to think too much about why a troll was in the castle in the first place. We ended up having to spend the night there because Madam Pomfrey wanted to keep an eye on us. That was fine with me. I didn't really want to tell everyone what had happened just yet, and I'm sure Hermione felt the same. We crawled into our beds and slept soundly until morning.

The next day was a whirlwind of people asking about the troll and if we were okay and so on. After I had told the story for what seemed the thousandth time Wood found me.

"You okay Hannah?" He asked.

"A little scratched up and can't really use my right arm but otherwise I'm great why do you ask?"

"Well, we've been doing well at our matches lately but I want to make sure that we clinch that cup for Gryffindor at last. So, I was wondering if you were up for some strategizing."

"Listen, Oliver. I would love too any other day. But at the moment I really need some sleep and rest okay? How about tomorrow? Does that work?" I asked. I saw him deflate a little and felt bad. But I just didn't have the energy to do anything at the moment.

"Yeah. I understand. Tomorrow at 5 at the pitch. Don't be late." He said then walked off.

"Alright Wood. I won't." I made my way up to the Common room. Once there I was bombarded with questions by people I hadn't seen yet. After a minute Fred came up and shooed everyone away.

"Thanks Fred." I said massaging my head.

"No problem Hannah. You okay?" Ho looked concerned.

"Yeah, I'm fine. A little frazzled and tired but fine." He looked at my arm then my cut up face.

"From what Ron and Harry told me you guys did well with not totally freaking out."

“What? You mean with being attacked by a seven foot troll? Yeah we did well. Hermione only screamed like four times and I was fine really. I mean I never thought I was going to die. Not at all.” I said sarcastically.

“Looks like a pricked a nerve.” I sighed. I wasn’t in the mood for this.

“No. I’m just really tired. I think I’m gonna get some sleep. See you later Fred.” I said turning to the stairs.

“Bye Hannah.” I didn’t see the look he gave me but I was sure it was of complete amusement. Little did I know I was so very wrong.

Disclaimer: See Chap. 1

After a few weeks the troll thing blew over, which Hermione and I were glad about. My arm finally got better and I was able to much more at Quidditch. Wood became almost maniac about training. He just knew that this year would be the year to win the Cup. HE worked everyone practically to death. Soon the weather got way to cold and the dark came too early. The practices were shortened to only an hour. Then, before any of us knew it, the Christmas Holidays were here. Only Ron, Harry, and I were staying at the castle. Hermione was going home to be with her family. She gave us very specific instructions on the research we had gathered. Opps. I forgot about that. During the whole year we had been researching this guy named Nicholas Flamel. He was the only known creator of the Sorcerers Stone. The Sorcerers Stone was a stone that gave you everlasting life from an elixir that was made by melting the stone. We had wormed the information out of Hagrid. The stone was what he had retrieved from the vault at Gringotts. It was somewhere here in the castle. We just had to figure out where. Oh there's another thing. At the beginning of the year, we had found a big three headed dog. Hermione and I both thought it was guarding something but what was the question. But I had a pretty good idea. It was the first day of the holidays and almost everyone was gone. I was walking around the halls reading a book when I bumped into Malfoy.

"Lookie here." He drawled. I looked up and sighed.

"Hi Malfoy."

"What are you doing all alone? Don't you have a fan club yet?" I glared at him. "Oh. That's right. You don't have one do you? No one cares about you. I'd forgotten." He smirked at me. I felt my face turning red. He was such a git. I pushed past him and kept walking.

"Where are you going?"

"Away from you. Or I was trying to." He smirked again. I was sick of him.

"Well nice job."

"Just shut up Malfoy!" I snapped. As I looked at him his eyes got really big and he backed away a bit.

“Whoa!”

“What?”

“Your eyes just flashed blue.”

“No they didn’t. Your just imagining things.”

“No! Really.”

“Like I’d believe you?”

“You....you should.” He said quietly.

“Why? You’ve never been friendly to anyone but Purebloods before. Why are you now associating with a Muggleborn?”

“Cause....I.... I think you’re okay.” I looked at him in awe.

“What. Ever.” I turned away and headed to the Common Room. “See ya around Malfoy.” I heard him come after me but stop. He sighed.

“Bye Hannah.” I rolled my eyes. I finally got to the Common Room and ran to my dorm. I looked at myself in the mirror. How could Malfoy possibly have seen blue in my dark hazelish eyes? But it would be cool to have blue eyes, I thought. And then I did. I yelped and looked at myself. I now had blue eyes. What about blonde hair? And it was there. No way! I ran back to the Common Room looking for Harry and Ron.

“Guys! Guys!” I called.

“What? What happened?” Harry asked concerned.

“I... I can change my appearance!”

“What?!?!” Ron and Harry called at the same time. I nodded.

“Look.” Then in an instant I changed my hair to blonde and my eyes to blue. Then back again. They looked at me in astonishment.

“No way.” Ron breathed.

“What?”

"You're a metamorphigus! That's really rare!"

"Cool!" I said. I was so excited. Harry looked dubious. "What Harry?" I asked.

"It's just... I don't know." He sighed looking at my changing hair. I let it settle into my normal almost black. "Why haven't you noticed it before?"

"I don't know. It happened when I was talking to Malfoy." Both heads snapped up and looked at me. "What?" I said at the looks on their faces.

"You were talking to Malfoy?" Harry asked.

"More like arguing you know but yeah I was." Harry groaned.

"Hannah! He is no good!"

"I know Harry! I was walking down the halls reading and I ran into him. He was taunting me so I taunted back then I got miffed and he was all 'Whoa. Your eyes just turned blue.' I didn't believe him I walked away and tah-duh! I'm here!" I replied. I could see Harry relax a little. "You don't have to look out for me you know."

"I know but..."

"No buts okay?" He nodded. "So what do we think about Snape and the stone? Still think it's him?"

"Yeah. I mean what else?"

"Maybe someone else wants it and he's protecting it. I don't know!" I said massaging my temples. I was exhausted. "Why would someone so high on Dumbledore's trust ring want to steal something he's trying to protect? It doesn't add up." I looked at Harry and Ron and could tell I was fighting a losing battle. "Kay. Whatever. I need sleep see you in the morning. Night."

"Night." They replied together. I got ready for bed mulling things over. It really didn't make any sense. I hit the pillow and was fast asleep five minutes later.

I woke up the next morning and realized that it was Christmas. I noticed a small stack of presents at the end of my bed and started to unwrap them. From Hermione: A muggle fiction book I had seen her



reading. From Harry: A book on Quidditch telling me I needed all the help I could get. A small pack of chocolate from Ron and then a package with no note. I opened it up and saw the most beautiful necklace. The thin silver chain was really long and at the end was a small silver heart with the initials S.B. I didn't know what that meant. I pulled it out and noticed there was a note. It read; This was your mothers. I know she would have wanted you to have it. I got it after she died. Happy Christmas. The writing looked vaguely familiar but I couldn't place it. Was S.B. my dad's initials? My mom would have been A.C. I wondered about that all through getting dressed. I walked into the common room fingering the chain. It was too long to wear over my robes so I had put it behind them and I could feel the coolness of the heart.

"Happy Christmas Hannah."

"Happy Christmas Ron. Happy Christmas Harry." I said smiling.

"Thanks for the book Harry."

"Well you do need help."

"Oh shut up." I said laughing.

"Hannah look what Harry got." Ron said holding a cloak up.

"Great. What is it?"

"Hannah! It's an invisibility cloak!"

"Great. What does it do? Kidding, kidding!" I said at the looks on their faces. 'Let me guess. You put it on and you become invisible."

"Pretty complex right?" Harry smirked.

"Oh definatley, it's so hard to figure out what it would do for you. Who gave it to you anyway?"

"I don't know. I got this note but that's it." He handed me a note. I looked at it in shock. It was in the same hand that had written my note. Strange. The thin slanting writing was so familiar. I just couldn't place it.

"Does this writing look familiar to you at all?" I asked voicing my thoughts.

"Yeah it does actually. I just can't place it."

"Me either. But I know, I just know I've seen it before but where? Is it a teachers? But it doesn't look like any of the teachers so who's is it?"

"I don't know. But lets go down to the Great Hall the feast has probably already started." I handed him back the note and followed them to the Hall, fingering my chain the entire time. Who could have gotten this necklace for my mom? Who ended up with it? Too many un answered questions and too little information.

The rest of the day went by well. It was definatly the best Christmas ever. Ron and Harry played Wizards Chess and Fred and George played Exploding Snap. I on the other hand, curled into a chair by the fire with my new book. It was fascinating. Set in the 1800's, it was a romance by some Muggle named Jane Austen. I loved the language and the details. I was so wrapped in it that I didn't notice the fire dying, and the light out side fading. Or that everyone went to bed. I sat there reading until midnight. Then I heard something that jolted me. I saw Harry coming down the stairs looking back to make sure no one was there.

"What are you doing?" I asked quietly. He nearly jumped out of his skin. I smiled.

"What are you doing down here?"

"I asked you first."

"I'm going to the library for information on Nicholas Flamel form the restricted section."

"Can I come?"

"What? No!"

"Please? Give me one reason why not. We'll be invisible." I said pointing at his cloak.

"Oh alright! Just keep quiet."

"My lips are sealed." We headed to the library loving being able to not be seen. We finally got to our destination and headed for the restricted section. Our lantern had been under the cloak the whole time so we set it on a table and began to look. Not 5 minutes after we began was it that we heard something. It was Mrs. Norris. I pointed her out to Harry and in our haste to get under the cloak we knocked over the lantern making a tremendous crash that could have been heard 4 miles away. I looked at him in silent panic and threw the cloak over both of us. We made our way out of the restricted section but froze when we heard something at the entrance. We didn't move a muscle but waited. The person came into our sight and it was Filch. We took off as quickly and quietly as we could winding through the maze of shelves. We made our way to the halls not daring to breathe. We turned a corner not really knowing where we were going. But that corner was the worst turn in our journey. In that particular corridor was Snape and Quirrell. Harry stifled a gasp of pain and clutched his scar. I guess now was a good time to mention that whenever Quirrell was around Harry got really bad headaches. My scar just tingled. But anyway. They were arguing over something. I dragged Harry closer covering his mouth to hide his painful breathing.

"You don't want me as an enemy Quirrell." Snape said in a dangerously quietly voice.

"B...b...but I...I don't under...understand. I'm no...not doing any...anything." Quirrell stuttered in response.

"Just watch it. After that troll...." Snape trailed off looking in our direction. He reached out and grabbed at the air. I had a feeling he knew we were there. But he seemed to change his mind. He turned back to Quirrell. "After that troll at Halloween..."

"Professors!" Called a wheezy voice that belonged to Filch. Harry and I back up even more until we were flat against the wall not daring to move. "I found this in the library." He said holding up our lantern, "Still hot. You know what that means? Students out of bed." Snape and Quirrell abandoned the earlier argument and walked towards the library while Harry and I slipped through a door and out of sight.

"That was way to close." He whispered.

"But we're fine." I snapped, "Why are you whispering? No ones here." I said gesturing around us. I stopped when I caught sight of a mirror. "Whoa. Look." I walked towards it mesmerized. There was something mysterious about it. Harry followed me towards it looking dazed.

"Whoa. Look there's my parents."

"Right. Umm maybe you should get your eyes checked."

"No. Really they are right there!" He was starting to sound desperate.

"Uh-huh."

"Oh shut up Hannah."

"I didn't say anything." I replied. "I see...me?" I asked more than said. I could only really see me. I looked at the entire mirror and noticed something written at the top. It said:

Erised Stra Ehru Oyt Ube Cafru Oyt On Wohsi

"Hey Harry. Check out the weird backwards looking stuff at the top of the mirror." I said poking him in the ribs. He looked up and shrugged.

"Oh come on! Isn't it cool?" I asked.

"Nope. Not really." I glared at him.

"Whatever."

"I want to show Ron. I'll go get him."

"No. Let's do it tomorrow night. I'm really tired." I grabbed his arm pulling him away. He grabbed the cloak and threw it over both of us. I took one more look at the mirror that showed Harry his parents but showed me nothing.

A/K: Okay, I thought I might need to explain what she saw in the Mirror. She saw nothing or so she thought. She saw herself wanting something. She doesn't really know what she wants but she wants to want something. So yeah. You can thank Kate for that confusing idea. Thanks!

Disclaimer: See Chap. 1

A/K: Okay. I didn't really want to go through the whole rest of the year so I'm skipping to just before the Easter Holidays. Then they'll find the stone. I'm sick of first year. I want to move on! Thanks again and please oh please review!

School had resumed after Christmas and was going total full speed ahead. The Easter Holidays were coming soon and I really needed the break. We were in our last class on the day before the Holidays which was, lucky us, Potions. We were supposed to be brewing The Potion of Forgetfulness or maybe it was remembrance, anyway I could honestly have cared less. I hated Potions. I hated Snape. And to top it all off, Snape hated me. We were almost done with class and our potions needed to be almost done. I was doing okay. Better than Ron and Harry at least but not as good as Hermione. But again, I really didn't care. Snape called time and the potion was done. It looked fine to me but what did I know.

"What pray tell Miss Potter is that?" Snape asked as he came around to my cauldron, a sneer on his face.

"A forgetfulness potion." I replied with the same venom he had. He looked at me in a look that was almost something that I couldn't name but mainly hate.

"Well, Miss. Potter, is this potion not supposed to be a deep charcoal gray?"

"Uhhh yes? Or whatever the correct way is to answer a question phrased like that."

"Then why is yours a lighter gray?"

"I don't know."

"Hmm shame. You failed this lesson." He said and walked away evaluating everyone else.

"Why would I care? It's not like I'm gonna use this any other time anyway." I snapped under my breath to his back. But he heard.

"What was that?"

"You heard me. You ridiculous oversized bat." I barley breathed the last part. But I'm pretty sure he got the gist of it.

"Ten points from Gryffindor and two nights of detention." He snarled.  
"Great! Can't wait!" I snapped again. Then the bell rang. I dumped my cauldron and threw away my leftover ingredients and was out the door before he could say anything else to me. I was still fuming when I walked into the Great Hall half an hour later. I looked up to the staff table and saw Snape glaring at me. I glared back. I was late but Hermione had saved me a spot. I sat down and grabbed the pumpkin juice. I wasn't hungry. Well I was but I was too mad to care. Just then Fred and George sat down next to Harry and Ron across from us.

"I hear you got a detention Hannah." Fred said with a wicked smile.

"So what if I did?" I asked downing my juice and pouring more.

"Congratulations! We didn't think it would take you this long but at least you got one."

"Two. I have two nights worth." I said scowling at my cup. I was so frustrated.

"By the way your first one is tonight scrubbing the cauldrons. He told us not to dump them for a detention." Harry said through a mouthful of chicken.

"Ohh! Exciting!" I said.

"It's in half an hour." I groaned. I was so not in the mood for this. "Oh and your next one is tomorrow."

"I think it's brilliant." Fred offered with a smile.

"I think it was terrible!" Hermione said, "You really shouldn't have done that Hannah."

"I know but he's just such a jerk! I know he's a teacher and all but still!" I put my head on the table and bit back a scream. I was not going to take this. "What time is it?"

"Uhhh 6:00." Fred replied still smiling. I looked up at him in disbelief. He could joke about this? Great. We had a jokester in our midst.

"Okay. I should get going. Who knows how long it'll take me to chill so I don't earn myself another detention. See ya later." I stood up and walked out. As I passed the Slytherin table I caught something that Malfoy said about me and my detention but I really didn't care.

"Professor?" I'm here." I said poking my head into Snape's classroom at 6:30. I didn't see anyone but stepped in anyway. I had always hated this room but something about it tonight made it worse. Maybe it was the fact I'd be alone on this task. Just then Snape swirled in the room with a fountain of robes. I raised an eyebrow and bit back a laugh. He really did look like an oversized bat. "Hullo Professor. What shall I be doing as my detention?" I asked trying to sound civilized.

"You will be cleaning out all the cauldrons from today's lesson, which you failed."

"Okay. Where are they?" He pointed to them and I began my task. No magic of course but living at the Dursleys, one got good at this sort of thing. Really, really good. I was about a third of the way done with my 7th cauldron, and the potions let me tell you had cemented to the bottom of the cauldron, when Snape spoke again.

"You may go Miss Potter."

"What?"

"You're dismissed."

"Umm.... Okay. Will I just pick up same place tomorrow?" I asked.

"No. This will be your detention for me."

"Really?"

"Yes! Now leave before I change my mind." I pulled my apron thing I had been wearing off and left. I didn't need telling twice. At all. I wondered what that had been about the whole way back to the Common Room. No one was there. It was about 11:00 and I headed to the dorm expecting to see Hermione. But she wasn't there. I crawled into bed without much thought on the matter and fell into a

deep untroubled sleep with dreams of potions, stones, mirrors and dragons.

I woke up the next morning facing the window that over looked the lake. The sun was well up and I guessed it was maybe 10 am. I rolled over and saw Hermione sitting on her bed fully dressed, looking like she had been waiting for me to wake up.

“Hagrid has a dragon.” She said quickly.

“Good morning to you too Hermione. Wait. A dragon? Are you serious?”

“Very. And Malfoy saw it and now we’re in big trouble if he tells. Plus Hagrid said Snape is helping protect the Stone and Fluffy is guarding it with other obstacles.”

“Waking up to you is worse than detention last night Hermione.” I muttered swinging my legs out of bed. “Now slow down and start from the beginning.” And she did. She told me everything, about how they had gone down to ask about what else, besides Fluffy, was guarding the stone and how Malfoy had seen the dragon and how Harry thought that we should write to Charlie to see if he could take care of it.

“Well, I think we should just act as if this never happened. And if Malfoy does spill then you’re sunk. I’m not but the rest of you are.” I replied after Hermione finished.

“Okay. I just don’t know what will happen if he does tell.”

“We don’t have to worry about that yet. Come what may we’ll all be fine. Now stop worrying and let’s go eat. I’m starving.” I had been getting dressed and ready the whole time she had been talking and was done. I grabbed her arm and dragged her to the Great Hall where we found Harry and Ron sitting with the twins. “Hey you guys.” I said sliding into the seat next to Fred.

“Hello there little Miss. Detention. Speaking of how’d it go?” Fred asked.



"It wasn't too bad. He let me go about half way through and I don't have it tonight." I said loading my plate with pancakes and bacon. I hadn't really eaten since lunch yesterday and was starving.

"Why the sudden change of heart I wonder." Mussed George. I shrugged.

"Maybe my hair was bothering him."

"Your hair?"

"Yeah. I think it was changing colors again. It does that when I'm thinking really hard or just sorta zoning out." I looked at Fred and George's blank looks and smiled. "I didn't tell you did I."

"I don't think so or we wouldn't be this confused Hannah." Fred snapped. I giggled.

"I really didn't tell you? Wow. That was blonde of me." I giggled again at the frustration on both of the twin's faces. "I'm a metamorphigus." I said through giggles. They looked at me in awe.

"Really?" Asked Fred.

"Really. Want to see?" He nodded and I obliged. I turned my hair a deep red and my eyes blue. I looked at him and smiled.

"No way. That is really cool Hannah!"

"I know! It's great!" I looked at all of them and changed back to my normal self. It was still so much fun to change my appearance in a snap. It would take getting used to. "McGonagall has already reprimanded me about it. It flashes unexpectedly through out class. It drives her insane." George shook his head in amusement and Fred full out laughed. I grinned even broader and so did Ron, Harry, and Hermione.

Life went on and no one mentioned the dragon for a while. I was starting to forget about it when an owl flew into the common room on the last night of break and landed on my shoulder. The envelope was addressed to Ron so I tossed him the letter and resumed my homework.

"Alright. He can do it. Next Saturday the highest tower." Ron said handing the letter to Hermione.

"Do what?" I asked totally confused.

"Really? So he wrote back?" Harry asked looking up from his books.

"Who wrote back?" I asked in frustration.

"Oh that's right you weren't there. We're going to have Charlie take Norbert to Romania."

"Oh I knew that. How exactly are you going to do this you guys?"

"Well, I'm not sure." Ron said his face falling a bit. He looked hopefully to Harry and Hermione.

"Well, I was thinking we could use the invisibility cloak and Harry and I could take Norbert up there. Like in a crate or something." Hermione said.

"Well it's the best idea we've got so far right? Except I'm coming with." I said defiantly. Harry shook his head.

"No you're not. You weren't involved with this to start with and I'm not getting you involved now."

"Yeah cause you know you're so the boss of me!" I snapped back. He glared at me and I could tell that I hadn't gotten through. "Fine. Whatever, Ron and I will stay here and do something constructive. Like homework. Probably not but whatever." I could tell that Hermione wanted to say something but one look at Harry's glare shut her up.

The next week went by without a mention of Norbert or the upcoming Saturday. Hermione had once again dived into researching Nicholas Flamel and the Sorcerers Stone. I don't know how much new information she found but she still looked. Saturday finally came. Hermione was freaking out and making sure that every little detail was covered. She really didn't want to get caught. I honestly didn't blame her. At all. It would be bad enough to be caught out of bed but

being caught out if bed with a dragon would be awful. I didn't even want to think about how many House point we would lose after that.

"Okay. We're off now. See you guys soon." Harry said grabbing the invisibility cloak and beckoned Hermione to the portrait hole. I gave them both a small encouraging wave.

"You'll do great." I said. Ron nodded in agreement. Once they left Ron turned to me with a raised eyebrow.

"Think they can do it?" he asked.

"No. Absolutely not." I replied reaching into my bag and getting my homework. I saw him shake his head and smile.

"Always the voice of encouragement Hannah."

"Of course. What else am I good for?" I asked. I looked at him imploringly but he just smiled.

The next morning I woke up, but Hermione wasn't there. I got dressed rather slowly, savoring my last day of break, and went down to breakfast. I passed the giant hourglasses that held our House points and realized that Gryffindor was 150 points shorter than we had been yesterday. I walked into the Great Hall and spotted Ron and Harry and Hermione. Ron had stayed up waiting for them but I had gone to bed to actually try and get sleep.

"Hey guys. Why are we 150 points less than we were last night?" I asked looking at Harry.

"We left the cloak at the top of the tower." Harry said avoiding my eyes.

"You left it at the tower!?!?!?" I exclaimed getting a sharp look from all of the Prefects and McGonagall. "Are you really that stupid?!" I hissed at Harry glaring.

"No but we just sorta..."

"Had a stupid moment?" I snapped. Harry looked down at his plate and Hermione went scarlet. "But she took 75 points from each of you? That seems a bit harsh don't you think?"

"Neville was out too. He was trying to warn us about Malfoy. But they both got caught and now we all have detention together." Hermione said in a small voice. I looked over to the part of the table where Neville was sitting and shook my head. I would never have imagined Neville doing something like that even if it was to help.

"Well don't feel too bad, Fred and George have lost Gryffindor plenty of point and everyone still likes them." Ron said trying to be encouraging.

"Yeah but their fun to be around and easy to like." I snapped back.

"Again with the encouragement Hannah!" Ron said exasperated. I rolled my eyes and stood up pushing my plate of unfinished food away. "Where are you going?"

"Quidditch." I replied heading out of the Hall.

Quidditch was awful. The loss of the points had put us way behind in the House Cup. No one seemed too thrilled with Harry and would only refer to him as 'the Seeker'. Near the end Oliver was so frustrated he yelled something random at Fred and it distracted him. He hit a bludger but instead of going where he intended it headed straight towards me. The next thing I knew, I was falling and fast. Then... black.

I woke up in the hospital wing a few hours later with a throbbing headache and a sore jaw.

"She's awake." Someone said. I sat up in bed but lay back down. My head hurt too much to even sit up. "You alright Hannah?" the same voice asked.

"No. What happened?" I asked brushing my hair out of my face. As I did I realized that my wrist was bandaged.

"You...err...you were sorta hit by a bludger." Said the voice and I realized it was Fred. I looked at him and tried to focus but my head hurt too much. I closed my eyes and asked my next question.

"How in the world did that happen may I ask?" I almost didn't want to hear the answer. This time it was Oliver who spoke.

"I got frustrated at...just everything I guess and I yelled at Fred, which distracted him and his aim got off and well hit you." He replied, his voice small and almost ashamed.

"How did my wrist die?"

"You fell from an air born broom. You landed on it and snapped it. It was gross." This time it was George. I then realized that about half the team was there along with Hermione and Ron. I closed my eyes again and sunk into the pillows.

"My head hurts, so bad. Where's ibuprofen when you need it?" I asked almost to myself. Just then Madam Pomfrey came out and shoed everyone away. I sank deeper into my pillows and let sleep overtake me.

The next morning Madam Pomfrey said I was good to go. I had slept till about 11 and missed breakfast and half of my classes. Madam Pomfrey had told all my teachers that I would be missing today to get some more rest. That was fine by me. I was walking back up to the Common Room to try to get some studying done when I saw Malfoy coming down a corridor towards me, surprisingly alone for once. I was tempted to escape into an empty classroom and avoid all contact but decided to face him.

"Well if it isn't the delinquent's sister. What happened to your face Potter?" He snarled at me noting my bruised jaw and face. I bit my lip holding back a wince.

"Lookie here, it's the snitching little prat." I replied with the same amount of venom. "And for your information I was hit by a bludger full on and fell from an air born broom at fifty or so feet." He scoffed at me and shook his head.

"No one likes a smart mouth Hannah."

"No one likes a snitch." I stared him down and he finally backed away. He stepped past me and we went our own ways. I reached the Common Room and sunk into a chair massaging my head. I had

about an hour until lunch and decided I would meet everyone down there then come back here. I curled into a ball and opened a book that had been lying on the table. It turned out to be Hermione's. I read it until noon and then went to lunch.

The week went by slowly for me. My head still hurt every so often and Oliver wouldn't let me back in the air till Saturday. Fred felt terrible about it but I could tell he didn't let anyone else but me see that. Saturday finally came and I was late. I changed in record speed and jumped onto my broom soaring into the air. Everyone cheered and I smiled. My wrist was still wrapped but it didn't hurt nearly as bad anymore. Practice went well and no one was hurt. We ended early as a little treat to ourselves and headed inside. Harry and Hermione had detention in about an hour so we ate quickly to let them have time to relax for a while. They left at about 10 till 6:00 and we wished them luck. Neville ran out of the boy's dorm 3 minutes later and followed their path.

"Think they'll be okay?" Ron asked.

"Yeah. I mean they wouldn't put them through anything dangerous would they?" I replied. Ron nodded in agreement. I looked at the door that 3 of my friends had disappeared through and hoped we were right. "So what else did Hagrid say was guarding the Stone?"

"He didn't really say. Just that each teacher had an obstacle set up so who knows." Ron said looking at the table that our homework was sitting on. I sighed and put my quill and ink back in my bag along with my homework. I looked at the fire and tried hard to focus. My head was starting to hurt again and I didn't know why. It only hurt when I had been either flying for a long time or I bumped it against something. But this felt more like a Quirrell induced headache. Maybe I was just imagining things though. I stood up and walked to the window and looked at the forest where 4 small figures and the unmistakable form of Hagrid were entering it. I relaxed. As long as they were with Hagrid they would be fine. I just hoped Malfoy would get eaten by something and ease all of our misery. I finally went to my dorm around 11 or so. I was really tired and my head hurt too badly for me to wait for Harry, Hermione and Neville.

I woke up the next morning and saw Hermione emerging from the bathroom with her hair soaked. I assumed she had just gotten out of the shower. She looked at me and

“Good morning Hannah.” She said in her obnoxiously perky voice. How she was able to function in the morning I have no idea.

“Morning.” I said swinging my legs out of bed. I stood up and looked at her as if to say ‘How was detention’ but she gave me a look that said I really don’t want to talk about it. Instead she threw me a curve ball.

“I think we should get the stone.”

“Come again?”

“I think we should get the stone.”

“Okay. When?”

“That’s it? That’s all you’re going to say? No protests? No nothing?”

“I’m not Harry Hermione. I go with whatever. I don’t have the need to play hero all the time.” I said and Hermione looked at me in awe. I honestly don’t think she has ever spoken ill of anyone. Ever. Maybe Malfoy but otherwise, no one. We walked down to the Common Room where Harry and Ron were waiting. I looked at Hermione waiting for her to say something. When she didn’t I took over.

“This Friday we’re going to get the Stone.” I said looking at Harry and Ron.

“What?” they said at the exact same time.

“You heard me. We need to act fast, and Friday should be good. Got a problem with that?” I snapped at my brother.

“Yeah! I’m not going to let you guys risk your lives for me.”

“Yeah well...too bad. We’re going. Besides it’s not for you. And since when are you in control of any of us?”

“Since.... Since.... Well I am in charge of you!”

“You are not!”

“Am to!

“Are NOT!!” I yelled and he just looked at me. “Harry we can all think for ourselves and we all want to do this okay?” He looked out the window looking resigned. “So Friday night? We can use the Invisibility Cloak and pray that we beat Snape.” I looked around my small group of friends and sighed. “Geez, don’t be so energetic. You’re wearing me down. Come on! Let’s go to breakfast please.” I didn’t wait for a response and turned and climbed out of the portrait hole.

I was the first to the Great Hall and I didn’t really want to wait for them. I ate and was out of there before anyone else was there. I walked out the front door and to the lake. I sat on a rock as close as I could to the water and watched the giant squid float lazily around the surface. I didn’t know what was up with me but I needed some alone time. I pulled my knees up and hugged them to my chest, putting my head on my knees. I listened to the wind and the gentle rhythm of the waves on the lake. I didn’t even hear the footsteps behind me.

“What’s wrong Potter? Moping because you’ve got no one who cares?” I rolled my eyes and looked up. Yep, for sure it was Malfoy.

“What do you want now Malfoy?” I asked.

“Oh, not much. Just looking for a distraction.”

“Looks like you found one. I mean... don’t you already have enough insult of think of with Harry. Why do you even bother with me at all?”

“Cause you’re cute.”

“What?”

“I...you heard me.” He said his cheeks turning scarlet. “See you around Potter.” I couldn’t help the smile that crept across my face. That was funny. I put my head back on my knees and resumed my listening. I sat like that for a long time. At noon I went back inside to eat. I walked in and I saw Harry, Hermione and Ron sitting next to Fred and George. I walked over to them and sat down.

“Where have you been?” Fred asked giving me one of his classic smiles.



“Out by the lake. I needed space and alone time. How was your guy’s morning?” I asked snatching the last treacle tart from under Ron’s fingers.

“Oh same old’ same old’. Boring Sunday morning.” Fred replied. I looked at him and raised an eyebrow.

“Really? Fred and George Weasley had a boring morning?!?” You’ve got to be joking!” I said looking at both twins. “I mean, you guys didn’t get in any trouble at all?”

“Well we did but it was minimal.”

“Right.” I smiled and looked at him. He was so funny. I really liked him, but only as a friend. He was my best guy friend’s older brother.

The rest of the week went by quickly. I treaded around Snape more lightly than normal. I did not want another detention. Not this week. Friday finally came. We had planned and planned and planned. Every little detail was figured out. At midnight Hermione and I would meet Ron and Harry in the Common Room and go from there. And that is exactly what we did. We made our way quickly and quietly to the room. Hermione unlocked the door for us and we went in. As soon as we did Fluffy tried to eat us. Harry pulled out his flute that Hagrid had given him and began to play. Almost immediately Fluffy began to lie down. In a matter of minutes he was fast asleep. We climbed down the trap door and landed in, lucky us, Devils Snare.

“Bloody hell!” Ron and Harry said.

“Devils Snare! What the hell?!?” I called struggling against the violent plant. “This must be Professor Sprouts challenge. Why didn’t I pay attention?!?”

“Devils Snare. Devils Snare.” Hermione was repeating to herself as if trying to remember. Ron and Harry just struggled not helping at all. “Sunlight! Or fire! If I only had flint or wood...”

“Are you a witch or aren’t you?!?” Ron bellowed.

“OH. Right.” Hermione said and pulled out her wand, after a struggle with the plant. Before any of us knew it a small fire was in the middle of the snare. It screamed and dropped us retreating into the walls. We all stood there for a second and then continued on our way. Soon

we came to a door and you could hear the beat of a thousand little wings. We all looked at each other and went in. Flying all around us were keys. Some small some big. Old and new but there were dozens. A door stood at the other end. I ran over to it and saw that it was a big old lock. That meant a big old key. I relayed the information to Harry, Ron and Hermione but it didn't really help. They were too far out of reach.

"Guys look. Brooms." Harry whispered.

"Cool." I whispered back. "What are we going to do?"

"I'm a Seeker Hannah."

"Oh yeah huh. But what about the rest of us? And why are we whispering?"

"You're coming with me. And I don't know."

"Whatever." I said at normal volume. "Let's go get the stupid key shall we?" Harry smiled and we grabbed the brooms. We hopped on and flew through the air looking for the key. The keys didn't like that though. They flew faster and it was hard to tell which one was which. The keys were pretty violent and we all had cuts on our hands and faces. Harry finally found the right one and we all headed down the jumped off our brooms. We all ran through the door and into the next room. A chess set awaited us.

"No way." Ron said. It was life size and pretty intense.

"A life sized game of wizard's chess?" I asked walking forward. We all reached the edge of the board and stopped. I walked onto the board and tried to walk across. Before I could the pieces blocked my way. "What? Do we have to play?" I asked frustrated.

"Yeah. We do." Ron said in awe. "Hermione, rook. Hannah, bishop. Harry, other bishop. And I'll take the knight." Ron was taking charge. It was pretty cool. We went to our spots and began the game. Ron tried to keep us out of danger so there wasn't much action on our point. Then there was a situation.

"Uhhh. Guys. I think this is going into stalemate and quickly." I said. Ron nodded.

"Okay. I'm going up. Harry once I'm clear you can move into check the king. Got it?" Ron asked.

"What? You mean..."

"Yes Harry. Just let me do this okay?" With that he moved forward and the king took him. He fell fast and hard.

"RON!" We all called. Hermione moved towards him but Harry stopped her.

"That will be counted as our move! Stay!" Then he moved in front of the king. "Checkmate." He said. The king fell and we all rushed to Ron.

"Oh snap." I whispered.

"You guys go. I'll stay." Hermione said.

"No. I'll stay. Harry's going to need you Hermione. Plus I know how to stop the bleeding and stuff okay?" Hermione nodded and she and Harry headed off. "Good luck." I whispered. I sat next to Ron and tried to clean off his wounds. He had fallen pretty hard. Now all we had to do was wait. About half an hour later Hermione came back but alone.

"Where is Harry?" I whispered trying to keep the worry out of my voice.

"He went on. We reached these potions. One would take us back the other forward. But there was only enough for one. So I came back and he kept going." Hermione explained sitting down next to Ron.

"Well I figured the last part genius." I snapped. I stood up and paced across the chess board, my anxiety increasing with each passing minute. Finally I sat back down staring at the door. Hermione drifted into sleep and I was almost there myself when the door we had

entered the room by opened. I sat up and looked at the figures that had just walked in. It was Professor Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall.

"Minerva, please take these three up to the Hospital Wing." Dumbledore said briskly walking to the other door. I followed.

"If you think I'm going upstairs when Harry is still down there you're nuts." I said definatley.

"My sanity was never being questioned but you need to go back up." He turned to me and his bright blue eyes pierced me making me look away.

"Fine. But I want to see him the instant he's back. Regardless if he's awake or not." I turned back to McGonagall, Hermione and Ron, who had been levitated onto a stretcher that was floating beside Hermione. I walked through the door that led back to where we started and looked to the other door where Dumbledore had just disappeared out of sight. Then kept walking.

What had happened down beneath the castle between Harry and Voldemort. So naturally everyone knew about it. The last day drew ever near and the Gryffindors were in low spirits. We had lost the cup due to, well Harry really. We were behind the first place, which just happened to be Slytherin by 200 points. We walked into the last feast and our spirits dropped lower. It was decorated in silver and green. Yuck. We took our seats but didn't really talk. Like at all which was scary. Finally Dumbledore spoke and announced the places of each house. We were last. But then he said something else.

"In light of recent events, I believe some last minute points are in order. First, to Miss. Hermione Granger for brilliance in the face of danger, I award, 50 points. Second to Mr. Ronald Weasley for the best game of Wizards Chess I award 50. And to Mr. Potter for sheer courage I award 75." The Gryffindor table burst into whispers. We were close to tying the Slytherins. "Further more. It takes great courage to stand up to your enemies, but even more to stand up to your friends for this I award 10 point to Mr. Neville Longbottom. And last but not least. Facing an enemy can be terrifying, but staying behind alone not knowing what is happening is even scarier and

takes more courage. For this I award Miss. Hannah Potter...25 points." Our table erupted in cheers. We had beaten Slytherin by a mere 10 points. Everyone was clapping me and everyone else who had just helped us win on the back. Fred and George nearly crushed me when they both squeezed me at the same time. "Ahem." Dumbledore said getting our attention back, "I believe a change in decorations is in order." With that he clapped his hands and the silver and green turned to the familiar gold and scarlet of my house. The rest of the feast went by with all of us in much better spirits. We headed up to bed for the last time that year and slept. The next morning we left. On the way to the train I stared at the castle until it was out of sight. I turned back to my friends and smiled.

"So until next year right?" Hermione asked.

"Of course not. We're going to have to have both of you round this summer." Ron replied. That was all that was spoken until we reached the train. Harry and I were loading our trunks when he turned to look at me.

"We're not really leaving are we." Harry stated more than asked. I smiled.

"No. We're not. Think of it as a... a vacation." He laughed and we boarded I took one last look at the scenery and then shut the door. I would be back soon enough.

A/K: Okay I'm really sorry!!!! I've been going crazy in my last weeks of school and have had no time! I feel so bad for not getting this out there. So very sorry. I still hope you guys like it. Next year will be interesting. So I'll jump on that quickly. I promise. Thanks and please review!

Disclaimer: See chapter 1.

A/K: Okay. Year 2!!! Finally. Yay! I'll try to update faster on this one I promise! Oh and please review!

There was the sound of crashing glass as the pudding hit the floor and another crack as Dobby the elf disappeared. Harry and I stood there covered in Aunt Petunia's pudding as Uncle Vernon burst in to the kitchen with Aunt Petunia and the Mason's in tow. He glared at us and ushered the Mason's back into the living room muttering things like, "Our niece and nephew... Very unstable the both of them... Hate new people....tried to keep them upstairs." Harry and I set to work scrubbing the kitchen. The Dursleys might have still been able to keep the evening going if the owl hadn't swooped in scaring Mrs. Mason out of her mind and out of the house. And that was the end of that. The letter the owl had been carrying was thrust at Harry by Uncle Vernon.

"Read it!" he hissed, "Go on --- Read it!" Harry did.

Dear Mr. Potter,

We have received intelligence that a Hover Charm was used at your place of residence this evening at twelve minutes past nine.

As you know, underage wizards are not permitted to perform spells outside of school, and further spellwork on your part may lead to expulsion from school (Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery, 1875, Paragraph C).

We would also ask you to remember that any magical activity that risks notice by members of the non-magical community (Muggles) is a serious offense under section 13 of the International Confederation of Warlocks' Statute of Secrecy.

Enjoy your holidays!  
Yours sincerely,

Mafalda Hopkirk

## Improper Use of Magic Office

### Ministry of Magic

We all looked at the letter for a moment. Then I broke the silence.

"I love how they automatically assume it was you." I said nudging Harry and walking up to our room to escape the lecture. The next day, bars were fitted to our window, a cat flap installed in the door and neither one of us were permitted out except twice a day to use the bathroom. It sucked. IT was like this for three days. Would the Dursleys keep this up for four weeks? If so, would we actually survive it? What about school? I drifted into an uneasy sleep on the third night. An uneasy dreamless sleep. The next thing I know I'm being shaken awake.

"Hannah. Hannah get up!" Harry whispered still shaking me.

"What?" I mumbled. Then I saw the light outside our window. "What the heck?" I sat bolt upright and then stood up. Outside our window was none other than Ron Weasley. In a flying car. In the front were Fred and George. "Wow." I said. I pulled on an actual pair of pants over my p.j. shorts and stared at the car through the bars.

"Alright you two?" George asked. We nodded and then Ron cut in.

"What's been going on? And why haven't you returned my letters? I've asked you to stay about twelve times, and then Dad comes home saying you've got an official notice for using magic in front of Muggles----"

"That wasn't him." I said quickly.

"And how did he know?" Harry asked.

"He works for the Ministry." Ron replied. "You know you're not supposed to do spells outside of school---"

"Right." I said nodding to the car Ron was sitting in.

"Dad did this so it doesn't count. Besides, using magic in front of the Muggles---"

"Hannah told you it wasn't me. But it'd take too long to explain now--- look, you can tell them at Hogwarts that the Dursleys have locked me up and won't let me...us...come back, and obviously I can't magic myself out because the Ministry'll think that's the second spell I've cast in three days so----"

"Stop gibbering," Ron said, "we've come to take you home with us."

"But you can't magic me out either—"

"We don't need to, you forgot who I've got with me." With that Fred threw Harry a rope to tie around the bars.

"If the Dursleys wake up we're so dead." I said watching.

"Don't worry Hannah." Fred said as he revved up the car. "Stand back. Both of you." Harry and I did as we were told and watched as the bars were ripped off our window. We waited and listened for a sound from the Dursleys but nothing came except Uncle Vernon's low snores.

"Get in." Ron commanded.

"But all our stuff..."Harry began.

"Where is it?"

"Locked in a cupboard." Fred and George climbed over the seats and out the car window into our window with ease.

"No problem." George said grinning. We showed them to the cupboard and George took out a hairpin and began to pick the lock. Then the lock clicked open. The twins helped us carry our stuff upstairs and into the car. All of our trunks were loaded up and Fred and George climbed in, Fred in the driver's seat. Ron offered Harry his hand and pulled him in. As Harry got in the car Hedwig let out a blood curdling screech at being left by Harry, which set Talia off. I grabbed her cage and tossed it to Harry but Uncle Vernon was already awake.

"THOSE RUDDY OWLS!!" he roared and came bursting into our room. I jumped onto the windowsill and grabbed Ron's hand, but at



the same time, Uncle Vernon grabbed my ankle. I grimaced at being pulled in two different directions. I kicked at Uncle Vernon's hand but nothing helped. Harry grabbed my other hand and he and Ron both pulled as hard as they could. I kicked against the force that was holding me back but it still did nothing. Then Fred revved the engine and slowly started to drive with just enough force to help Harry and Ron's cause. I was pulled into the back of the car while Uncle Vernon almost fell out of the window. I closed my eyes and caught my breath.

"Next time," I said to Harry, "You're going last." Everyone laughed and we soared into the night. Harry told them about Dobby's warning for him not to go back to school and the pudding fiasco.

"Very fishy." Fred said, "But I bet you two looked smashing with all that pudding all over you." He teased. I rolled my eyes at him but still smiled.

"Definatley dodgy." George agreed. "So he wouldn't even tell you who's supposed to be plotting all this stuff?"

"No. Every time he got close he'd bang his head on the wall or something." I supplied. Fred and George looked at each other briefly.

"What? OD you think he was lying to me?" Harry asked.

"Well, house elves have got really powerful magic of their own but usually can't use it without their master's permission." Fred replied. "I reckon old Dobby was put up to this by someone who didn't want you to come back. Can you think of someone who's got a grudge against you?"

"Yes." Harry, Ron and I said at the same time.

"Draco Malfoy." Harry said.

"Lucius Malfoy's son?" George asked.

"Probably." I said, "Why?"

"He was a big You-Know-Who supporter."

"Dad said that after You-Know-Who vanished he came to the Ministry and told them that he never meant any of it. Load of dung...Dad

recons he was in You-Know-Who's inner circle." Fred continued trying to look at us while flying. I looked at Harry in a sort of 'It could be' way and then looked out the window. I was vaguely aware of the conversation that was going on but I was thinking about Dobby to much too actually comprehend any of it. What if it was the Malfoys? Was it a simple little grudge or was there something bigger? I mulled this over until we began descending. We finally landed and Fred yelled, 'Touchdown!' I looked at the Weasleys house and grinned. I loved it. It was crooked and amazing. We all got out of the car and as the twins began getting our trunks Harry and I just stood looking at the house.

"It's not much." Ron said.

"It's wonderful!" Harry replied. I nodded in agreement.

"Now, we have to be really quiet," Fred said, "and wait for Mum to call us for breakfast. Then we can say 'Look who showed up in the night Mum!' and she'll be all pleased to see both of you and no harm done."

"Right," Ron said, "Come on Harry I sleep at the....at the top." He trailed off looking ill. Fred and George turned towards the house so fast I thought they would get whiplash. Mrs. Weasley marched across the yard looking much like a saber toothed tiger.

"Ah." Fred said.

"Oh dear." Was George's response.

"So." She stated glaring at her sons.

"Morning Mum." George said in a jaunty sort of voice.

"Have you any idea how worried I've been?" Came the response that made me want to cower. And a second later, Ron, George and Fred did just that.

"Sorry Mum, but see, we had to..."

“Beds empty! No note! Car gone---could have crashed---out of my mind with worry----did you care? --- never as long as I’ve lived---wait until your father gets home, we never had trouble like this with Bill or Charlie or Percy---“

“Perfect Percy.” Fred muttered.

“YOU COULD DO TAKING A LEAF OUT OF PERCY’S BOOK!” Mrs. Weasley yelled, poking Fred in the chest. “You could have died, you could have been seen, you could have lost your father his job!” It seemed as Mrs. Weasley had been planning this until we all got back. When she was finally done she turned to Harry and I who both backed up. “I’m very pleased to see you two. Come in and have some breakfast.” Harry and I looked at Ron who nodded so we followed her into the house. We sat at the table and looked around. It was definitely the kind of place I could see Ron growing up in. Mrs. Weasley began to cook us breakfast and had already put out some sausages and eggs on our plates when Ron and the twins walked in. “Again, you could have been seen.” She hissed at Fred and George. “It was cloudy Mum!” Fred said.

“Keep your mouth closed while you’re eating!” She snapped.

“They were starving them Mum! They are both skinny enough as it is!” George cut in.

“And you!” But Mrs. Weasley turned to Harry and me with a softer expression. She buttered us both bread and let us all eat. When we had all had our share Fred stood up and yawned.

“Blimey I’m tired.” He said, “I think I’ll go to bed and...”

“You’ll do no such thing!” Mrs. Weasley snapped. “It’s your own fault you’ve been up all night. You’re going to de-gnome the garden. They’re getting completely out of hand again...”

“Oh Mum...”

“And you two!” She yelled at Ron and George. “You can go up to bed if you want.” She added to Harry and me, “You didn’t ask them to fly that wretched car.”

“I’ll help Ron. I’ve never seen a de-gnoming.”

"That's sweet but its dull work...let' see what Lockhart has to say..."

"MUM!" George cried, "We know how to de-gnome a garden!"

"He is just wonderful." Mrs. Weasley went on.

"Mum fancies him." Fred said in a total stage whisper.

"Don't be ridiculous. All right if you think you know better than Lockhart you can go and get on with it and woe betide you if there is a single gnome in that garden when I come to inspect it." The other two Weasleys and Harry stood up to go outside.

"You coming Hannah?" Fred asked. I looked at them guiltily and bit my lower lip.

"Umm..." I had no desire to de-gnome and I really wanted a nap.

"You don't have to. You look awful. Go get some sleep." And with that they trudged out the door. I did just that. Mrs. Weasley showed me to the twin's room and left. I looked around feeling a bit awkward that I was going to sleep in Fred's room. I grabbed a pillow and blanket from one of the beds and curled up on the floor. Within five minutes I was asleep.

"Hannah? Wow. She fell asleep on the floor." A voice above me said.

"I know. It's funny." Said another voice.

"Come on Hannah. It's dinnertime." This time the voice was closer and a pillow smacked me in the head.

"All right I'm up!" I mumbled. I sat up rubbing my shoulder that had been digging into the ground. I looked up and saw Fred and George grinning at me. "Hi to you too."

"Like the floor of our room?"

"Well it's not like I'm about to sleep in one of your beds." I snapped I stood up and walked out of their room throwing the blanket and pillow at them. I slid into the kitchen and saw everyone but Fred and George sitting at the table. I took a seat to a girl about a year younger than me who I assumed to be Ginny. Just the Mrs. Weasley and a tall wiry man walked in.

“Hey Dad,” Fred piped up as he walked into sight as well, “This is Hannah Potter.” He yanked gently on my ponytail as Mr. Weasley looked at me.

“Hannah Potter. Nice to meet, very pleased. I met Harry this morning. Where were you?” he asked.

“I was asleep. Flying all night didn’t work with my sleep schedule.” I replied smiling. He nodded and we all ate.

About a week after we had gotten to the burrow our Hogwarts letters arrived. I walked into the kitchen pulling my wet hair out of my face. Fred and George, still in their p.j.’s ambled in after me.

“Here are your letters dears.” Mrs. Weasley chirped. I took my envelope and checked my supply list.

Second Year Students Will Require:

Standard book of Spells, Grade 2

by, Miranda Goshawk

Break with a Banshee by Gilderoy Lockhart

Gadding with Ghouls by Gilderoy Lockhart

Holidays with Hags by Gilderoy Lockhart

Travels with Trolls by Gilderoy Lockhart

Voyages with Vampires by Gilderoy Lockhart

Wanderings with Werewolves by Gilderoy Lockhart

Year with the Yeti by Gilderoy Lockhart

Fred had finished his and looked at Harry’s with a raised eyebrow.

"You got all of Lockhart's books too? I bet the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher is a fan. Must be a witch." But at the last phrase, Fred caught his mother's eye and busied himself with something else. I smirked and turned back to my list. I had a feeling that whoever the DADA teacher was, I wouldn't like her.

"That won't come cheap." George said casting a look at his parents, "Lockhart's books are expensive."

"We'll manage." Mrs. Weasley bristled but she looked a tad worried. "I suppose we'll have to get a lot of Ginny's things second hand."

"Oh, are you starting Hogwarts this year?" Harry asked politely. Ginny blushed furiously and nodded. Just then Percy walked in, thrusting his chest out so we could all see his stupid little Prefects badge. He managed a stiff good morning then sat in a chair only to leap up again holding something fluffy.

"Errol!" Ron cried, "Finally and look! He's got Hermione's letter!" And he began to read aloud. All was well with her. She hoped Harry and I were fine. She was busy with school work blah blah blah. Finally she mentioned something about going to Diagon Alley. Mrs. Weasley decided that we'd all go then too.

"So what are you up to today?" Mrs. Weasley asked pleasantly. It turned out the boys were going to go up to a little place and play Quidditch. They asked if I wanted to come but I politely declined.

"Sorry but I don't fancy another Bludger or any other object in the face anytime soon." I said looking pointedly at Fred. He quailed a bit at that but didn't say anything. So they went up to the hill and I stayed and helped Mrs. Weasley clean up. After that I walked up to Ginny's room where my trunk was and grabbed some parchment and water colors that I had from an art set Dudley got as a birthday present and didn't like. I sat on a rock outside and began to paint the Burrow and the activities around it. I finished my painting the same time the boys were coming back from Quidditch. They smiled and waved at me to come in. So I did.

The following Wednesday we were woken fairly early by Mrs. Weasley. As Ginny and I trudged down stairs wringing excess water

out of our hair from our showers, we heard everyone else already downstairs.

"There they are." Mr. Weasley said and turned to Mrs. Weasley who was holding a flower pot.

"Okay well guests first!" She said handing the flower pot to Harry who just looked at it.

"Wh-what am I supposed to do?" Harry asked sounding slightly embarrassed.

"He's never traveled by Floo powder." Ron said suddenly remembering. "Blimey Harry I forgot."

"Never? How did you get to Diagon Alley last year?" Mrs. Weasley asked bewildered looking from Harry then to me.

"We took the Underground." Harry mumbled.

"Really?" Mr. Weasley said brightening. "Were there escapators? How exactly..."

"Not now Arthur. Floo powder's a lot quicker, dear, but goodness me, if you've never used it before..."

"He'll be all right Mum." Fred said rolling his eyes. "Now watch us first." He took a pinch of the powder, threw it in the fireplace and stepped in shouting 'Diagon Alley!' There was a swirl of emerald fire then he was gone. George followed.

"Now you must speak clearly and don't fall out of the wrong fireplace."  
"What?" I asked taking a pinch of powder.

"Well, there are a lot of fireplaces to choose from. Just wait until you see Fred and George.

"Molly, stop fussing. Now in you go Hannah." Mr. Weasley said. I looked at the powder in my hand and did exactly what Fred and George had done.

"Diagon Alley!" I shouted and with a storm of soot and fire the Burrow was gone and I was falling fast. I finally landed but didn't get my

balance and fell into someone. I looked up and saw Fred grinning at me.

“Have a nice trip?” He asked.

“Shut up Fred.” I said pushing myself away from him and dusting myself off, seeing as how I was covered in soot. We waited for everyone else to come and they did. All but Harry. “Where is he?” I asked getting a little panicked.

“He’s got to be around here somewhere.” Fred said trying to be reassuring.

“Snap.” I muttered and took off to try and find him. Barging through the crowds looking for Harry I spotted Hagrid a ways off. I pushed through trying to get to him. When I had a clear view of him I saw Hermione and Harry. I kept running towards them and all but tackled Harry in a hug.

“Hi Hannah.” He said hugging me back.

“Where the hell were you?!?” I demanded letting go of him.

“Knockturn Alley.” He said sheepishly.

“Excellent!” Fred and George said at the same time.

“We’re not allowed in.” Ron explained.

“I should ruddy well think not!” Hagrid growled.

“Thanks for finding my helpless case of a brother Hagrid.” I said smiling up at him.

“Any time Hannah.” He said clapping my on the back with one of his dustbin lid hands. I coughed as the wind was knocked out of me. After Mrs. Weasley found us we said goodbye to Hagrid and went into Gringotts where Hermione’s parents were waiting. Mr. Weasley pounced at once and began asking them all these questions and insisted that he buy them a drink before the day was out. We



promised Hermione that we would meet her when we were done. On the ride down there I couldn't look anywhere but straight in front of me or else I thought I might be sick. When we stopped we all got out, me a little unsteady on my feet and Mrs. Weasley extracted all the money from there vault which was only a small handful of Sickles and one Galleon. When we reached our vault, Harry tried to shield the opening from the Weasleys view and I didn't blame him at all. Once we reached the lobby again we all went our separate ways. Hermione's parents were dragged off by Mr. Weasley for a drink, Fred and George had spotted their friend Lee Jordan and Mrs. Weasley and Ginny had set off for the secondhand robe shop.

"We'll meet at Flourish and Blotts in one hour and not one step down Knockturn Alley!" She called to the twins retreating backs. So Ron, Harry, Hermione and I set off. The three of them had strawberry and peanut butter sundaes which looked revolting to me and we kept walking. In exactly an hour we reached Flourish and Blotts but we were definatley not the only ones there. What might have been every witch in London was making her way to the book shop and then we saw why.

Gilderoy Lockhart

Will be signing copies of his autobiography

MAGICAL ME

today at 12:30 p.m. – 4:30 p.m.

"You mean we actually get to met him?" Hermione squealed, "I mean he's written almost the entire booklist!"

"Wow." I muttered shaking my head, "This is pathetic."

"You're telling me." Fred said coming up behind us. We made our way inside where the rest of the Weasleys were waiting with Mr. and Mrs. Granger. We squeezed through the crowd until we were next to our group. Then a photographer came in and stepped all over Ron and I.

"Move. This is for the Daily Prophet." He said.

"Wow." I muttered again.

"Big deal." But just then Lockhart entered the room and heard him. He glared at Ron then he looked onto Harry. I rolled my eyes.

"Here we go." I said leaning against a bookshelf.

"It can't be Harry Potter?" he practically shouted. HE pulled Harry to the center of the room and began shaking his hand while the photographer clicked away. "What a pleasure. Nice big smile Harry." Harry looked like he had just been hit over the head with a club and I couldn't help but laugh. "Together you and I will make the front page." Lockhart grabbed Harry around his shoulders and stood smiling for the cameras.

"What a wonderful moment this is!" He proclaimed looking around beaming. "The perfect time to make a little announcement. You see, when Harry stepped into this shop he only wanted my autobiography, which I will give him free of charge. Little did he know that he was getting much more. Yes, he and his schoolmates will be getting the real magical me as I am to become the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher at Hogwarts!" Fred, Ron, George and I groaned but the rest of the crowd cheered like mad. Harry was shoved an arm full of all of Lockhart's books and he stumbled to the side of the room where Ginny was with her cauldron. He gave her the books and whirled around to face someone I couldn't see.

"Looks like you got yourself a girlfriend Potter." Draco Malfoy snarled.

"Oh. Feeling jealous Malfoy?" I snapped at him when Harry didn't say anything. He ignored that comment and went in for the kill on Ron.

"Surprised to see you in a shop Weasley. Though your parents will have to go hungry for a month to pay for all of that." He said smirking. Ron took a step forward looking like he was going to punch him when Mr. Weasley emerged with Fred and George on his heels.

"Let's go outside, it's too crowded in here." He said.

"Well well. Arthur Weasley." Drawled a man that had to be Lucius Malfoy. I bit my lip. This was not going to turn out well. And it didn't. Within a few sentences Mr. Weasley lunged himself at Mr. Malfoy

and a full fledged fight began. Only when Hagrid showed up and pulled them apart did they stop. Mr. Malfoy straightened up and dusted himself off. He shoved the book he was holding back into Ginny's cauldron.

"Here girl---take your book---it's the best your father can give you." With that he beckoned Draco to follow and swept out of the shop.

"Yeh should've ignored him Arthur." Hagrid said as we watched the Malfoy leave, "Rotten ter the core the whole family, everybody knows that---no Malfoys worth listening ter---bad blood, that's what it is. Now come on. Let's get outta here." And that we did. Hermione parents looked scared out of their wits while Mrs. Weasley was shaking with furry.

"A fine example to set for your children...brawling in public...what Gilderoy Lockhart must have thought."

"He loved it." Fred stated matter of factly. "Didn't you hear him as we were leaving? Asked that bloke from the Daily Prophet if he could work it into his report. Said it was all for publicity."

"Fred," I said in a calm quiet voice, "Do us a favor, and shut up."

We all made it back to the Burrow the way we were supposed to and life went on. The day finally came for us to leave for Hogwarts. Running down the stairs pulling on a shirt over my cami I ran smack dab into someone. That someone just happened to be Fred. He was running up the stairs trying to get his shirt on. I blushed a deep scarlet and mumbled a sorry and kept going. I shoveled down my breakfast and ran back up the stairs. I threw my books and supplies haphazardly on top of my clothes in my trunk. Then I carefully out all of my sketches and paintings in a folder on top of all of that. I left my trunk there for Mr. Weasley to get like he said he would and ran back down the stairs this time grabbing my shoes along the way. I made it safely to the sitting room where I pulled on and laced up my Converse. My lucky beginning of the year shoes I had decided. We made our way out to the car with all six trunks in the extended trunk and settled in. Lucky me I got smashed in the middle. I looked out the back window to the house wondering if possibly next summer I would be back. Before I even turned to face forward again we had stopped and George was climbing out to go get the fire works. Then Fred was

scrambling over us to get his broomstick. Then when we had almost reached the highway Ginny shrieked that she had left her diary. By the time we actually got going we were very late and a few tempers were very high. We finally got to Kings Cross and Mrs. Weasley and Ginny went through first. Then Mr. Weasley then the twins then me. I didn't wait for Harry. I loaded my trunk and jumped on board trying to find a compartment with Hermione and Ginny. We finally did and sat down to wait for Harry and Ron. When the train started to move I began to worry about Ron and Harry.

"Where are they?" I asked no one in particular.

"Their most likely looking for us." Hermione replied calmly. But after half an hour she started worrying too.

"Lets go look through the train." I said opening the compartment door, "You go that way and I'll go this way. See you soon." We took off in our separate directions looking for the two boys. I found Fred and George but no Ron or Harry. After searching my half of the train I walked back to the compartment hoping Hermione had found them. She hadn't. "Oh my god." I said in shock, "They didn't make the train!"

A/K: HA! First chapter done in 2 days! Amazing record! I have summer to thank for that. You know the drill. Read and review!

A/K: Okie dokie! This will be relatively short. It will be interesting...I hope you will enjoy. Please review!

For the rest of the train ride Hermione and I could not sit down for not more than a few seconds. I was the worst. Pacing up and down the compartment and then the halls. We finally slowed and stopped at Hogsmeade. Hermione and I ran through the crowd looking for any sight of red hair or the familiar messy black hair but to no avail. I was about to breakdown when we directed to our carriages so I composed myself as best I could. At every little sound in the forest I looked around looking for Ron and Harry. The feast went by in a blur. The only thing I really paid attention to was Ginny being sorted into Gryffindor. Then my mind traveled to all the terrible things that could have happened to the two of them. Finally the feast was over, and Hermione and I took as long as we could going to the Common Room to see if they had showed up. We got the password from Percy but waited behind for a bit. When we didn't see them we walked up to the tower.

"They'll be here at some point right? I mean they can't miss out on their entire second year can they?" Hermione asked nervously.

"Hermione I don't know." I said exasperated.

"What do you think would happen if they did? Would they have to repeat..." Before Hermione could finish her sentence I whirled on her scowling.

"Hermione of once just shut up! And stop asking me questions I don't know the answers too!" I yelled. Many portraits tutted at me from their frames and a few passing ghosts looked startled. "What?" I snapped at them, turned on my heel and ran to the common room leaving Hermione behind. Once I reached it, it seemed as if every Gryffindor was still awake and waiting. I looked around the room and finally found who I was looking for and made my way through the crowd to them.

"Hey, what's going on?" I asked Fred and George as I reached them.

"We're waiting for Harry and Ron." George replied.

"They flew the car here and we want to congratulate them." Fred explained.

"They flew the car?" I repeated numbly, "Their actually thick enough to do that?!?!"

"Wow Hannah chill. There fine." Fred said placing a reassuring hand on my shoulder.

"Still..." Before I could go on the portrait hole opened and in walked Harry ad Ron. I pushed my way through the crowd behind the twins. They asked about them not going in the car then I stepped in front of them.

"Oh look, it's dumb and dumber." I snarled.

"Uhhh hi Hannah." Harry said nervously.

"Are you two really thick enough to actually fly a car here?"

"Uhhh..."

"Whatever. I'm just glad your okay." I spun on my heel and went up to my dorm room where I fell onto my bed and sighed in relief.

The next morning was relatively uneventful. That is except for Ron's howler that Mrs. Weasley had sent him. As we were eating breakfast the post came as always and I looked up hopefully for Talia but knew it was a dumb thing to do. She never had mail for me, because...I never got mail. But this morning Ron got some. A howler from his mother that went off rattling silverware and plates. Once it was all done a few Slytherins sniggered but otherwise it was quiet.

"Hate to tell you Ron but..." Hermione began.

"Don't tell me I deserved it!" Ron snapped back. Professor McGonagall started passing out course schedules and we all set off to class. Herbology was pretty normal. Nothing exciting happened. In Transfiguration we were supposed to turn beetles into buttons. I did fairly well with this along with Hermione. Ron ad Harry not so much. Ron's wand had snapped and he had tried to mend it with Spellotape

but that didn't seem to have worked. It would hiss and smoke and shot of sparks at the most random points.

"Stupid useless thing." He muttered angrily at the end of class, shoving it in his bag.

"Just write home for another one." Harry suggested.

"Oh yeah and get another howler, no thanks." Ron huffed. We ate our lunch quietly and went out to the court yard. Hermione stuck her nose in *Voyages with Vampires* and the boys talked Quidditch. I had grabbed some spare parchment and began to draw the court yard and all the people, from Hermione with her book to the birds nest in the upper right corner of the corridor that actually led out here. Just then I looked up to get another look at Ron and Harry and saw them talking to a small boy who I assumed to be a first year. I couldn't hear what they were saying but he was holding up a camera. Then Draco Malfoy swaggered past. I collected my things and move closer really wanting to sketch this.

"Signed photos? You're giving out signed photos Potter?" He asked smirking and I sort of couldn't blame him. "Hey! Everybody line up! Potters giving signed photos!"

"Eat slugs Malfoy!" Ron snarled pulling out his wand.

"Look out!" Hermione hissed nodding towards the corridor where Lockhart was striding towards us.

"What's all this? Who's giving out signed pictures?" He then caught sight of Harry. "I should have guessed, we meet again Harry. Go on then Mr. Creevey! A double portrait and we'll both sign it." Colin snapped the camera as the bell rang. Lockhart whisked Harry down a hall and up a flight of stairs talking animatedly the whole way. I packed up my sketch's grinning. I felt bad for Harry but I had to admit that was funny. Hermione, Ron and I made it to Lockhart's class quickly and took our seats next to Harry who thankfully had chosen the back of the room. Within a few minutes Lockhart swept into view smiling at us. I looked at Harry and made a gagging face that got him to smile. Lockhart picked up a Neville's copy of *Travels with Trolls* and recited his whole list of awards. I rolled my eyes and sighed. This was going to be a long class. After a while he passed out a quiz in his

favorite topic; himself. I guessed on all of them putting down the craziest answers imaginable. Half an hour later, he collected them and checked them quickly.

"Tut tut. You all might want to read Year with the Yeti a little closer. Same with Wanderings with Werewolves. Hardly any of you did too well on this, but Miss. Granger got full marks. Miss. Granger? Where are you?" Hermione nearly jumped out of her skin as Lockhart said her name. She raised a trembling hand and Lockhart smiled yet again. "Well done, take 10 points for Gryffindor. And now to business." With a flare, Lockhart brought out a cage covered with a curtain type thing covering it. I raised an eyebrow and looked at Harry who smirked and tugged on my hair. I looked at my bangs and saw a blonde color instead of my usual brunette. I grinned back and changed it to dark brown.

"Now, I must ask you to remain calm. While I am here nothing can harm you. Now don't scream, it might provoke them." With a flourish he pulled off the cover and revealed blue pixies. "Yes." He said dramatically, "Freshly caught Cornish pixies." Seamus Finnigan gave a snort of laughter that no one, not even Lockhart could mistake for a scream of terror.

"Yes?" Lockhart asked smiling.

"Sorry, it's just that...they aren't very dangerous are they?" Seamus asked biting back a laugh.

"Don't be so sure. Lets see what you make of them." He opened the cage door and the pixies soared around the room. Two picked Neville up by his ears and some flew out the window showering us with glass leaving Ron and I with small cuts on our face.

"come on now they're only pixies." He rolled up his sleeves and shouted, "Peskipiksi Pestronomi!" with a flourish of his wand. It did nothing. Just then the bell rang and there was a sudden rush to the door. AS the four of us were trying to leave Lockhart caught sight of us. "Ah, there, I'll just ask you four to round them up for me." With that he left the classroom.

"Some teacher huh." I muttered angrily.



“He just wanted to give us a hands on experience.” Hermione protested.

“Hands on. Yeah right.” Ron snorted.

“Oh stow it. Just look at all the books he’s written, all the stuff he’s done.” She almost whined.

“Yeah, all the stuff he says he did.” Harry replied.

The weekend finally came. I was looking forward to sleeping in and catching up on my homework. So on Saturday morning I had every intention of sleeping till noon. Except the fact that a sleepy Katie Bell woke me up.

“Hannah, get up. Wood is demanding us to be down at the field like, now.” She said yawning.

“You’re joking right?” I mumbled rolling over to face her. She shuck her head and I groaned rolling out of bed. We walked down to the Pitch 5 minutes later with Angelina Johnson and Alicia Spinnet. We reached the changing room and I sat down next to Fred pulling my knees up under me. I looked around and everyone was there except Harry. When he finally came in Wood started telling us our strategies. The first board he pulled up took 20 minutes to explain. After that he still had 4 more. I curled up on the bench and fell asleep on Fred’s shoulder. Wood’s voice calling her name woke her up.

“Hannah!”

“What?!?” I said sitting up smacking my head on Fred’s chin. “Oh. Ow!”

“Ouch!” Fred said rubbing his chin.

“Sorry Fred.” I said massaging the top of my head.

“No big. You’ve got a hard head.”

“Well, you’ve got a hard chin.” I replied nudging him. He smiled and nudged me back.

“Hannah!” Wood said again.

“Yeah I hear you I hear you.” I looked at him and stifled a yawn.

"Anything you want to say?"

"Besides 'Why couldn't we have waited till later' then no. Let's just get out there and practice okay?" I said yawning this time.

"Right you are! Okay everyone! Let's go!" Wood seized his broom and raced out the door, we all followed. Harry and the twins soared into the air racing. I heard a funny clicking noise and turned to see Colin Creevey. I sighed and kicked off meeting Wood by the goals.

"Who is that?" Oliver asked pointing to Colin.

"Oh, that's Colin Creevey first year Gryffindor."

"You sure he isn't a Slytherin spy?"

"Positive. Plus the Slytherins don't need a spy."

"Why?"

"Cause they're here." I said pointing to the field below us.

"I don't believe this!" Wood growled and flew down to meet them, with me on his tail and the rest of our team. "Flint! This is our training time! We got it specially!"

"There's room for all of us Oliver." The Slytherin captain said maliciously.

"But I booked the field! I booked it!" By now our whole team was standing shoulder to shoulder glaring at the Slytherins. Wood was shaking with rage.

"Wood, breath." I said then turned to Flint.

"Care to explain what you're doing here?" I asked trying to be civil.

"We're here to train our new Seeker."

"Who?" I asked.

"That would be me." Said a drawling voice that I knew all too well.

"Malfoy?" I asked incredulous.

"Lucius Malfoys son?" Wood asked.

"Funny you should mention my father," Draco drawled, "Look at the brooms he go the entire team, Nimbus 2001. The latest model." None of us could think of what to say.

"Oh look. A feline invasion." Flint said pointing to Ron and Hermione who were crossing the field to see what was going on.

"What's up? Why aren't you playing and why is he here?" Ron asked looking at Malfoy.

"I'm new Slytherin Seeker Weasley. We were all admiring the new v=brooms my father got us. Nice aren't they. Maybe your team can scrape up some money to get new brooms. You could raffle off the Cleansweeps. I'm sure a museum would buy them."

"At least no one on the Gryffindor team had to buy their way on the team." Hermione said glaring at Malfoy.

"Exactly. They all got on by talent." I said stressing the word. Malfoy sneered.

"No one asked your opinion you filthy little Mudbloods." He spat at the two of us. I could tell that was not a good thing to say. Flint dove in front of Malfoy to stop Fred and George from jumping on him, both of them looking murderous. Alicia shrieked, 'How dare you?!?' and Ron dug in his robes for his wand.

"You'll pay for that Malfoy! He yelled pointing his wand at Malfoys face under Flints arm. There was a loud bang and a green light shot out the wrong end of Ron's wand hitting him in the stomach.

"Ron!" We all called.

"You okay?" Hermione asked. Before Ron could answer he belched up a giant slug.

"Gross!" I said feeling like I was going to throw up.

"Let's get him to Hagrid's it's closest." Harry suggested. He and Hermione each grabbed one of Ron's arms and all but carried him to

Hagrids hut. I grabbed Harry's broom and mine and went to put them up then thought better.

"Fred!" I said catching up with him.

"Yeah?" He asked still looking murderous.

"Would you mind putting these up for me? I want to go help Ron."

"Yeah sure. You okay?"

"Fine why?"

"He called you a Mudblood Hannah." I just looked at him.

"Right. Oh and put these away please I said pulling off my robes to reveal a white t-shirt and jeans underneath. I threw them at a startled looking Fred and took off after my friends. I saw them hide behind a nearby bush and joined them.

"Any particular reason we're hiding?" I asked. Just then Lockhart walked past. "Got it." We then took off again for Hagrid's. We knocked and Hagrid opened looking disgruntled.

"Bin wonderin' when you'd come ter see me...come in come in....thought you mighta bin Professor Lockhart again." Harry and Hermione helped Ron into the house and sat him in a chair. Hagrid, who didn't seem to be bothered by the slug fiasco after Harry explained it, got Ron a bucket to throw up in.

"Who was he tryin' ter curse?" He asked.

"Malfoy called Hannah and Hermione something...it must have been really bad because everyone went wild." Harry supplied.

"It was bad," Ron said hoarsely, emerging from the bucket, "Hagrid, he called them Mudbloods." He managed to get out before he ducked back in the bucket.

"He didn'!" He growled looking at Hermione and me.

"He did." I said.

"I don't know what it means but I could tell it was rude of course..." Hermione began.

"It's just about the most insulting thing to call someone, especially a Muggleborn. Some families, like the Malfoys, think their better because their what people call purebloods. It doesn't really make any difference, look at Neville. He's a pureblood and he can barely stand a cauldron up the right way." Ron said before ducking back into the bucket.

"An' they haven't invented a spell our Hermione can't do." Hagrid said beaming, "Or Hannah for that matter."

"Terrible thing to call someone really. Dirty blood, common blood see. It's ridiculous. Half of us now a days are half-blood. If we hadn't married muggles we would've died out." Ron said and back into the bucket he went.

"Don' blame yeh fer tryin' curse him Ron. But maybe it was a good thing yer wand backfired. 'Spect Lucius Malfoy would've some marchin' up ter school if yeh'd cursed his son. Least yer not in trouble." We stayed a while longer. Hagrid gave Harry grief about the signed pictures and we took a look at Hagrid's pumpkins for the Halloween Feast. We finally headed back up to the castle. Ron and Harry were called by Professor McGonagall who assigned their detentions. Ron was to polish the trophies in the trophy room and Harry was to assist Lockhart with his fan mail. We spent the rest of the day doing homework and then the time came for the boy's detention. They set off and Hermione headed to the library. I sat down on a couch and pulled out *Pride and Prejudice* seeing as I hadn't actually finished it. Around 9 I did finish and headed up to bed.

The school year went on as normal. My birthday came and went with Hermione and the twins being the only ones who remembered. Again. Quidditch was getting intense and Wood wanted more and more meetings with me to discuss strategy. The newest one he had scheduled was right before the Halloween Feast. I told Hermione that I'd meet them there after the meeting. So after the meeting I headed to the Great Hall but didn't see them. I sat down next to Fred and talked with him and George and Lee Jordan about the upcoming Quidditch season. After the feast we all headed up to our common rooms, Fred and I still discussing Quidditch when everyone came to a stop. I tried to see what was going on but I was too short.

"Fred, can you see what's going on? I'm too short!" I said. He looked over the tops of people's head and his face drained of color just a bit. "What is it?" I hissed.

"Mrs. Norris has been petrified and on the wall it says 'The Chamber has been opened. Enemies of the Heir BEWARE!' In...blood."

"Blood?" I asked my stomach clenching in a knot.

"Enemies of the Heir...You'll be next Mudbloods!" Draco Malfoy called over the crowd. Fred tensed next to me.

"Ignore it. I do and he's talking about me." I said grabbing his arm pulling him towards the common room. "Come on let's get some sleep."

"You're right." He said letting me drag him away.

The next morning at breakfast I found Harry, Hermione and Ron. I plopped down across from them and started to eat.

"Where did you guys go last night? You weren't here or in the common room. What happened?" I asked.

"We were at Nick's Deathday Party."

"Deathday Party? Really? Over a Halloween feast?" I asked. They all nodded sadly. "Well you could have at least told me." I said.

"We did." Harry stated.

"No you didn't."

"Yes we did."

"No or else I wouldn't be freaking out on you right now!"

"She's right Harry we didn't." Hermione said.

"Thank you!"

"You sure?" Harry asked.

"Positive." Hermione said nodding.

"Oh yeah."

"God!" I cried.

“What?”

“You could at least admit you are wrong sometimes Harry! You’re not right all the time!”

“Well neither are you!” He snapped back at me. By now many people were looking at us.

“I’m right more often than you are.” I said trying to reign it in.

“whatever Hannah!” He yelled.

“Fine!” I said. I stood up and walked out of the Great Hall leaving a silence behind me. I walked outside and took a deep breath. Okay, calm down. I told myself. I walked past the greenhouses out to the Quidditch pitch. I sat there alone for a while then I heard someone else.

“Hey.” The someone said. I looked up and saw Fred.

“Oh. Hi.”

“Mind if I sit?” He asked. I shook my head and he sat next to me.

“You can get loud you know that right?” I smiled and nodded. “Like really loud.”

“Did you just come out here to tell me how loud I get Fred?” I asked.

“No. I came out here to calm you down. You were so mad Hannah, your hair even turned red.” He said tugging on my ponytail. I smiled.

“Yeah it does that sometimes.” I said. “But why you? Why not Hermione? No offense.”

“None taken. I just thought I’d leave Harry to Hermione and Ron and I’d tackle you.” He said grinning, “Besides, it gives me an excuse to be outside.”

“It is nice.” I agreed.

“Come on. Walk with me.” He said standing and offering his hand. I took it and he pulled me up. “You shouldn’t be so hard on him you know.”

“Yeah I just... I don’t know. With last night I think I sort of panicked. I mean, that doesn’t happen too often.” I said making him smile again.

“True. But they can all take care of themselves Hannah.”

"I know I know." I said. We had reached the main doors to the castle.  
"I'm gonna keep walking. See you later." I said walking away.  
"Alright. Oh and Hannah?"

"Yeah?" I said stopping to look at him.

"Don't get into trouble."

"Okay I won't." I said laughing. I walked past the Hospital Wing windows and smiled thinking about Fred. I looked in the window tucking a stray piece of hair behind my ear and saw a yellow eye. Before the smile even died from my face I felt my body go stiff and then all went black.

A/K: OOOOHHHH! I managed to do it! I wasn't quite sure how people felt being petrified so I sort of improvised. Hope you like it! Please review!



Disclaimer: See chapter 1.

A/K: Done with Year two! YAY! Happy day!

I woke up with a start, a sharp pain shooting up my left arm.

“Ouch!” I cried. Madam Pomfrey looked me over and bit her lip.

“You fell on your arm, looks like it’s snapped in three places. Hang on for just a moment dear. Let me get these students up.” I nodded and sunk into the pillows. I looked around and saw Hermione still as stone next to me, and Colin Creevey. What had happened? Madam Pomfrey was dropping a sort of juice in Hermione’s slightly opened mouth and she stirred slightly then sat up.

“Hannah!” She cried giving me a hug, and nearly killing my arm.

“Ouch! Hi Hermione.” I said giving her a one armed hug.

“You okay?” She asked worried.

“I broke my arm...what exactly happened to me?” I asked.

“You were petrified. Everyone thought the Heir of Slytherin was Harry because you had been fighting then you were petrified. Then Colin Creevey was driving him nuts and he tried to sneak up to the Hospital Wing to see him after Harry had to re-grow back his bones and...” As Hermione explained I had a growing sense of unease.

“So it was travelling through the pipes? And...who was controlling it?” I asked.

“I’m not sure. Harry’ll know though” As she said that Madam Pomfrey came and fixed up my arm, Hermione and I were the only ones left.

“There you are dear. Let me bandage it up.” She grabbed some bandages and I turned to Hermione.

“Go on. Find Harry and figure out what happened okay? I’ll be right there.” She nodded and left. Madam Pomfrey bandaged my arm and told me I had to keep it in a sling for a few days just incase. Then she

told me I could go. I sprinted to the Great Hall where everyone was in their p.j.'s and it was amazing. I stopped at the doorway and looked around. I stepped into the light and saw Harry and Ron being surrounded and hugged by various people. Hermione was hugging them the tightest. I smiled and then Fred turned and saw me.

"Hannah!" He yelled over the noise. I smiled and was suddenly ambushed by my entire house. Harry hugged me and then Ron. I smiled and looked around at everyone. Then Wood came up looking relieved.

"Next season; try not to get petrified okay." He said grinning.

"I'll try, I promise." I said and gave him a hug. I'm not sure what the best part was. It could have been Professor McGonagall announcing exams were going to be cancelled as a treat, to which Hermione was devastated, or when Dumbledore announced that Professor Lockhart would not be joining us again to regain his memory. Almost everyone cheered at that one. Or the four hundred points Ron and Harry earned clinching the House Cup for Gryffindor for the second year running. The feast went on till very early in the morning.

The rest of term was a blaze of sunshine and catching up on everything and Harry and Ron explaining everything to me because being the first person petrified, I had missed everything. I already knew some of it from Hermione's briefing in the Hospital Wing but it was welcome. Then it was time to go home. Harry, Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Fred, George and I managed to get a compartment together. We played Exploding Snap, set off the last of the twins Filibuster Fireworks and practicing disarming each other. Harry was really good unfortunately for the rest of us. We were just about at King's Cross when Harry remembered something.

"Ginny, what did you see that Percy didn't want you telling anyone?"

"Oh, that." Ginny giggled, "Well, Percy's got a girlfriend!"

"What?" We all cried in unison. Fred dropped a stack of books on George's head and Hermione chocked on the water she had been drinking.

“It’s that Ravenclaw Prefect Penelope Clearwater, the one he was writing to all summer. He’s been meeting her all over the school. One day I walked in on them kissing in an empty classroom. He made me promise not to tell. You won’t tease him will you?” She added anxiously.

“Wouldn’t dream of it.” Fred chimed looking as if his birthday had come early. Once we had made our way out to the platform I grabbed Fred’s arm and held him back.

“Don’t be too mean alright?” I said.

“Hannah, how can I not be?”

“Whatever.” I laughed and we pushed through the crowd. We caught up with Harry and the rest of the gang.

“All the times I could have died, they’ll be furious.” I heard Harry say.  
“I know. They’ll be heartbroken about it.” I added. We all laughed and walked through the passage to the normal world.

A/K: I know that was short and I’m sorry. I didn’t know what else to put in. But on to Year three! YAY!

Disclaimer: See chapter 1 which I just remembered is the Prologue!  
No way!

“HOW DARE YOU GIVE THIS NUMBER TO PEOPLE LIKE ---- PEOPLE LIKE YOU!!” Uncle Vernon roared as I walked in the door. I shrunk back a little and looked from the purple faced Uncle Vernon to the pale faced Harry. Harry nodded slightly and then turned to go upstairs, with me following.

“Mind explaining what happened?” I asked once we got to the room we shared, which was becoming quite awkward really. Harry sat on his bed and sighed.

“Ron called.” He began.

“And...” I prompted.

“He was shouting the whole time and then he mentioned Hogwarts and it all sort of went down hill from there.” He finished.

“Oh. Sorry I missed it.” I opened the bag I had draped over my shoulder and pulled out the folder and colored pencils I had put in there.

“Where were you anyway?” Harry asked looking at my little pile I had just created.

“Oh, outside drawing. Seeing as I can’t do any homework until tonight I thought I’d draw.” I explained.

“Since when do you draw?”

“Since Dudley got that art set for his birthday last year and he didn’t like it.”

“Oh. So you took the stuff and just went at it huh?”

“In a nutshell yeah.” Harry smiled and stretched out on his bed. I slid the folder under Harry’s bed and did the same. We stayed like that until it was dark enough to do our homework with out the risk of the Dursleys walking in on us because they’d all be asleep. I had just

finished my History of Magic essay when Harry capped his ink bottle and put all his stuff away. I checked my essay quickly and did the same.

“Hey.” I said joining him at the window.

“Hey.” He replied quietly.

“You okay?”

“Yeah. I’ve been 13 for an hour.” He said, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

“That’s right! Happy Birthday Harry!” I whispered giving him a hug. He hugged me back and then we turned back to the window. “They’ll be back soon.”

“I know. It’s just...”

“I know. I miss Talia just as much as you miss Hedwig.” Then a bizarre shape appeared over the roves of Private Drive. Harry and I stood looking at it then jumped aside realizing what it was. It was three owls, two holding the other on up, a fourth owl just behind. I recognized three of them. One was Talia, the other was Hedwig and the third was the Weasleys owl Errol. The fourth was a tawny that looked like Talia, and with a jolt I realized that it was a Hogwarts owl. Harry untied Errol’s package and carried him to Hedwig’s cage while I untied the other packages. As I untied the Hogwarts owl it took off through the open window flying back home. Talia nipped my finger affectionately and flew to her cage and Hedwig followed. Harry came back over and we looked at the Weasleys package first. There were two pieces of paper. One was a Daily Prophet clipping the other was a letter. We read the clipping smiles creeping over our faces. IF anyone deserved to win 700 Galleons it was the Weasleys. WE scanned the picture and smiled. In the middle was Ron, tall, gangly with Scabbers perched on his shoulder and his around Ginny’s shoulders. The twins were standing shoulder to shoulder with their careless smiles lighting up their faces and I couldn’t help but notice that my heart did a little flip at Fred’s face.

“Dude, what I wouldn’t give to be there with them.” I said.

"I know. It'd be better than here. Well at least Ron got a new wand."

"Good. I was starting to fear for my life with that thing around. What did he get you?" I asked as Harry opened the present and we read the card.

"Why am I not surprised?" I asked.

"I know. Beetles in soup. That is classic Fred and George. But a Sneakoscope. Cool."

"Very cool. Cool beans even."

"You're crazy Hannah."

"Oh I know it." He shook his head smiling.

"Let's open Hermione's." WE read the letter and I couldn't help laughing at one particular part.

'And of course Hannah you had to go and make it complicated by being born in September so we have to remember two dates now. But we love you so it's worth it. Sort of.' It read.

"Because it's always my fault." I said laughing.

"Duh. You should know that by now."

"Oh shut it." Harry ducked as I threw a pillow at him but he still managed to smile. He then opened his present Hermione had gotten him. A broom servicing kit.

"Wow Hermione!" He exclaimed, and I knew that no other present would top this one this year. He finally was able to put the kit down and he opened the package from Hogwarts that was addressed to us in Hagrid's hand.

Dear Harry and Hannah,

Happy Birthday Harry!

Think you might find this useful for next year.

Won't say no more here. Tell you when I see you.

Hope the Muggles are treating you right.

All the best,

Hagrid.

P.S. Even though it's not your birthday Hannah you're going to need one too.

"Okay then." I said, "Shall we discover what will come in handy for our next year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry?" I asked in a dramatic voice.

"WE shall." At that we opened the package to find two books. But just as I went to pick one up they scuttled away and flipped off the bed. One went under the desk while the other went under the bed. I dropped to grab the one from under the bed while Harry tackled the desk one. I managed to grab the book after it bit me (What book bites?!?!) a few times. I looked around the room trying to find something to tie it up with. Harry tossed me a belt and I buckled it as tight as it would go. I threw it on the bed and looked at my hand.

"The book bit me." I said in a quavering voice.

"I know." Harry replied. "Leave it to Hagrid to send us a biting book."

"I'm not sure I want to go to Hogwarts this year with that thing being useful." Harry laughed. "What's with the other Hogwarts letter?" I asked.

"It says we get to go to Hogsmeade this year but need a signature from a guardian."

"Oh. That could be potentially problematic."

"I know." He said sighing. I checked the clock. It was already 2 am.

"I'm gonna catch some z's." I said crawling into my bed that really was just a pile of blankets on the floor. "Night."

"Night Hannah." Harry said crawling into his bed. He turned off the lamp and I sank into my pillow.

"Harry?"

"Yeah?"

"Here's your present from me." I said pulling out the folder from under my pillow and grabbed to right drawing it. It was of him, Ron and Hermione sitting in the common room talking. They were all smiling and if you looked close enough, you could see every detail of the common room.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"Do you see the paper in the foreground with the hand and quill?"

"Yeah."

"That's me drawing the picture." He grinned.

"I love it. Thanks."

"Anytime."

"Night Hannah." He said for the second time.

"Night Harry." I rolled over and closed my eyes thinking of the up coming year at Hogwarts and hoping that we could get one of the Dursleys to sign our permission slips to Hogsmeade. I then drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

The next morning I ran down the stairs with the Hogsmeade permission slip clutched in my hands. I entered the kitchen just in time to catch an interesting bit of news.

"The public should know that Black is armed and seriously dangerous. A special hotline had been set up and any sightings of Black should be reported immediately."

"No need to tell us he's no good. Just look at him." Uncle Vernon said gruffly.

"And now onto the weather." The reporter said.

"Hang on. You haven't told us where he's escaped from! He could be coming up the street this minute." Uncle Vernon roared. Aunt Petunia whipped around to look out the window and check.

"What did they say his first name was?" I asked randomly.



"Sirius. Sirius Black. What kind of name is that?" was Uncle Vernon's reply. My hand went to the chain around my neck and the initials S.B. that were carved into the back of my necklace came to mind. Impossible. It just wasn't possible. I threw that thought away as quickly as it came. Uncle Vernon stood up and walked out to the hall.

"Uncle Vernon?" I asked quietly. He turned to face me sighing as if it was a waste of time.

"What?"

"Well I was just thinking. You know how when Aunt Marge comes how I have to say I've been going to Gloria's School for Seriously Depressed Girls or whatever well, seeing as I'm not really depressed I was thinking it could be an art school. I have some art and stuff I could show her."

"Alright fine."

"One more thing. In case she doesn't believe me here's a permission slip I came up with for my 'school' for us to go to the art museum. In case she doesn't believe me." He looked at the paper in my hand and took it grudgingly and miraculously signed it! "Thanks!"

"This had better work or you're going back into that closet."

"Yes sir!" I said saluting him and running back up stairs. I had done it! Now Harry just had to do the same.

That evening Aunt Marge, who wasn't even really our aunt, came. I was out in charge of cleaning and I noticed that Aunt Petunia had gotten enough food for only 5 people. So either Harry or I wouldn't get any food and it was most likely going to be me just because I had no desire to sit and eat with them. Plus I had to make dessert too. That was my excuse. So while Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon and Dudley all welcomed Aunt Marge and led her into the living room I started making the food. When the food was done everyone came into the dining room and sat down. I served everyone giving Aunt Marge the biggest piece of chicken hoping to maybe get on her good side. She hated Harry and me with a passion but she hated me slightly less. I returned to the kitchen to make the dessert like Aunt Petunia had told me to and the group around the table began to eat. I didn't really pay attention to the conversation until Aunt Marge addressed Harry.

"SO, you're still here?" She snapped at him.

"Yes." Harry managed to say.

"Don't say yes in that ungrateful tone! It's damn good of Vernon and Petunia to keep you. Wouldn't have done it myself. You'd have gone straight to an orphanage if you'd been dumped on my doorstep." She growled. 'Good thing we weren't then huh.' I thought. "Don't smirk at me!" She yelled and I winced thinking that Harry had just better be emotionless for a bit. She went off on him for a while then turned to me. "And you."

"Yes." I said turning from the cake I was working on pushing my bangs out of my face and smiling.

"Where do you go to school? Gloria's is it?"

"No. I go to the Bemis School of Art."

"DO they use the cane there?" I looked at Uncle Vernon who shook his head.

"No."

"Well I'm sure some don't deserve it as much as others." She mumbled looking at Harry. "You mustn't blame yourself for the way the boy's turned out Vernon," She went on. "If there's something rotten on the inside, there's nothing you can do about it. Girl more wine." I sighed and gave Harry a look that said 'Calm down' and poured Aunt Marge some wine. "Simple rules of breeding. If there's something wrong with the bitch there's something wrong with the pup." She brought the wine glass up it exploded showering the two of us with glass and wine. I rushed to the kitchen and got a washcloth and dust pan to clean up the glass. I looked at Harry who was looking a little amazed. I noticed my arm was cut and quickly wiped off the blood and continued cleaning up. "Very firm grip Petunia no worries." Aunt Marge supplied as an answer. "Now you never told me what this Potter, their father, did." Aunt Marge stated. I considered correcting her and telling her that I wasn't Harry's sister but didn't want to get yelled at.

"He...didn't work unemployed." Uncle Vernon said.

"As I expected! A no account, good-for nothing, lazy scrounger who...."

"He was no." Harry said suddenly. The room went silent. Then the oven timer went off and Uncle Vernon shouted for more brandy. I got the cake out then poured more brandy as he ordered Harry to bed.

"No, Vernon. Let him stay." Marge hiccupped. "Go on boy. Proud of your parents are you? They go and get themselves killed in a car crash, drunk no doubt...."

"They didn't die in a car crash!" Harry roared and jumping to his feet.

"Harry!" I warned.

"They did die in a car crash you nasty little liar and left you and your sister as a burden on their hard working relatives!" Aunt Marge screamed. I could feel Harry's anger radiating off of him. "You are an insolent ungrateful little..." She suddenly stopped speaking. She seemed to swell with anger but it didn't stop. She kept swelling. Her tweed jacket popped off all of its buttons and she floated towards the ceiling. Harry grabbed my hand and we took off up the stairs grabbing all of our Hogwarts stuff and Harry's presents. We packed them quickly, but I kept my wand out and stuck it in my back pocket. We dragged the trunks down the stairs and came face to face with Uncle Vernon.

"GET BACK IN THERE AND PUT HER RIGHT! NOW!" he roared.

"I think I'll pass thanks." I muttered.

"We're leaving. We're done." Harry opened the door and we walked out into the darkness.

"Where exactly are we going?" I asked.

"No idea. Away from there." He said jerking his head back at number 4.

"Okay." We walked a few streets away and finally sat on a low wall on Mongolia Crescent. We sat in silence just listening to the night. Harry began to dig in his trunk looking for something, most likely the Invisibility Cloak I looked across the street and into the alley. Then Harry sat bolt upright and I felt a funny prickling on the back of my neck. I looked harder into the alley and saw two glowing yellow eyes

and my breath caught in my chest. A wandlight lit the alley as Harry pointed his wand in that direction. In the alley sat a big black dog.

“Oh snap.” I whispered. There was something familiar about the dog though that I couldn’t place. Harry stepped backward and fell over his trunk, throwing his arm out to catch his fall. There was a loud BANG and a almost disgustingly purple bus with The Knight Bus painted in gold on the windows. A conductor hopped out and began reciting some sort of warning. He then looked down and saw Harry on the ground.

“What were you doing down there?” the conductor, Stan, said.

“I fell over.” Harry replied.

“Choo fall over for?” Stan asked.

“I didn’t mean too!” Harry snapped. He glanced into the now empty alleyway and shook his head.

“Choo lookin’ at?” Stan asked.

“Nothing. There was a big black thing...like a dog but massive.” Harry explained. Stan looked Harry over, his eyes passing over the scar.

“Wos’ that on your ‘ead?” Stan asked.

“Nothing.” Harry said flattening his hair over it.

“What’s your name?”

“Neville Longbottom.” Harry said and I bit back a laugh. Stan turned to me and looked like he wanted an answer from me too.

“Natalia Cameron.” I said quickly. I’m not sure where the Natalia came from but it worked and Cameron was my mom’s maiden name that she kept.

“Now this bus will take you anywhere?” Harry asked.

“Yep.”

"How much to get to London?" I asked quickly.

"Eleven sickles but for..."

"Yeah great." I said pulling out my money bag and giving him eleven sickles then I dragged my trunk onto the bus while Stan and Harry got his and the owl cages. Stan led us to our beds and I sat down and looked around.

"Okay then." I said and Harry nodded as if agreeing.

"This is our conductor Ernie Prang. Take 'er away Ern!" Stan said and with a jolt and another loud bang we were off. Stan went up to the second level and returned with a green looking witch. She slammed to a halt and the witch walked off the bus clutching a handkerchief to her mouth and Stan tossed her bag out after her. He then settled down to read the paper.

"That man! He was on the Muggle news!" Harry said pointing to the picture of Sirius Black on the front page of the Daily Prophet.

"Well of course he was on the Muggle news here have you been Neville? You should read the paper more." Stan said handing the front page to Harry and I moved over to read it with him.

## BLACK STILL AT LARGE

Sirius Black, possibly the most infamous prisoner ever to be

held in Azkaban fortress is still eluding capture, the Ministry of

Magic confirmed today. "We're doing all we can to capture Black,"

said the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, this morning, "and we beg

the magical community to remain calm." Fudge has been criticized

by some members of the International Federation of Warlocks for

informing the Muggle Prime Minister of the crisis.

"Well really I had to don't you know?" said an irritable Fudge.

“Black is mad. He’s a danger to anyone who crosses him, magic or Muggle. I have the Prime Ministers assurance that he will tell no one of Black’s true identity. And let’s face it. Who’d believe it if he did?”

While Muggles have been told that Black is carrying a gun, (a sort of metal wand Muggles use to kill each other) the magical community

lives in fear of a massacre like that of twelve years ago, when

Black murdered thirteen people with a single curse.

“Scary lookin’ fink innit?” Stan asked. I looked at him and realized that he looked like a vampire from the pictures we had seen in Defense Against the Dark Arts.

“He really murdered thirteen people with one curse?” Harry asked amazed in a sort disgusted way.

“Yep. In broad daylight. Caused a big mess didn’t Ern.” Stan said, “Big supporter of You-Know-Who.”

“You mean Voldemort.” I said looking Stan in the eye. He went white and Ern jerked the wheel. “For Merlin’s sake it’s just a name!” I exclaimed.

“So he was a big supporter of You-Know-Who?” Harry said quickly covering up my apparent mistake.

“Oh yeah. After little Harry Potter got the best of You-Know-Who lots of his followers were being rounded up. Mos’ came quietly but not Black. No they cornered him in a street. He blew up half the street and a wizard bit it and so did a dozen Muggles. You know what Black did then?” Harry and I shook our heads. “He laughed.”

“Seriously?” I asked.

“Yep. Ministry enforcements got their and he was jus’ laughing ‘is ‘ead off. Went all quiet but still laughing.”

"Well I don't care what he did, the guy has an awesome name." I said. Harry looked at me and laughed. "Well he does!" Then with a jolt we stopped at the Leaky Cauldron. WE got off and turned back to the bus.

"Well see you then." Harry said but Stan wasn't paying any attention, he was staring at the entrance to the Leaky Cauldron. I turned and raised an eyebrow. A portly little man was coming out and laid a hand on Harry's shoulder.

"There you are Harry." He said. Stan's eyes grew and I rolled mine.

"what'd ya call Neville Minister?" he asked. So this was the Minister of Magic was he? How wonderful.

"This is Harry Potter. Now let's go in shall we?" Fudge swept Harry into the Leaky Cauldron and I dragged my trunk in. Stan following with Harry's pestering them with questions.

"Well bye Harry!" He said finally, "Bye Natalia." He said turning to me. I waved and followed Harry into the room he and Fudge had just walked into.

"This is a private room Miss." Fudge said testily.

"Well good thing I'm his sister huh." I said sitting on the arm of Harry's chair.

"Very well." Fudge said then turned to Harry. "Running away from home Harry I must say was not the best idea. Now for the fact of Marjorie Dursley. She has been punctured and her memory modified. Your aunt and uncle will take you back next summer as long as you stay the other holidays at Hogwarts."

"We always do. I cut in." Fudge just stared at me then went on to explain that Harry was fine for blowing Aunt Marge up and he wasn't in trouble, blah, blah, blah. He then stood to leave and Harry did the same.

"Minister," He began, "Could I ask you something?"

"Certainly."

"Well you see third years at Hogwarts get to visit Hogsmeade but my aunt and uncle didn't sign my permission slip and I was wondering if you would." Fudge looked pityingly at Harry and sighed.

"NO Harry I can't. It must be a parent or guardian."

"But you're the minister of Magic!"

"Rules are rules Harry. Now goodnight to you both." HE said and walked out.

"You didn't get it signed?" I asked.

"No. Did you?" I bit my lip and nodded. He sighed and Tom came in to show us our rooms. We walked up in silence and went into our separate rooms. Now I felt bad. I would be able to go and most likely so would Ron and Hermione but no Harry. I dropped onto the bed, didn't even bother to change. and in an instant I was asleep.

A/K: Okay. I won't post for a while because I'm going to Mexico then I'm back for six days then I go to Berlin but when I get the chance I will post I promise. Read and review! Thanks.



Disclaimer: See Chapter 1!

Our stay at Leaky Cauldron was a ready relief. After all the craziness that had occurred that one night at the Dursleys I was happy to be back in the world where you could talk about your homework without being scared someone will overhear you. I slept late everyday and by the time I was awake Harry had already left. We had gotten our money the first day along with our supplies and since then Harry could be found walking around the streets or at Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlor. I on the other hand could be found sitting at various benches sketching or perhaps reading a book. On the last day of the holidays I was sitting at the bar in the Leaky Cauldron sketching the scene around me when I heard people walk in. I glanced up from the witch with a glass of wine I was drawing to see who it was. A smile lit my face as I saw Harry with Ron and Hermione walk in talking and laughing. I slid the sketch into my folder and in turn stuck the folder in my bag. I stood up and ran over to my friends and hugged both of them smiling.

"How are you guys?" I asked hugging Ron, who looked very freckled.

"We're good you?" Hermione asked.

"Peachy! I'm so happy to see you. What a summer we've had. I mean between Ron shouting over the phone and Harry blowing up our Aunt, well there's just been no down time." I said in a mock tone of seriousness. Then I spotted the cat Hermione held in her arms. "Uhhh Hermione? Is that a baby tiger?" I asked.

"No. It's a cat. His name is Crookshanks." She said matter of factly.

"Right. Anyway, is anyone else hungry? I'm starving."

"Hannah, you haven't eaten in a week. Of course you're going to be starving." Harry said rolling his eyes. And it was true. I hadn't eaten much in the past week. Don't ask me why because I have no idea. Just then Mr. Weasley looked down the stairs a Daily Prophet under his arm.

"Harry! Hannah! How are you two?" He asked in his jolly tone.

"Fine thanks." Harry said.

"Peachy." I replied for the second time that day, getting a look from Hermione. "I'm gonna run up stairs to drop off my bag. I'll be right back." I headed upstairs as Harry asked about Sirius Black then all sound was muted. I set bag on my dresser and looked in the mirror. My heart was going a bit faster than it had been earlier and I knew why. Seeing Ron registered the fact that his older brother would be here too. I pulled my hair up letting my bangs fall gently across my forehead and cheek. I looked at reflection and noticed something. I was finally to look less of a stick. I had some...curves where I had just been straight before. That was a definite improvement but it wasn't much.

"This is as good as it is going to get I guess." I muttered.

"He'll love it dear." My mirror responded.

"Right." I turned and walked down the stairs to see Fred shaking his mother's hand with over the top enthusiasm and Percy looking burned. I bit back a laugh at Percy's pompous expression and slid into the group.

"Second Head Boy in the family!" Mrs. Weasley said proudly as I approached.

"And last." Fred muttered.

"Well no doubt there! You two haven't made Prefects!" She huffed.

"Who'd want to be? It takes the fun out of life." George countered.

"Fine example you set for your little sister."

"Don't worry mother. Ginny had other brother's to look to." Percy said in a haughty voice that made me laugh before I could catch it. The entire Weasley family, plus Harry and Hermione turned to look at me.

"Sorry." I said quietly.

"Hannah, how are you? Enjoy your holidays?" Mrs. Weasley asked, moving to hug me.

"As much as I could being at the Dursleys." I said with a smile. She smiled back but it was a strained sort of smile that sent a red flag up in the back of my head. Something was up but I couldn't place it.

Dinner that night was enjoyable. Three tables were pushed together so the seven Weasleys, Harry, Hermione and I could sit together. Each one of the five courses was delicious and the conversation around the table never seemed to cease.

"How are we getting to King's Cross tomorrow dad?" Fred asked as we started in on the amazing looking chocolate pudding.

"The Ministry is providing cars." Mr. Weasley replied. We all looked at him questioningly.

"Why?" Percy asked.

"There for you Perce," George said seriously, "They'll have flags on the hood with HB on them---"

"---for Humongous Bighead." Fred finished. I choked on my water and everyone else, except Mrs. Weasley and Percy, snorted into their puddings. Fred and George smacked me on the back which only made me cough more.

"Guys stop." I said through coughs and they obeyed.

"Why is the Ministry sending cars Father?" Percy asked again smugly.

"Well, err...seeing as we haven't got one anymore....and I work there they are doing us a, uhh favor." Mr. Weasley stammered out, but I noticed his ears were turning red just like Ron's did when under pressure. Thankfully Mrs. Weasley spoke up letting her husband breathe.

"Good thing too! Imagine what a sight you'd be on the Underground." She shook her head as if to clear the image. "You're all packed aren't you?"

“Ron isn’t. He’s dumped all his new things on my bed.” Percy said.

“God Percy, is there anything that can’t be perfect around you?” I asked. He glared at me but turned back to his mother. The git.

“Well you better go pack properly; we won’t have much time in the morning.” Mrs. Weasley said looking sternly at Ron who was glaring at Percy. After that dinner was done. We all headed to our rooms to finish packing. Since I was done I followed Hermione to hers and helped her pack.

“How many subjects are you taking again?” I asked as I handed her book after book.

“I’m not sure. Quite a few.” She said thoughtfully.

“Well thank you Captain Obvious. I never would have guessed.” She rolled her eyes in exasperation but I noticed a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. “God, I’m so glad to be going back.”

“I know what you mean. As much as I love my parents they don’t get it. They don’t understand what it’s like.”

“I know.” I heard muffled shouts from somewhere down the hall but didn’t really want to go find out what was up. “So Percy, Head Boy. Wow, as if he wasn’t enough of a hot head.”

“I know. But we do have to listen to him and respect him.”

“Respect? He’s done nothing to gain my respect.” Hermione looked at me with a raised eyebrow. “If someone wants me to respect them then they should prove they should be you know?” Hermione just shook her head and kept packing. “Whatever. I’m gonna head to bed. Night Hermione.”

“Night Hannah.” I walked to my room passing the twins who were grinning from ear to ear and I didn’t want to know why. I changed into my p.j.’s and crawled into bed thinking of the coming year at Hogwarts and finally drifting into a restful sleep.

I woke the next morning with 15 minutes to get ready before we had to leave. I took the fastest shower of my life and ran down the stairs with my hair still pretty much soaking to see all of our trunks being loaded into the cars the Ministry had sent. I realized everyone was already in the cars so I hoped in one and ended up sitting next to Ginny. The ride to King's Cross was quite, that is after Mrs. Weasley lectured me about walking about in the cold September air with wet hair. Once we reached the station, Mr. Weasley walked right, and I mean right, next to Harry until we reached the barrier.

"Alright, let's go in pairs as there are so many of us. I'll go with Harry first." HE took Harry's trolley and leaned casually against the barrier, falling through. Percy and Ginny were next followed by Mrs. Weasley and Hermione, the twins then me. I walked through the barrier and saw the sparkling scarlet steam engine that would take us to Hogwarts. We loaded our trunks and the twins took off in one direction, Percy in another. I was about to board when Mrs. Weasley grabbed my arm.

"Hannah dear, will you give these to Fred and George? They left them in the car next to me." She asked giving me an armful of books.

"Of course." I replied taking them and once more trying to board the train.

"Oh and Hannah?"

"Yeah?"

"Be safe." I smiled at her and noticed she looked worried.

"I will Mrs. Weasley. I promise." I jumped on board, balancing the books and headed to find Hermione, Ron and Harry. I finally did find them and we found an almost empty compartment. The only person in the compartment was a Professor R. J. Lupin.

"Guess that's our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher huh?" I asked.

"Has to be." Hermione replied.

"How do you know?" Ron demanded.

"Because there is only one open teaching position at Hogwarts." She said impatiently.

"And that's DADA." I finished.

"Oh. Got it. Anyway, Harry what did you want to tell us?" He asked Harry who was staring out the window.

"Huh? Oh well, it's just that."

"Sometime today would be nice Harry." I said.

"Shut up. Anyway it's just that, Sirius Black is out to get me." It went so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

"Pardon?" I asked looking at Harry who suddenly looked sick.

"Yeah well you see, he was Voldemort's right hand man and wound up in Azkaban after Voldemort disappeared. Everyone reckons that he wants to kill me seeing as I'm the downfall of Voldemort."

"Oh, wow. Okay then. That explains why Fudge wouldn't sign your Hogsmeade slip." I said and Harry nodded sadly.

"Harry you mustn't go looking for trouble!" Hermione said looking extremely pale.

"I don't go looking for trouble. Trouble looks for me!"

"Plus why would Harry want to go looking for someone who wants to kill him?" Ron asked. Just then the witch with the food cart arrived. Harry bought some cauldron cakes and I bought some chocolate frogs.

"Should we wake him up?" Ron asked looking at Professor Lupin, "He looks like he could use some food." And that he did. He was skinny pale and his robes were in tatters.

“Don’t worry dear; if he wakes up and is hungry I’ll be in the front with the driver.” With that she set off down the hall.

“Oh man!” I said catching sight of the books I was supposed to give to Fred and George, “I’ll be right back okay? I need to give these to the twins.” I stood up and set off down the corridor passing Malfoy and his body guards on the way. Thankfully he didn’t say anything to me, most likely saving it for Harry and Ron, his two favorite victims. I walked along the corridor looking through all the compartments for the one I needed to find. Finally at the end of the train I found Fred and George sitting with their best friend, Lee Jordan.

“Hey.” I said sliding the compartment door open, leaning casually against the frame. The three fifth years looked at me for a moment like I was from another universe.

“Hey Hannah.” Lee finally said.

“Hey Lee, how were your holidays?”

“Pretty good. Boring without any Quidditch games that required my commentary but I lived.” He said jokingly.

“I can see that. Anyway, Fred, George, these are from your mother.” I dropped the books on the seat next to George, “She says to not forget them a second time.”

“Oh. Thanks.” George said lacking any kind of real thanks.

“Geez George don’t be so happy. You’re draining my energy.” I said looking from one twin to the next. Before I could ask what was up when the train slowed and came to a jerky halt. The lights went out as I fell forward into the compartment. I felt a pair of arms pulling me up right and sitting me in a seat.

“Uhhh thanks.” I said to whoever it was.

“Anytime.” Replied a voice that had to be Fred. Just then the compartment door opened again and in fell Draco Malfoy.

“Oh for Merlin’s sake.” I muttered just loud enough for Fred to hear.

“What’s going on?” George asked through the darkness.

“I don’t know. But it can’t be good.” Lee answered. Just then everything went cold. I could suddenly see my breath in the low light and my skin was covered in goose bumps. I moved closer to Fred and tried to see into the corridor. Then for a third time the compartment door slid back and a dark figure filled the doorway. The last little bit of warmth that had still been in the compartment was gone along with every happy memory. Everything, that I could see through the low light, got fuzzy and I started to shake then a voice entered my head. A terrified scream then a flash of light and quiet.

“I can’t. Not you.” A cool voice that sounded vaguely familiar.

“Hannah. Hannah!” A different voice called. Someone was shaking me and then I opened my eyes. I was on the floor of the compartment with Fred, George, and Lee clustered around me. Draco stood off to the side.

“What, what happened?” I asked

“You fainted.” Fred said looking worried.

“What was that thing?”

“An Azkaban guard.” An icy voice said. I looked at Draco and wondered why his voice sounded so much like the one I had just heard. “A dementor.”

“What the hell was it doing here?” George asked. Draco shrugged.

“Beats me. But did you really just faint Potter?” He asked trying for malice and not quite succeeding.

“Yeah I did. But I’m not the one who came running in here like an idiot am I?” I snapped back.



“Don’t dementors suck out all your happy memories leaving you with your worst ones?” Lee asked changing the subject. Draco nodded. We all looked at each other with something like fear or wonderment.

“Who screamed?” I asked suddenly.

“Come again?” Fred and George said.

“Someone screamed and then there was another voice....” I trailed off at the looks the four boys were giving me. “Never mind. I’m gonna head back to my compartment and make sure everything is okay there.” Without another word I ran back to the compartment where my best friends were. I slid the door open and walked in on shaky legs and sat next to Harry who looked awful.

“You okay?” I asked.

“Yeah. You?”

“Besides the screaming in my head and the creepy voice, and passing out, I’d say I’m great.” He looked at me in awe. “What?”

“Minus the creepy voice the exact thing happened to me.”

“Well isn’t that comforting?” a soft clearing of a throat made me turn towards the window where Professor Lupin stood with a bar of chocolate.

“Take a piece. It’ll make you feel better.” He handed me a piece of chocolate and I took it looking him in the eyes wondering if possibly this years DADA would be better. As he met my eyes though he froze and his face was an expression of shock that he quickly recovered from.

“Thanks.” I said eating the chocolate. Instantly warmth flooded my veins and I felt so much better. “Proof that chocolate is good for you.” Professor Lupin smiled at me then turned to Harry.

“You sure you’re alright Harry?” He asked. Harry nodded and the Professors gaze was back on me. “And you Hannah?” I looked at him

wondering how he knew my name but nodded without asking. "Good. We should be there soon. I'm going to speak with the driver." And with that he left.

"I don't get it...what happened?" Harry asked as soon as Professor Lupin was gone.

"Well that thing, the dementor looked at you, well I think it did and you...you..." Hermione began.

"You fell out of your seat and went rigid and started to twitch. I thought you were having a fit or something." Ron finished.

"Then Professor Lupin stepped over you and said, 'None of us is hiding Sirius Black under our robes, you may go.' And when it didn't he muttered something and a silver thing flew out of his wand and the dementor left."

"Sound better than what happened in our compartment." I said.

"What exactly happened?" Harry asked.

"Well I was just standing at the door talking with Lee and Fred and George, and then the train jolted and flew into the compartment. Then it went dark and I managed to grab a seat and then the dementor came in and next thing I knew I was on the floor looking at Fred, George and Lee."

"Ah." Harry said.

"Yeah. Anyway, besides Harry anyone else fall off their seat or start shaking?" I asked.

"No. Ginny was shaking but that's all." Neville, who I hadn't seen before now, answered. Lupin was back and told us that it would be ten minutes till we reached Hogwarts. WE didn't talk much on the rest of the trip and when the train stopped in Hogsmeade we were happy to get out. We hopped in a carriage and set off towards school. AS we reached the gates I saw two dark hooded figures floating on either side of it. I closed my eyes and thought of the happiest memory I had

and didn't open them again till we were past it. Once the carriage stopped, Ron and Hermione stepped out first then Harry and then me.

"You fainted Potter? Is Longbottom telling the truth? You actually fainted?" Draco Malfoy asked as he made his way through the crowd towards us.

"Ignore him Harry." I muttered.

"Shove off Malfoy." Ron snarled.

"Did you faint too Weasley? Did the scary old dementor scare you?"

"Is there a problem?" asked Professor Lupin who had just gotten out of the next carriage.

"Oh---uh—no Professor." Malfoy said with a hint of sarcasm. I rolled my eyes and pushed Harry forward walking away.

"At least he didn't call for his mummy." I snapped. He glared at me but let me pass without a word.

As we walked through the doors of Hogwarts I felt my face light up in a smile. I loved this place and I actually belonged. Before I could add to my list a sharp voice caught my ear.

"Potter! Granger! I need to speak with you." Professor McGonagall called over the crowd. Harry and Hermione headed towards her and I went with Ron. "Hannah! I need you too!" I froze in pure shock causing Fred to run into me. I was never the one anyone needed to talk to. It was always Harry. I picked my way through the crowd to her and she led us to her office. We sat down in the chairs facing her desk and she began.

"Professor Lupin already owled us and said you'd taken ill on the train Potter." She stated, "Both of you." Before either of us could say anything there was a soft knock and Madam Pomfrey bustled in.

"Oh. It's you two. Been doing something dangerous?" She asked looking at Harry, "Or get hit with something?" She said this time at me

and I felt my face get hot. "Sending dementors around the school. They won't be the last to collapse mark my words. Yes, they are all clammy. Awful, especially to the already delicate---"

"I'm NOT delicate!" We both said.

"Of course you're not." Madam Pomfrey said absentmindedly.

"What does he need? Bed rest? Perhaps he should spend tonight in the hospital wing?" Professor McGonagall asked in her sharp voice.

"But Professor Lupin already gave us some chocolate on the train!" Harry said.

"And there are two of us. Not just him." I pointed out. Plus the image of having to spend the first night in the hospital wing was awful.

"We finally have a Defense teacher who knows his remedies. Excellent." Madam Pomfrey went on as if I hadn't spoken.

"Are you sure you two are alright?" McGonagall asked.

"Yes." We chimed simultaneously.

"Well then, kindly step out while I have a word with Miss. Granger. And so we did.

"Great way to start off the year eh?" I asked. Harry just looked at me and sighed. "Oh, I get it. Because you've got some madman out to get you, you can be all 'Woe is me' now right?"

"Shut up Hannah."

"Fine." I walked away from him down the hall and as soon as the door opened to the office, and Hermione and Professor McGonagall came out we went to the feast. As we reached the Great Hall, Professor Flitwick was carrying a stool and tattered old hat out.

"Oh," Hermione whispered, "We've missed Sorting." I nodded and we quickly and quietly slipped into our seats that Ron had saved for us.

"What was that about?" he asked. But before Harry could explain Professor Dumbledore stood and began his speech.

"Welcome! Welcome to another year at Hogwarts! I have a few things to say to you all, and as one of them is very serious, I think it best to get it out of the way before you become befuddled by our excellent feast." Anytime now, I thought. "As you will all be aware after the searching of the Hogwarts Express, our school is presently playing host to some of the Dementors of Azkaban who are here on Ministry of Magic business. They are stationed at every entrance to the grounds and while they are with us I must make it plain that no body is to leave this school without permission. Dementors are not to be fooled by tricks or disguises, or even Invisibility Cloaks." He added flatly. Harry, Ron, Hermione and I all looked at each other then at our plates knowing he was talking to us. "It is not in the nature of a dementor to understand pleading or excuses. I therefore warn each and every one of you to give them no reason to harm you. I look to the prefects and our new Head Boy and Girl, to make sure no students run afoul of the dementors." Percy swelled with pride and I caught Ron rolling his eyes. "On a happier note, I am pleased to introduce two new members to our staff. One being Professor Lupin who has agreed to fill the post of Defense Against the Dark Arts." There was scattered unenthusiastic applause but all of us who had been in his compartment clapped loudly.

"And second is our own Hagrid who will be taking charge of Care of Magical Creatures. Professor Kettleburn has retired to enjoy his remaining limbs." The entire Gryffindor table erupted into cheers and applause as Hagrid turned bright red. It made sense really. Who else would give us a biting book? "Well I think that's all of importance. Now let the feast begin."

A/K: Okay. Sorry it took so long and a heads up it will take a while for the next one. I leave for Germany tomorrow (YIKES) and so...yeah. Anyway I'll come back and jump right back on it. Thanks and please review!

Disclaimer: See Chapter 1

“Riddikulus!” Neville shouted and Snape was in a dress.

“Pavarti! Forward!” He shouted and Pavarti stepped up to take on the boggart. We were in our first DADA class of the year and Lupin had proven to be amazing. There was a boggart in the wardrobe in the teachers lounge and well, it was up to us to get it out. A boggart was something that would turn into the thing we feared the most. Like Snape was obviously Neville’s biggest fear. I wondered what mine would be. The strange cold voice that murdered my parents? Voldemort who murdered my god-parents? What? I honestly had no idea. But I couldn’t wait to find out. Ron had just taken the legs off of his spider and I stepped up. In front of me was a flowing black cloak over scaly rotting hands and my insides went numb.

“Riddikulus!” I shouted and the dementor was a black balloon soaring away and I could breathe again. Harry stepped up but before the boggart could do anything Professor Lupin stepped in front. An off white orb hung in front of him and he flicked his wand lazily and the boggart dropped as a cockroach.

“Neville finish him off!” Lupin called and with a crack Snape was in front of us again. Neville swiftly made him appear in a dress then gave a shout of laughter and it was gone.

“Well done class.” Lupin said looking at all of us, “Five points to Gryffindor for everyone who tackled the boggart, ten for Neville because he faced it twice and five each for Hermione and Harry.”

“But I didn’t do anything.” Harry said, almost pouting.

“You answered my question at the beginning.” Lupin explained. “Very well everyone, an excellent lesson. Homework, kindly read the chapter on boggarts and summarize it for me...hand it in on Monday. That will be all.” We all made our way out of the room all talking excitedly about conquering our biggest fear. I didn’t know I was that afraid of the stupid dementors. I felt so weak. Other people had mummies or bloody eyes but I had a dementor.

“Hannah?” Harry asked as we walked towards lunch.

“Hmm?”

“Why...do you think Professor Lupin didn’t let me face the boggart, but let you.” He sounded hurt and I thought that this was possibly the first time he’s ever been jealous of me.

“I don’t know Harry. There is the possibility he doesn’t know that I was with you or maybe he just spaced when I got up there.” He nodded.

“Okay. Thanks.” WE walked the rest of the way in silence.

DADA soon became the favorite class. Professor Lupin was the best teacher we had had yet and he let us actually do things, like the boggart. Some other classes weren’t as fun. Like potions or even, as much as I hate to say it, Care of Magical Creatures. After the first lesson Hagrid had toned it down but it might have been too much. Let me tell you, flobber worms are disgusting. Then we had Quidditch. Wood was in his final year at Hogwarts and determined to get the Cup. Gryffindor hadn’t won it since Charlie Weasley had been Seeker. So during our first team meeting Wood was a little frantic.

“Gryffindor hasn’t won for seven years now. I mean, okay we’ve had the worst luck. Injuries and the tournament being called off last year.” He paused glancing in my direction briefly. “But we know that we’ve got the best—ruddy—team—in—this—school.” He said punching his fist into his hand on every word. “We’ve got three superb chasers. Two unbeatable beaters.”

“Oh stop it Oliver, you’re embarrassing us.” The twins said in unison pretending to blush.

“And we’ve got a Seeker that’s never managed to lose us a match.” Wood looked at Harry with pride, “And me.” He added as an afterthought.

“We thing you’re very good too Oliver.” George said.

“Spanking good Keeper.” Fred agreed.

“Point being, for the last two years we should have won. Ever since Harry joined. But somehow it slipped by. And this year is the last year we’ll be able to see our name on the thing.” He spoke so dejectedly that even Fred and George looked sympathetic.

“We’ve got it this year Oliver.” I said. “This year, it’s in the bag. We’re going to get it if it kills us.” I stood up next to him and looked at the team. “Who’s with me?” The room erupted in cheers and I smiled. “See Oliver, we’ve got it.” He looked at me and smiled.

“You’re right. Now let’s go!” We all raced onto the field and were in the air. After that we had practice three nights a week and the weather got wetter and nastier. Wood often kept me after to talk strategy and review practice. After one particular grueling practice followed by a LONG meeting I trudged back up to the common room wet muddy and tired. I climbed through the portrait hole and was met by shouts.

“CATCH THAT CAT!!!!” Ron roared. Crookshanks tore past me chasing Scabbers and George lunged to catch him but missed. The cat chased Scabbers under a chest of drawers and stood spitting under them. Hermione picked him up and Ron managed to pull Scabbers out by the tail.

“Look at him! He’s skin and bones! Keep that cat away!” roan snapped at Hermione. I caught Harry’s eye and rolled my eyes. He nodded and we both headed to our dorms.

“How was the meeting?” he asked.

“Good. I mean, it was a strategy meeting. How exciting can it be?” he smiled and nodded his head. Hermione and Ron’s shouts carried up the stairs.

“They are going to kill each other over this.” He muttered.

“I know. So besides the pet wars did anything else exciting happen?”



“Well the first Hogsmeade trip is coming up.” He said dejectedly.

“Oh. I’m sorry about that Harry.” I whispered. He shrugged and turned to me one last time.

“Night Hannah.”

“Night Harry.” We went our separate ways. I hopped in the shower and crawled into bed falling fast asleep. The next Morning Harry resolved to talk to Professor McGonagall about his slip. After she had dismissed the class he went up to talk to her while Hermione, Ron and I waited.

“Ron, I am sorry that Crookshanks scared Scabbers but you must realize cats do that.” Hermione said, trying for an apology.

“Yeah. I get that. It’s just the fact that there are other rats or mice in the castle and Crookshanks only seems to want Scabbers.” Ron snapped back.

“For the sake of all things good and holy,” I snapped at both of them, “There is something bigger than your stupid pet problems going on here. Harry is trying to get to Hogsmeade sure that’s big but you know what? There is also someone trying to kill him.” I looked at the two in silence. They looked at each other then back at me. Hermione sighed and nodded her head.

“You’re right. Sorry.” She mumbled.

“Agreed.” Ron said. Then the door to McGonagall’s office swung open and out walked a dejected looking Harry.

“Hey, how’d it go?” I asked.

“She won’t let me go.” He sighed and walked ahead, leaving the rest of us with a guilty feeling in the pit of our stomach. That night at dinner everyone tried to get Harry’s mind off of Hogsmeade. Hermione and Ron had dropped the whole pet thing and even the twins had seemed sympathetic. After dinner Hermione and I went

straight to our dorms and found Lavender and Pavarti sitting together. They shot Hermione a nasty glance then ignored us completely.

"Mind explaining?" I asked Hermione.

"Her bunny died and she got the news today. And you know what, today happens to be the sixteenth of October." She rolled her eyes and grabbed a book off the side of her night stand.

"Oh, well that sucks. But why does the sixteenth of October have anything to do with this?" I asked glancing at Lavender again.

"Don't you remember? Trelawney said 'The thing your dreading most will occur on Friday the sixteenth of October.' Load of poppycock." She glared again at Lavender then buried her nose in her book. I stood up and went over to Lavender.

"Sorry about your rabbit." I said. She looked up in surprise.

"Really? So you don't side with her?" I shrugged.

"Regardless of whether Trelawney was right or not, your rabbit is still dead and that sucks, so I'm sorry about that much. Night." I gave her a quick one armed hug then crawled into bed.

Halloween finally came and everyone was excited about Hogsmeade. Well except Harry of course. Before we all left we promised Harry we'd get him sweets from Honeydukes and stuff from Zonko's but it didn't seem to help. I gave him one last hug and smile. He tried to return it but I could tell he was too disappointed. And then we left. The village was more than I could have expected. The first stop was Honeydukes. The minute you walked in the smell of chocolate and all the other sweets over whelmed you.

"Oh my god. This is amazing!" I said looking at all the sweets that just by looking at them made me feel as if I had gained about five pounds. "I want everything!" Hermione nodded and the two of us headed towards the chocolate while Ron just stared at us.

“What is it with witches and chocolate?” He asked frustrated. I smiled and shrugged. Once we had gotten quite a bit of candy for both us and Harry we headed to Zonko’s. It was like walking into Fred and George’s heaven. Jokes and pranks of every square inch of the place. Ron, who had much better knowledge about this than we did, chose some stuff for Harry with Hermione while I walked around the shop. Looking at all the stuff I could see how hard it could be to resist everything. I saw Ron and Hermione walk up to the counter with some dangerously fun looking pranks and I joined them. We paid for our stuff then walked out into the chilly air.

“Well, where too next?” I asked, “We only have about half an hour.” I said checking my watch.

“Really?” Ron asked baffled.

“Yeah, we spent a lot of time in Honeydukes. And Zonko’s for that matter.” I turned around looking at the street. “Let’s go to the Three Broomsticks.”

“Excellent choice.” A voice said behind me. I turned and saw the twins standing next to Hermione and Ron. “We were on our way there our selves. Now we can all go.” George said. He and Fred led the way and the three of us followed. We sat down and Fred ordered us butterbeers. We sat in quiet for a while then Fred spoke up.

“So did you guys like Zonko’s?”

“The first thing you ask is about Zonko’s. Really?” I asked.

“Yes really. Did you like it or no?”

“I liked it.” Ron spoke up, “We got some awesome stuff for us and Harry.”

“I personally liked Honeydukes better.” Hermione offered.

“Ah, well Honeydukes is amazing. I love their Orange Sherbet Balls. They make fly.” George said in a high pitched voice. I looked at him and he smiled. “Well not fly but levitate.”

“Right. Can I ask where in the world you got that high voice from?” I asked. He just shrugged. Then our butterbeers came and we talked until it was time to leave. We walked back up to the castle with the two older Weasleys then split ways when we got to the Great Hall.

“Well munchkins, it has been a pleasure.” George said bowing to us with a smirk.

“But we must depart. Until we meet again.” Fred said following his brother with the bow then they turned and left.

“Munchkins? Really? I mean, really?” I asked as we walked to the Gryffindor table looking for Harry. He was sitting looking better than he had when we left. “Hey you.” I said sitting next to him.

“Hey yourself.” He replied.

“Hey, look at all this junk we got you.” Ron said digging in his pockets for the Zonko’s stuff and Honeydukes candy which he piled on the table for Harry. Harry’s eyes widened as he looked at all of his stuff.

“Wow you guys. Thanks. Man I wish I had been there.” He dropped back into his sulky mood for just a second then was back.

“Don’t worry. You’ll go next time.” Ron started, “I mean, they’ll catch Black by then right?” He looked at Hermione and me for support. I didn’t trust myself to say something positive if I opened my mouth so I just nodded.

“But I’m sure you had much more fun here.” I said sarcastically.

“Oh, yeah. I mean you guys think you’re lucky, it’s nothing compared to what I did. Like who doesn’t want to see Professor Lupin possibly get poisoned?” Harry said matching my tone.

“What?!?” The three of us asked.

“Well I was walking around the halls, feeling very Hannah-ish, when I ran into Professor Lupin. He invited me to his office for tea and we

talked. Then Snape came in with a smoking goblet and Lupin drank it." Harry finished and we all looked at him like he was nuts.

"He DRANK it?!" Ron exclaimed. "Is he mental?"

"Either that or he actually trusts Snape." Hermione pointed out.

"Which is likely. How is he to know Snape wants that job with a passion?" I asked taking a sip of water wishing with all my heart it was butterbeer.

"Except I told him that part." Harry stated simply.

"Well then he must be mental." Ron said again.

"But why would he try to poison him if Harry was sitting there?" Hermione asked.

"Good point." I said.

"But..." Harry began.

"Look, let's just drop it okay? Let's enjoy the feast and just be in the moment okay?" I practically begged.

"Carpe diem?" Hermione offered.

"Yes! Exactly. Or if we want to go French, we could say 'saisir l'occasion.'"

"Or German and say 'nutzenden tag'."

"OR," Ron interrupted, "We could just be English and say seize the day."

"Oh Ron, don't take the fun out of everything." Hermione sighed but shot me a mischievous look. The rest of the feast went well. The ghosts were the evening's entertainment and Nick did an excellent job of reenacting his botched beheading. Everyone was in such high spirits by the end of the feast, that Harry didn't even really mind the

teasing he was getting from Malfoy about the dementors. Again. As we reached the corridor that lead to the portrait hole we found it jammed packed with students.

"Why isn't anyone going in?" Ron asked.

"Not sure." I replied standing on my tiptoes to attempt to see. "I am possibly the shortest third year ever." I concluded when I couldn't see anything.

"Well you are quite short." A voice said from behind me. I turned and saw Fred and George grinning at the four of us.

"Don't I feel loved," I muttered, "Well then oh tall ones, can you see anything?" I asked.

"Nope." Fred replied.

"Joy."

"I always seem to be standing next to you in times like this." Fred mused.

"I know right? I mean last year too."

"What?" Ron and Harry asked at the same time.

"Nothing." I said shaking my head. Just then Percy came barging through ordering people out of his way.

"Someone get Professor Dumbledore now." HE said. Without a second thought I raced away through the halls shouting at the top of my lungs for the headmaster.

"PRPFESSOR DUMBLE DORE!!" I called as I ran down the flight of stairs, "PROFESSOR...."

"Yes Miss Potter?" An even voice said from my left. I turned out of breath to see Professor Dumbledore in a doorway.

“Uhhh, Percy...told me to come get you...well not me but some....one.” I said trying to catch my breath. “Something happened at the portrait hole.” He took one last look at me then swept up the stairs. I followed him back to the corridor and right up to the portrait hole. The canvas that normally housed the Fat Lady was ripped to shreds. Little pieces littered the floor in front of the doorway. He turned to see Snape Lupin and McGonagall striding towards him.

“We need to find her. Professor McGonagall please fetch Mr. Filch and tell him to search all the paintings in the castle for the Fat Lady.”

“You’ll be lucky.” A voice from above cackled. It was Peeves.

“What do you mean?” Dumbledore asked calmly and Peeves quailed a little. No way would he back talk to Dumbledore.

“Ashamed, Your Headship sir. Doesn’t want to be seen. Horrible mess. Saw her running through a landscape on the fourth floor, sir, dodging between trees. Crying something dreadful.” He said happily, “Poor thing.” He added unconvincingly.

“Did she say who did it?”

“Oh yes Professorhead. He got very angry when she wouldn’t let him in you see. He’s got a nasty that Sirius Black.

The staff quickly found a replacement for the Fat Lady but it ended up being Sir Cadogan who changed passwords every hour and kept challenging people to duels. But he was the only one who would take the job. The Quidditch season drew closer and wood, again, was freaking out. Our first match was supposed to be against Slytherin but Malfoy was milking his arm injury that Buckbeak had given him for all it was worth. So in the end we played Hufflepuff. It was raining and visibility frankly sucked. The teams marched out onto the field and the captains shook hands. They played for awhile but it was getting darker and I wondered if Harry could even have a chance to see the Snitch in the rain plus dark. The whistle blew and Wood gestured everyone to the ground. He looked around the stands then saw me and waved me down as well. I raced down to the wall that separated

the stands from the field and jumped it. I landed weirdly but ran over to my team, Hermione on my heels.

“What’s the score?” Harry asked.

“We’re fifty points up,” Wood supplied, “But if we don’t get the Snitch we’ll be playing into the night.”

“Well I can’t see with these.” Then Hermione spoke up.

“Give them to me.” She snatched Harry’s glasses out of his hands and pointed her wand at them. “There, I’ve put a water repelling spell on them so you’ll be able to see.” Wood looked as if he could have kissed her.

“Alright team!” He said and we huddled closer as Hermione returned to the stands, “We’ve got this. Harry find that Snitch, and find it fast. Hannah, I want you to stay here so you’ll be ready if we take another time out. Got it?” I nodded. “Alright! Let’s go!” The team soared into the sky and I pulled my cloak tighter around my shoulders. Harry had spotted the Snitch and was racing Diggory for it. Then it got even colder and my breath caught in my chest I looked around and directly to my right I saw a hundred dementors coming in the Pitch, only yards away from me. My knees buckled and I collapsed fighting to stay awake.

‘No! No please not Hannah!’ A woman called out.

‘Shut up girl. Nothing can save you.’ The same cold voice I’d heard before snarled.

‘NO!!’ she called even louder.

‘Avada Kedavra. Not you. I can’t kill you.’

‘No! Not the children! Not Harry! Not Hannah! Please!’ a new woman was saying.

‘Stand aside, you silly girl! Stand aside now!’ a shrill voice demanded.



‘Not Harry! Not Hannah! Please no take me instead...’ The world around me was getting darker and quieter except the voices. ‘Please have mercy!’ A cold peal of laughter then screaming and I was out.

“It all depends on the points....a margin of 100 either way....” A voice was saying. I opened my eyes but it was too bright. I opened them again and looked around. I was in the hospital wing with the entire Gryffindor team around me and Harry, who was on the bed next to me.

“Hannah!” the same voice said. I looked over and saw it was Fred.

“Hi.” I whispered. I sat up and felt my head spin but needed to sit up. “What happened?”

“You collapsed. Right next to the dementors. Harry fell off his broom. Thought he died but both of you are okay!” he continued trying to sound happy but looking very strained under the mud.

“Right.” I looked at the rest of the team and registered Wood missing. “Where’s Wood?”

“In the showers still. We think he’s trying to drown himself.”

“Why?”

“We lost.”

“Ah. Great. By...”

“One hundred points. Diggory wanted a replay after he saw that Harry was down but it was too late.”

“God that sucks.” By now Madam Pomfrey had noticed Harry and I were up and shooed the team out.

“Hannah, you alright? You were only like two yards from all the dementors. Harry was hundreds of feet above and he passed out so are you okay?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” I lied easily.

“Did anyone get my Nimbus?” Harry asked suddenly.

“Harry it, it smashed into the Whomping Willow. No one could catch it.’ Ron said, dumping the remains of Harry’s broom on his bed.

“Oh Harry, I’m sorry. I whispered. He shook his head and was silent as Ron and Hermione left. What a great first Quidditch match huh.

“Hello?” I asked stepping through the open door into Professor Lupin’s office.

“Hannah, there you are. Been wondering when you’d join us.” Lupin said as he lit one of the lamps in the darkening room.

“Sorry. I was down at Hagrids helping him with Buckbeaks case then that head case Sir Cadogan wouldn’t let me into the Common Room to get my wand and, yeah.” I explained.

“Well no matter, you’re here now. Harry has already tried it three of four times so I’ll let him rest.” Lupin walked towards a trunk that was moving ever so slightly. “I found another boggart and it’s the closest thing to a dementor we’ll get. Now the incantation is expecto patronum. Got it?”

“Expecto Patronum. Got it.”

“Now, I need you to think of your happiest memory that is what powers the patronus. You ready?” I nodded. “Alright, try it right here without the boggart okay.” I nodded again.

“Expecto patronum!” I said confidently thinking of the picture of my mom and Lily that was in Harry’s album. A blast of silver came out of my wand. “HA!” I said looking at a smiling Lupin.

“Excellent. Now, ready to try it against a dementor?” Without allowing me to answer he opened the trunk and a dementor flew out. I took a deep breath and pointed my wand at it.

“Expecto patronum!” I shouted and a shield of silver flew out. But I lost my concentration on the picture and it disappeared. The same voice I heard at the Quidditch Pitch entered my head.

‘NO!’

‘Not you. I can’t kill you.’

“Hannah! Hannah!” A stronger voice called. I came to and saw Lupin and Harry kneeling over me. “You alright?” Lupin asked handing me some chocolate.

“Yeah. I can hear my mom being murdered and then Lily. God this sucks!”

“You get both? Wow.”

“Okay. Well let’s go again.” I said standing up.

“Hannah, you sure?” Lupin asked.

“Yes no open it up before I change my mind.” In my head I pictured the photo and smiled. “Here we go.” The trunk popped open and out came the dementor again. “EXPECTO PATRONUM!!” I yelled and before I knew it a silver tiger flew out of my wand and the dementor shrank back.

“Excellent Hannah! Now finish off the boggart!” Lupin said.

“Riddikulus!” The boggarts turned into a balloon and flew back into the trunk. I turned to Harry and Lupin and grinned. “Well Harry, you might have gotten a Firebolt but I can produce a patronus.” He glared at me then turned back to Lupin.

“Let me try again.” He said.

“Harry, you’ve done it enough tonight. Give it a rest.” Lupin replied gently. Harry turned and walked out the door fuming.

“Opps.” I said.

"I'm not sure he liked that."

"No, he didn't. He's not used to me being the one getting attention. But you know what? He is going to have to deal for at least once." Lupin laughed.

"You remind me of someone I once knew." He said studying me.

"Really? Who?"

"I can't quite place it. Maybe a few people."

"Oh okay. Well I had better go. I'll see you later Professor." I turned and walked out of the room.

"Goodbye Hannah." I heard him call after me. I saw Harry not too far ahead of me and ran to catch up. He was talking to Professor McGonagall and they were both smiling. I looked from one to the other and saw Harry was holding his Firebolt.

"No way! You got it back?" I asked. He nodded.

"Well you two had best be headed up to the common room. I shall see you both later." She turned and walked away leaving Harry and me speechless. We finished walking to the common room and saw Neville standing outside the portrait hole.

"What's up Neville?" Harry asked.

"I made him tell me all the passwords he was going to use this week and wrote them down but now I've lost them and I can't get in." He said defeated. I looked at Harry who shrugged. He said the password and we all went in. Harry was immediately ambushed by people asking about his broom. I smiled at him and then headed towards the back of the common room where Hermione sat.

"You okay?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I've found quite a bit of information Hagrid can use for his trail." Just then Ron walked past and she looked the other way.

"Umm what was that?"

"I just..." She looked at me with tears in her eyes and broke down. "I just wanted Harry to be safe, and if he wouldn't turn in the map then I had to tell Professor McGonagall about the broom! I mean, who would send him something that expensive?" She looked imploringly at me.

"Oh Hermione! I'm sorry." I squeezed her hand and looked her in the eye. "I agree with you. I'm just so spacey that I wouldn't have said anything."

"But there was nothing wrong with it!"

"But there could have been Hermione!"

"I guess." She said watching someone else come towards us. It was Harry.

"Can I sit down?" he asked timidly.

"I suppose so." She moved books off of the chair so he could sit down.

"How do you get through all of this?" Harry asked looking around at her books.

"Hard work I guess." She said tiredly.

"Why can't you just drop a couple subjects?" Harry asked.

"I couldn't do that!" She said sounding scandalized.

"Arithmancy looks awful." I said looking at her book.

"Oh no! It's my favorite subject!" She said earnestly, "It's..." But what she was about to say was drowned out by a strangled yell down the hall.

“What...” Harry began as Ron ran down the boy’s staircase dragging his bed sheet

“LOOK!” He yelled at Hermione more than anyone. “LOOK!”

“Ron what---“

“SCABBERS! LOOK! SCABBERS!” By now Hermione was leaning away from Ron looking bewildered and a little scared. I glanced down at Ron’s sheet and saw something red that made my stomach clench.

“BLOOD!” Ron yelled at us again. “HE’S GONE AND YOU KNOW WHAT WAS ON THE FLOOR?!?!“

“No Ron we don’t.” I snapped trying to get Ron off of Hermione’s case. Wrong idea. HE whirled on me and dropped something onto my lap. A small pile of what seemed like dust. But on top of the dust were a few long spiky cat hairs. “Oh snap.”

A/N: Sorry about the delay. I lost my flashdrive then found it again. But that was after me trying to catch up on sleep lost in Berlin. Anyway I’ll try to have the next chapter out soon. Please review!

Disclaimer: See chapter 1

A/N: This is gonna be long so that's why it took forever to get it out. I'm trying to wrap up the first three years pretty quick just because I want to write the last three soooooo badly! Anyway. Enjoy and please review!

There was no way Hermione and Ron would ever be friends again. Ron was so ticked that Hermione hadn't looked out more for Crookshanks and Hermione was ticked that Ron wasn't actually taking into consideration that those hairs could have been there since Christmas. And it probably didn't help that Harry sided with Ron, and then I was automatically the one to either even things out or have Ron outnumber Hermione. I just wanted to stay neutral. Hermione had taken to eating at the far end of the table alone. I would often alternate between her and Ron and Harry. Sometimes, if Fred, George and Lee weren't sitting with Ron and Harry I would simply sit with them in order to stay out of the whole mess. But on this particular day I was sitting with Hermione.

"Hey." I said sitting down. She barley looked up at me.

"Hi." She mumbled back.

"Listen, Hermione. Ron has always been a jerk about this sort of stuff. Well mainly about everything he doesn't like. He'll come to his senses soon." I hope. She looked up at me with tears in her eyes.

"I'm so sick of it Hannah. Harry could at least back me up a bit."

"No, cause then he'd and Ron be on the outs and I'd have to pacify everyone even more because just imagine how miffed Ron would be."

"I know." She glanced out the window and sighed. "Do you think we'll really be able to save Buckbeak?" She asked in a small voice.

"I don't know." I replied truthfully. We had been working during all our spare time, which was really not a lot, to get information on how to save Buckbeak. Every time I thought about how unfair it was I wanted to hex Malfoy into the next century. It was his own fault for not

listening. Damn him! I didn't have much time to dwell on the thought because soon dinner ended and I had to get to Quidditch. I had made up my mind to talk to Harry about maybe at least talking a little to Hermione. But that all went out the window when I emerged from the changing room with the rest of our team and saw Ron in the stands. No way I could do it with him around. Our practice went well and Harry stayed after to let Ron have a go on his broom. I changed quickly and headed down to Hagrids.

"Hannah! Hannah!" A voice from behind me called. I turned around and saw Fred walking towards me.

"Hey." I said.

"Where are you going?"

"Hagrids house. Why?"

"Oh, no reason." I raised an eyebrow.

"Alright then. If that's all I'll be off." I turned away and started walking.  
"See ya later Fred."

"Wait Hannah!"

"Yeah." I said stopping.

"Good job today in practice."

"Uhhh. Thanks." I continued walking wondering what that had been about. I reached Hagrids cabin and knocked then walked in. "Hey guys." I said sitting down at the table where Hermione and Hagrid were sitting, a pile of papers spread out around Hermione.

"Hi Hannah. Could you hand me a book from my bag." Hermione said quickly.

"Which one?"

"The...History of Creature Trials."



“Okay.” I dug through her many books in her bag then handed her the book.

“Thanks.” From then on the two of us, Hermione and I, wrote out a bunch of notes for Hagrid. Hermione more on the history of other trials and why Buckbeak should be free on those terms, while I set to work the note for what really happened. We had been there for about two hours when Hermione slammed her book.

“Dammit!” She cried putting her head in her hands.

“Hermione, what’s wrong?” I asked.

“There is nothing useful in this book!” I looked at Hagrid quickly wondering if that was the best way to put it.

“Hermione, it’s all righ’.” Hagrid said patting her on the back, which I’m sure just

smashed her head into her hands giving her neck issues. “We’ll find somthin’ else.”

“It’s not just that.” She whispered her voice suddenly very quiet. “I’m just so worn out. All my extra classes have put me over the edge and now Ron and Harry won’t talk to me because of Scabbers and I’m just barley hanging on emotionally around them.” She finished slightly out of breath. I rubbed her back gently as she calmed down.

“I think you need to take a break.” I said clearing all of our notes up. “Let’s go back up to the castle and eat dinner. Then my dear you are going straight to bed.” I finished packing up all our stuff and gently guided Hermione to her feet. “Let’s go. See you later Hagrid.” Hagrid waved us off and then we were on our own walking up to the castle. It was getting darker and I walked as fast as I could without rushing too much for Hermione’s sake. I looked off towards the Quidditch pitch wondering how Ron liked the new broom when I saw a hulking shape. I stopped in my tracks Hermione passing me. I took a few steps in the direction of the Pitch and saw a huge black dog. The same one I had seen in Mongolia Crescent with Harry. I gasped and turned back to

Hermione dragging her the rest of the way to the castle. We finally reached those huge oak doors and I had never felt safer in my life.

“What was that about?” Hermione demanded as we entered the Great Hall.

“Nothing, I thought I saw some dementors and just wanted to get out of there.” I lied easily. She looked at me not sure if I was telling her the truth then sat down at the far end again. I glanced at Harry then sat with Hermione. What was that dog doing here? I wondered. And why does it look so familiar?

The next morning I got up a little earlier and sat looking out the window preparing for our game. We were playing Ravenclaw and I knew that we had the luck because of Harry's new broom. But, it was still a game and I was nervous. After breakfast we all headed down to the pitch to get ready. I saw Hermione enter the Great Hall as we left and I also saw Ron completely ignore her as she walked by. Big surprise there. The team changed and met back in the, well meeting area for Wood's usual pep talk, but they didn't seem to need it. It seemed as if Harry's Firebolt had them all charged up. So the team headed out to the field and I headed up to the stands where Ron had saved me a seat. I looked around but saw no sign of Hermione. The game started and it seemed as if Harry were taking a walk in the park with the amount of ease he played on the Firebolt. There were a few times when Harry spotted the Snitch only to have to veer off course because of one of the Ravenclaw beaters. Then finally he saw it again. As he went into a dive he looked over and down and I followed his line of vision. On the field were three dementors staring up at Harry. I pulled my wand out just incase Harry couldn't drive them away himself. But he did out of his wand burst a huge silver stag that chased down the dementors. Then he caught the Snitch. I vaulted the barrier of the stands and raced down to him, the rest of Gryffindor behind me. Fred was giving him a tight hug and Angelina, Katie and Alicia all kissed him. I tackled him from behind putting both him and Fred off balance.

“Harry! That was a fantastic Patronus!” I said as he turned to give me an actual hug.

"They didn't seem to affect me at all!" He exclaimed excitedly.

"That's because, well they weren't real." Another voice said. We both turned to see Professor Lupin.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"Come over here." He turned away and the two of us followed. Lying on the ground trying to untangle themselves from the long black robes were Crabbe, Goyle, the Slytherin Captain Marcus Flint and Malfoy. "You gave them quite a start." McGonagall was berating them and I couldn't help but laugh.

"Seriously?" I asked. Lupin nodded. Just then George ran up.

"Harry! Hannah! Party in the Gryffindor common room now!" He sprinted away and Harry and I followed. The party was pretty fun. It lasted for a long, long, LONG time. When Fred and George started juggling butterbeer bottles, Harry and I went to talk to Hermione.

"Hey Mione." I said dropping into an empty chair next to her. She glared at me for calling her 'Mione' then returned to her work.

"Hey Hermione." Harry said and she barley looked up at him. I looked at my brother then back at my best friend.

"Hermione? Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine." She said calmly. She flipped through her book entitled Home Life and Social Habits of British Muggles, oblivious to the rest of the room.

"Uhhh, no your not." I said snatching her book. "Otherwise you'd be hanging out with the rest of us over there." I said nodding at the rest of the room.

"Did you even come to the match?" Harry asked.

"Yes. And I'm glad we won I just have so much work and it's all due Monday and..." But before she could go on Harry interrupted.

"Come on Hermione. Come get some food at least." He gently took her hand and tried to get her up.

"He doesn't seem to want me over there." Hermione all but hissed looking at Ron. And as if on cue the devil spoke.

"If Scabbers hadn't just been eaten then he could have had some of these Fudge Flies." He said very loudly. Hermione burst into tears, grabbed her book from me and ran up stairs to our dorm, absolutely sobbing. I stood up and strode over to Ron.

"Can't you just give her a break?!?" I snapped barley and inch from his face. Which, granted, required me standing on my very tippy toes and I was still only barley at his eye level. He backed up but didn't respond to me. He instead spoke to Harry.

"No I can't. If she would act like she was sorry then maybe. But Hermione, not unlike your sister always has to be right no matter what." At this he glanced at me. "Their both acting as if Scabbers is on vacation or something." I was towering with anger. I brought my hand up about to slap him then thought better of it and turned on my heel leaving the common room in silence.

"Hermione?" I called to the darkness that engulfed my dorm. I heard a faint rustling of sheets from her bed and walked over to it. "Hey, you okay?"

"No." She said in a stuffy voice, emerging from under her covers. From the moonlight I could see her eyes were swollen and puffy. "I...I can't. Why is he so mean?" She cried out in desperation.

"Because he's too prideful to even think that he was wrong and won't apologize ever." I took a breath wondering how to put this next part. "And you are being pretty prideful too Hermione." I said softly. But it ticked her off.

"I am not!"

"You kind of are. You won't even think of admitting that you were wrong. You both are so set in your way that you can't see past that. I know what it's like to always have to be right Hermione. And I'm getting better at it. Now you have to work on it." She rolled away from me and I knew she was done listening. I stood up and changed. As I brushed out my long black hair I glanced out the window. Sitting under the glow of the moonlight was a huge black dog. I dropped my brush and heard Hermione sigh in exasperation from her bed. Why did that dog keep popping up? I stared at it until a cloud came over the moon and I couldn't see. When the cloud passed, it was gone.

"Where do you want to go first?" I asked as Hermione and I walked through a snowy Hogsmeade. She didn't seem to hear me. "Hello? Hermione? Earth to Hermione!" I said waving my hand in front of her face.

"Huh?" she said coming out of her fog.

"There you are. I asked where you wanted to go..."

"Do you think Harry used the map to get out of the castle again?" she asked quickly.

"Or not." I said giving up trying to talk. "I don't know Hermione. And if he did he most likely brought his cloak..." I trailed off seeing Ron emerging from Honeydukes. Luckily Hermione didn't see him. "Let's go in the Three Broomsticks." I said decidedly, steering her in that direction. "You could use a butterbeer." She gave in and we walked in. She sat down and I slipped back out. I spotted Ron and ran over to him.

"Ron! Ron!" I called to him over the wind that was picking up. He seemed to be talking to something or someone and didn't notice me till I was right behind him.

"Oh, uhh, hi Hannah." He said looking nervous. I stopped and looked him in the eye with a smirk.

"Is it fun walking around talking to your imaginary friend?" I asked.

“Wha...what are you talking about?”

“I bet it is.” I continued seriously. “especially when his name happens to be oh, I don’t know.” I paused thinking. “Maybe Harry James Potter?” He opened and closed his mouth a few times but nothing came out. “Later Ron.” I turned and ran back to the Three Broomsticks. I scanned the room and saw Hermione still sitting at the table looking around nervously. I caught my breath and walked over to her.

“Hannah! Where were you?” She asked relief flooding her voice.

“Sorry Hermione! I saw Oliver just outside and you know him, he wanted to set up a meeting for strategy again.” I lied easily. She nodded and we ordered our drinks. We spent the rest of the day mainly just talking in the warmth of the Three Broomsticks. Before we knew it, it was time to head back up to school. As we reached the doors a small tawny owl flew up to Hermione with a letter in it’s beak. She took it and opened it then gasped.

“NO!” She exclaimed stopping in the middle of the hallway. I pulled her off to the side as she re-read the letter a few times.

“What is it?” I asked taking the letter from her now limp hand. I read it and my heart stopped in my chest. “No.” It was a letter from Hagrid.

Dear Hermione,

We lost. I’m allowed to bring him back to Hogwarts.

Execution date to be fixed.

Beaky has enjoyed London.

I won’t forget all the help you and Hannah gave us.

Hagrid.

I looked at Hermione in shock. She looked back at me and we walked the rest of the way to the common room in silence. As we reached

the portrait hole we saw Ron and Harry. We walked up to him and Ron glared at Hermione.

"Come to have a good gloat?" He snapped at her. Hermione looked taken back then composed herself.

"No." She held out the letter with trembling fingers. "I just thought you ought to know. Hagrid sent this to me. Buckbeak is going to be...going to be..." She couldn't say it.

"Buckbeak is going to be executed." I said quietly. Ron and Harry stared at us in disbelief.

"They can't do this!" Ron cried.

"Absolutely not!" Harry went on. "Buckbeak is innocent. He's the farthest thing from dangerous!" He cried.

"Lucius Malfoy scared the stupid committee into it! I just know it!" Hermione said wiping tears from her eyes. "There will be an appeal but I can't see the hope."

"They'll get it then Hermione. We'll help you this time. We promise!" Ron said. Harry nodded in agreement. At that Hermione totally lost it. She threw her arms around Ron's neck and sobbed into his shoulder. Ron patted her awkwardly on the head. It was pretty funny and I smiled through my own tears. Harry drew me into a quick hug then released me the same time Hermione drew away from Ron.

"I'm sorry about Scabbers." She said in a choked voice. She glanced at me and I smiled. Good, she had let go.

"Oh----well----he was old." He said looking glad she had let go of him.

I guess now would be a good time to mention the second break in. On one Saturday a few weeks back, Ron had been woken by something. He looked up and saw Sirius Black standing over his bed with a knife. He had slashed the curtains. That's why Hermione freaked out and told Harry he had to turn in the map that Fred and George had given him. It was a map that showed all the secret

entrances in and out of Hogwarts. Created by four people it was never wrong. Messer's Wormtail, Moony, Padfoot and Prongs were absolutely brilliant. The map was well protected so you could only read it if you touched it with your wand and said, 'I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.' Then to clear it you say 'Mischief managed.' Clever right? Anyway, after Black's second break in, more security measures were put in place. So it was all but impossible to visit Hagrid in the evenings. So the only time we could talk to him was during Care of Magical Creatures. He kept saying that it was all lost, that there was no chance that he could win the appeal. We were walking back to the castle when Hagrid broke down and ran back to his cabin. We were walking towards a tree and I went one way and the other three went another. On the other side of the tree were Malfoy and his body guards.

"Look at him blubber." He said maliciously. "Have you ever seen anything quite so pathetic?" Harry and Ron made furious move towards him but Hermione and I got to him first. She slapped him from one side and I punched him from the other almost simultaneously.

"Don't you dare?" She shirked. "Don't you dare call Hagrid pathetic you foul evil little" She dug into her robes for her wand but I was already one step a head. I had my wand out and it was pointed straight in his face. He backed away looking from me to Hermione and back. He finally made up his mind and he and Crabbe and Goyle left. I lowered my wand and turned back to Ron and Harry. Hermione and I were both furious. We walked the rest of the way to Charms in silence. Once we were there we ended up being late.

"Gentlemen, lady you are late. Hurry, hurry wands out. We're practicing Cheering Charms today. We've already divided up into pairs." Professor Flitwick said briskly. Ron and Harry turned to each other and I turned around to face Hermione. Only she wasn't there.

"Uhhh, guys. Where'd Hermione go?" I asked. Both boys turned and looked just as shocked as I felt.

"She was right behind us!" Ron said. "How'd she do that?" I shook my head and tried to shrug it off.



"She'll turn up. She might have just stopped by oh, I don't know maybe the bathroom or something." I said trying to hide the bit of anxiety growing in me. Harry, Ron and I paired up as a trio and practiced Cheering Charms. By the end of class we were all almost giddy. Harry especially since I had over done my spell a bit. Hermione was still no where to be found. She didn't show up during lunch either. About half way through I stopped eating. It was some weird psychotic thing I had. When something was wrong, or missing, I didn't eat. After Ron and Harry had finished we made our way up to the common room. We walked in in silence hoping to see Hermione. And sure enough she was there, sound asleep on her Arithmancy book. I walked over to her and gently shook her.

"Hermione?" I asked quietly.

"Wha...What lesson do we have next?" She asked suddenly wide awake.

"Divination but that's not in twenty minutes or so." I said.

"Why weren't you in Charms?" Ron asked. Hermione groaned and collapsed back onto her book.

"I forgot to go to Charms!" She said on the verge of tears. "Was Professor Flitwick angry?"

"You forgot?" Harry asked skeptical.

"It was Malfoy. I was thinking about him and I just lost track of things." She explained quickly. "What did we do today?"

"Cheering Charms but Hermione..." Ron started.

"Oh and Professor Flitwick hinted they might be on our exams! Oh I had better go talk to him!" She gathered her things and ran towards the portrait hole. "I'll see you in Divination." We all watched her leave in a stunned silence.

"It's official, I'm best friends with a freak." I said finally.

True to her word, Hermione met us in Divination twenty minutes later. We climbed the ladder into Professor Trelawney's room and took our seats. Sitting on our tables were crystal balls. I rolled my eyes. This was exactly what I needed.

"I thought we weren't starting crystal balls until next term." Ron whispered to us.

"Don't complain. This means we've finished palmistry. I was sick of her flinching every time she saw my hands." Harry muttered.

"I have decided to introduce the crystal ball a little earlier than I had planned." Professor Trelawney said. "The fates have informed me that your examination in June will concern the Orb and I am anxious to give you sufficient practice."

"Well honestly. The 'fates have informed her'....who sets the exams? She does! What an amazing prediction." Hermione said not bothering to keep her voice low. Harry, Ron and I chocked back our laughs. Professor Trelawney continued as if she hadn't heard.

"Crystal gazing is a particularly fine art," Professor Trelawney began, "I do not expect any of you..." By this point I had stopped listening. Don't I just have an amazing attention span? It's like a four year olds. I gazed out of the window thinking about a number of different things. One of them being that dang dog. I had just started to think of where else I had possibly seen it as Hermione nudged me and nodded to our crystal ball. I glance around the room. Everyone else was staring deeply into their crystal and Hermione and I followed suit.

"I think this tops all absolutely dumb things I've done." I muttered.

"Besides you know, maybe tripping over air?" Hermione whispered back. I rolled my eyes at her and continued staring. I heard her say something about Cheering Charms but didn't respond.

"Would anyone like me to help translate what the shadowy portents within their Orb?" Professor Trelawney asked serenely as she walked past.

"I don't need help." Ron muttered. "It's obvious what this means. There's going to be loads of fog tonight." Hermione, Harry and I burst out laughing.

"Now really?" Professor Trelawney said as the class looked at us.

"Yeah really." I replied with a straight face. "I can tell as well." She glared at me then swooped upon Harry's 'Orb'.

"There is something there!" She whispered dramatically. "Something moving...but what is it?" She paused and I glanced at Harry who looked a little nervous I must say. "My dear, it is here closer than ever before....stalking ever closer to you...the Gr-----" But she never finished the word.

"Oh for goodness sake! Not that ridiculous Grim again!" Hermione exclaimed. Professor Trelawney stood up facing Hermione with unmistakable anger.

"I am sorry to say that the moment you arrived in this class my dear, it has been apparent that you do not have what the noble art of Divination requires." I mouthed the word noble to Harry with a raised eyebrow. He shrugged. "Indeed I don't remember ever meeting a student whose mind was so hopelessly mundane." Hermione stiffened at that and my eyebrows went even higher.

"Fine!" She exclaimed, stuffing her book into her bag, swinging it over her shoulder, smacking me in the head on her way, and left the room. I watched her go with a growing sense of awe. Who was this girl and what the hell had she done to my best friend?

"OH! Professor! You said that around Easter one of us would leave! Did you know Hermione would leave?" Lavender asked.

"Indeed I did. The inner eye, is much more attuned than most senses." Lavender and Pavarti moved over and Trelawney joined their table instead. We finished up class I and I raced out to find Hermione and see what had gotten knocked into her. I found her right before dinner leaving Professor Flitwicks office, thanking the tiny

professor for teaching her Cheering Charms. She turned smiling and saw me.

“Hello Hannah.”

“Hi. Mind telling me who you are and what you’ve done with my best friend?” She looked at me and rolled her eyes.

“What? You think I can’t be rebellious too?”

“No.” I stated simply. She seemed a little hurt but she didn’t say anything until we reached the Great Hall.

“How was the rest of Divination?”

“What do you think?” She nodded. “You know what? I think she just says those things to say them and then they go into our subconscious. And even though we aren’t thinking about them we are. So then when Easter comes round something in our mind says, ‘Oh well someone’s leaving Divination soon.’” I stopped and looked at Hermione. “You know?”

“Hannah, I never thought I’d live to hear you say some thing so...intellectual.”

“Ouch.” I said clutching my heart. “Cut me deep ‘Mione. Cut me deep.”

“Of course HannahBannanaBooBooBear. I always do.”

It was the night before the Quidditch final and nothing normal was happening. Even Hermione wasn’t studying.

“I can’t think much less concentrate.” She said as she stuffed her books in her bag. Across the room Fred and George were being exceptionally loud and rambunctious. Angelina, Alicia and Katie were all laughing loudly at their jokes and near the fire you could see Wood studying a model of a Quidditch field. Harry was more nervous than I’d ever seen him. He opened his mouth to say something but at the same time Wood called me over. I looked at him like ‘Really? You expect me to uncurl from my comfy chair and book to talk Quidditch?’

but all that did was make him call to me louder. I uncurled, much to my displeasure and walked over to him.

"Yes Oliver?" I asked.

"What do you think the chances are of another freak dementor thing tomorrow?"

"Very slim. Plus Harry would most likely be able to produce a Patronus this time." I said simply crouching down next to him.

"How can you be sure?"

"I'm not." He sighed and looked back to his model. "But if he can't I can." I said quietly.

"Really?" He asked not taking his eyes off the model.

"Really."

"Excellent." Then without warning he stood up. "Team! Bed!" he called. The other six members of our team ambled upstairs. Wood looked down at me and grinned. "You too Potter."

A/N: DONE! I was going to just finish the book in this chapter but there was no way I could. I was so bored. SO the actual match and the rest of it will have to wait till next time. Anyway, you know those things called reviews? I really like them and they make me happy. SO if you leave them I will love you forever. OH and tell your friends about this story! And I will try to check your stories out soon! Thanks!

Disclaimer: See chapter 1

A/N: Final chapter for third year! YAY!! I'm so excited! AHH! I hope you are too!

"We WON!! WE WON!!" Was the cheer rising from the team and the Gryffindors around us. My face was stretched so tight in a smile and I was on the verge of tears. I was surrounded by crimson and gold and I was being hugged from all sides. I grabbed Harry around the neck and pulled him into a hug.

"HANNAH!! WE WON!" He yelled in my ear.

"I KNOW! I KNOW!!" I yelled back. We were pushed to the area where Dumbledore stood with the Quidditch Cup. I looked at Harry and I knew what he was thinking because I was thinking it too. I could have produced the world's best patronus.

Exams started the week after the Quidditch Final and we were all frazzled. Hermione had gotten about two hours of sleep all week and all of our class was on the very edge. 'Just imagine what O.W.L.'s will be like if this is third year.' Was the thought of all us as the week went on. As we drew closer to our DADA exam Harry and I were ecstatic. We just knew we were going to do well. Or so we hoped. And guess what? We both got full marks. AS we waited for Ron and Hermione to finish their exams I thought about what we had heard in the three broomsticks. Something had been nagging at me ever since and I couldn't place it.

"Harry?" I asked.

"Yeah?"

"You know that day, in the Three Broomsticks when we...when we overheard all the stuff about Black?" I finished quietly. He stiffened and looked at me.

"Why?"

"I just...it doesn't seem to fit." I finally said. "I just highly doubt that he would do something like that. I mean, he was your dad's best friend! He was even his best man at the wedding just a year or so before! I mean, think rationally, do you think someone would do that?"

"Explain Pettigrew then!" He exclaimed. I opened my mouth to speak but nothing came to me. "There you go. You can't."

"What if Pettigrew didn't die? What if he faked it and framed Black?" I said randomly. Harry looked at me like I had a pig snout (I briefly wondered if I could do that) and I couldn't help but laugh a little. "I know, I know. It's crazy." I sighed. It didn't really make much sense. "Just forget I said anything okay?" Just as I said that Ron joined us and all we had to do was wait for Hermione.

"I've been doing some research lately Hannah." Hermione said as we walked back up to the castle. "About Metamorphiguses." I stopped.

"Seriously? Its exam week and you've been doing research about people like me?" Had she lost it?

"Well yes. I've noticed that you change your appearance based more on mood you know and well, I wondered if every other Metamorphigus was like that." She paused and looked back at me. I still stood still and looked at her like she was nuts. "And well, most people can change into just about anything and I'm sure you could too." I caught back up with them and we kept walking. "Not just your hair or your eyes either. I mean like face structure and height too."

"Really?"

"Yeah and I also...." She trailed off looking at the top of the stairs where stood none other than Cornelius Fudge.

"Hello there Harry." He said as if the other three of us weren't there. "Just had an exam I expect? Nearly finished?"

"Yes sir." Harry said quickly. I sighed and rolled my eyes. Harry caught it and hid a smirk.

“Lovely day,” Fudge said absentmindedly. “Pity, pity.” HE sighed deeply and looked down, though not that far, at Harry. “I’m here on an unpleasant mission Harry. I’m required as a witness to the execution of a mad hippogriff. I needed to come here anyway to check on the Black condition so I was asked to be the witness that they were lacking.”

“Wait,” I said quickly. Fudge turned startled and looked at me as if he hadn’t really seen anything like me. “There’s still the appeal though right?”

“Well yes but...” HE never got to finish.

“Then how do you know the hippogriff will be executed?” I asked.

“Yeah. They might win the appeal.” Ron said stepping up from the back where he had been. “The hippogriff might get off.” Fudge never had the chance to answer. Two wizards came out of the doors behind him. One was very old, like dead, and the other was tall and had an ugly little mustache. The older one looked at Hagrids cabin and I guessed they had to be the representatives of the Committee for Disposal of Magical Creatures.

“I’m getting too old for this,” The well, old one said. “Two o’clock right Cornelius?”

“Yes. Well good day to you all.” Fudge said as the three walked off and we headed towards the Great Hall. I glanced over my shoulder and saw that the tall man had nothing else but an axe strapped to his belt.

“Damn them!” I muttered angrily. “Damn them all to hell!”

“What was that?’ Hermione asked after berating Ron for yelling at his dad’s boss.

“Nothing. Nothing at all.”



I was sitting under the trap door to Trelawney's room as Harry descended. Alphabetically they were always messed up, I should have been first. He looked startled.

"Harry, what..." But he took off before I could finish. I'd catch him after my exam I decided and climbed up the ladder as my name was called.

"Ahh, hello dear. Please take a seat." The misty voice called to me. SO I sat. "Now, I would like you to tell me what you see in the Orb." I looked down into the crystal ball. I sat staring at it for about five minutes when she spoke again. "Anything dear?" And I had a spark of genius.

"Yes, I...I see a room. There are a lot of people. Two men are being....tried I guess. One is...Sirius Black the other..." I tried not to laugh at the outrageousness of this next fact. "The other is...no...it's Peter Pettigrew!" I gasped.

"Really? My dear..." But I interrupted. I was on a roll.

"Sirius Black is being cleared and Pettigrew is being sentenced to a lifetime in Azkaban." I paused and leaned closer. "It's changing...I see, I see a hippogriff. It's...." She interrupted me again.

"Is it writhing on the ground? Does it still have a head?" She asked hopefully.

"Yes, it still has a head." Never thought I'd say that I must say. "It's fine. Hagrid is hugging it and...all is well." I said and looked up at her. She seemed a bit disappointed. I didn't blame her. That was a bunch of BS if you get my drift.

"Well that's all my dear thank you." I stood up and left. I had been in there for about twenty minutes and hoped that Ron, Harry and Hermione were still in the common room. I finally reached the Gryffindor tower and to my disappointment none of my three friends were there. I saw all of Hermione's stuff lying all over her favorite chair and table and I wondered. Were they at Hagrids maybe? I saw a small envelope and sure enough it was addressed to Hermione in

Hagrids writing. I would be dead if I went now and was caught. I needed to be invisible and luckily I knew a cloak that could do that. I ran up the boy's stairs and into Harry's dorm. I dropped to my knees in front of his trunk and threw it open. I dug through all of it and couldn't find his cloak.

"Damn!" Shouted and threw everything back into the trunk haphazardly. They had left me! The little twirps. I stood up and hurried down the stairs fuming. I was too busy being miffed at my best friends and brother to notice someone was coming up the stairs until I collided with them. "Ouch!" I said rubbing my head. I looked up and saw George Weasley. I had collided with his chin due to the slant of the stairs and such.

"Wow, Fred was right, you do have a hard head." He said jokingly.

"And much like your brother you have a hard chin!" I snapped. Just then Fred walked up. "Speak of the devil." I muttered and tried to push past them.

"Wait just a minute. Where do you think you're going?" Fred asked putting an arm out to block me. "You missy are in the guys dorms. Care to explain?" I glared at him but knew I wasn't going anywhere till I did. But I needed to get to Hagrids.

"I was looking for Harry's invisibility cloak okay? The three of them ditched me and I thought I could use the cloak to catch up to them." I finished and glared at both of them again. "Can I go now? Thanks." Without waiting for their answer I slipped under Fred's arm and was off. I paced around the halls waiting, hoping. I was near the front doors when I saw Lupin race out of them looking worried. I had a feeling he might know where my friends were. SO, being me I followed, but at a safe distance. He stopped at the Whomping Willow and picked up a branch and prodded a spot on the tree and it froze. HE disappeared into the roots and I waited for a bit. I ran down to the tree just as it unfroze and took a branch to the face. I could feel the blood trickling out of the many cuts on my face. I levitated a branch, not thinking my arm was long enough to reach the tree from a safe distance, and hit the same spot Lupin had. The tree froze and I relaxed a little. I crawled into the door-ish space Lupin had and found myself in a tunnel. It was really low but I was short so I barely had to

stoop at all. I walked quickly but quietly along the path and saw a door up a head. I opened it slowly and tiptoed in as to not make noise. I heard voices above and I hoped they couldn't hear me. I reached another door and I knew if I walked through it I'd be in the same room as the rest of the people who were in here. I looked around briefly and realized I was in the Shrieking Shack. A loud voice brought me back to reality. I peeked back into the room and saw Harry, Hermione, Ron, Lupin and Sirius Black.

"He's a werewolf!" Hermione shrieked. I froze who was a werewolf? Lupin? I doubted it was Black and I knew Ron and Harry weren't so it had to be Lupin. I heard Lupin's muffled voice then Ron shout 'Get away from me werewolf.' Then Lupin again. I couldn't really hear what they were saying but suddenly I heard something behind me. I pressed deeper into the shadows and changed everything about me to blend in so no one could see me. I didn't see anybody but I knew someone was there and I didn't dare breathe. Then suddenly I heard Harry's voice clearly.

"So that's why Snape hates you."

"That's right." Said a voice near me as Snape appeared from under the invisibility cloak. Where had he gotten that? I moved closer to the door so I could hear and pulled my wand out, just in case.

"I found this at the base of the Whomping Willow." He said quietly. I mentally kicked myself. How had I not seen it? "Very useful Potter thank you." I could practically see Harry glare at him. "You're wondering perhaps how I knew you were here?" He asked. No, not really, I thought sarcastically. "I've just been to your office Lupin. You forgot to take your potion tonight so I took along a gobletful. And lucky for me, I saw a certain map lying open on your desk. I saw you running down this passage way and I could have sworn I saw your sister Potter but in my rush I may have imagined things." I bit my lip. That was a close call.

"Severus---" Lupin began but Snape kept talking.

"I've told the headmaster so many times that you're the one helping Black into the castle, old school friend and all but he doesn't believe

me. Now I have proof." This is not proof, I thought angrily. "Not even I dreamed that you'd use this place as your hideout."

"Severus, you're making a mistake. You haven't heard everything." Lupin tried to reason. "Sirius isn't here to kill Harry---" Snape interrupted. Frankly it was getting on my nerve.

"Two more for Azkaban." Snape said quietly so I barley caught it.

"You fool!" Lupin said equally as soft so I was almost in the light as I tried to hear it. "Is a schoolboy grudge really enough to put an innocent man back in Azkaban?" A loud bang sounded and I jumped a little. I pressed my eyes against the hole in the wall and saw Lupin on the floor tied up. Black started towards Snape, hate flashing across those once handsome features. But he stopped as Snape pointed his wand at his eyes.

"Give me a reason and I swear I will do it." He said quietly.

"Professor?" Hermione started. "It wouldn't hurt to hear what they have to say would it?" She asked quietly. I saw Snape's eyes flick to her.

"Miss Granger. You are facing suspension from this school," He snapped. "You, Potter and Weasley are way out-of-bounds by being in the company of a convicted murderer and werewolf. For once in your life hold your tongue!" Oh burn Hermione. I thought briefly.

"But if there is a mistake---" Hermione tried to say.

"KEEP QUIET YOU STUPID GIRL! DO NOT TALK ABOUT THINGS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!" A few sparks emitted from the end of Snapes wand that was still pointed at Blacks Face. "Vengeance is so sweet. I hoped I would be the one to catch you and here we are." I curled my hands into fists, my nails digging into my palms.

"The jokes on you again Severus," Black said quietly. His voice sounded familiar. "As long as the boy brings his rat up to the castle," He nodded towards Ron who was holding Scabbers. "I'll come quietly."

"We won't need to go to the castle. The dementors can be there the moment we reach the willow. Come all of you." He turned towards the door and I slid back into the shadow. But Harry reached the door first. "Out of the way Potter. I've had enough of you today. If I hadn't been here to save your skin..."

"Lupin had a load of chances to kill me this year. Me and Hannah. If he wanted to he would have." Harry said using an amount of venom that made me proud.

"Don't ask me how a werewolf's mind works. Get out of the way."  
"YOU'RE PATHETIC!" Harry roared. "JUST BECAUSE THEY MADE A FOOL OUT OF YOU AT SCHOOL YOU WON'T EVEN LISTEN---"

"SILENCE! I WILL NOT BE SPOKEN TO LIKE THAT!" He glared down at Harry and I wondered if I could get into wand range of him without being seen to disarm him. "GET OUT OF THE WAY POTTER!" That was it. I stepped closer and raised my wand.

"Expelliarmus!" I shouted but I wasn't the only one. Harry whirled around wand pointed at me but he relaxed when he saw it was me. I stepped into the light and he winced at my cut up face. I looked at Ron and Hermione whose wands were both pointed at Snape too. "Ouch. A quadruple disarming. That's gonna hurt tomorrow." I said.

"About time you showed up." Harry said. I grinned.

"You shouldn't have done that. You should have left him to me." Black said quietly.

"We attacked a teacher....we attacked a teacher....we attacked a teacher!" Hermione was saying over and over.

"Hermione! Chill please." I said.

"We are going to be in so much trouble!" She squeaked. I sighed and turned to where Black was untying Lupin's binding.

"Thank you Harry." Lupin said quietly.

"I'm still not saying I believe you." Was his reply.

"Then it's time we offer you some proof." He turned to Ron. "You boy, please give me Peter."

"Wait a minute." I said stepping forward again. "That's a rat. His name is Scabbers. Not a dude named Peter."

"Ah, Hannah, I wondered when you'd arrive. But no, that's just what he wasn't you to believe." Lupin said. I snorted.

"Right. Absolutely."

"Besides, if Pettigrew could turn himself into a rat how did he know that this is him?" Ron asked. "There are millions of rats." Lupin turned to Black.

"You know that is a valid point Sirius. How did you know this was him and where he was?" Black dug into his pockets of his thin robe and pulled out a picture. It was of Ron and his family in Egypt, the one from the Daily Prophet. "How did you get this?" Lupin asked.

"Fudge, he gave it to me when he came to inspect Azkaban last year. And there was Peter on the front page on this boy's shoulder. I knew it was him, I'd only seen him transform a thousand times. And it said he would be going back with the boy to Hogwarts...where Harry was." I bit back a retort about me being there too.

"Sirius look at his front paw. SO simple, so brilliant." Lupin whispered.

"What?" Ron snapped. "What is it?"

"He's missing a toe." Black replied.

"He cut it off himself right before he transformed." Lupin continued.

"I'd cornered him and he yelled to the street how I'd betrayed Lily and James and then he blew apart the street wand behind his back and

transformed escaping down the sewer. He killed those muggles not me.” Black said.

“I don’t understand what that’s got to do…” Ron started.

“Remember what Fudge said in the Three Broomsticks?” I snapped. “The biggest piece they ever found of Pettigrew was his finger.”

“Exactly Hannah.” Lupin said.

“Look, Scabbers probably just got into a fight with another rat! He’s been in my family for ages.”

“Twelve years in fact. Ever wonder why he’s lived so long?” Lupin asked.

“We’ve taken good care of him!” Ron said defensively.

“But he’s not looking to good now is he? I’d say he’s been losing weight ever since her heard Sirius escaped.”

“He’s been scared of that mad cat!” Ron bellowed pointing at Crookshanks who was lying on the bed next to him. But Scabbers had been looking ill before Crookshanks was in the picture.

“You needed medicine for him before Crookshanks was around though Ron.” I pointed out.

“Whose side are you on anyway Hannah?” He snapped. I glared back at him and he quailed a bit.

“That cats not mad. He’s the smartest I’ve ever met. He spotted Peter for what he was. When he met me he knew I wasn’t a dog but he trusted me anyway. I managed to communicate what I needed to him and he got it. He’s been helping me.” Black said.

“What do you mean?” Hermione asked.

“He tried to bring Peter to me but couldn’t, so he stole the passwords into the Gryffindor Tower for me. From a boy’s bedside table.” It made sense but it was still so absurd.

“Peter realized what was going on and took off. The cat, Crookshanks, told me he had left blood on the sheets. I guess he thought he could fake his own death again. It had worked before.”

“And why did he fake his death?” Harry asked furiously. “Because he knew you were about to kill him like you killed my parents.”

“No Harry...” Lupin began.

“And now you’ve come to finish him off!”

“Yes I have.” Black said with an evil look at Scabbers.

“Dude, you’re not helping your case here.” I said. Black glanced at me as if he had just noticed me.

“Then I should have let Snape take you!” Harry roared.

“Harry, don’t you see? This whole time we’ve had it mixed up! We thought Sirius betrayed your parents and Peter tracked him down but in reality Peter killed your parents and Sirius tracked him down.”

“THAT’S NOT TRUE!” Harry exploded again. “HE WAS THEIR SECRET KEEPER! HE SAID SO BEFORE YOU GOT HERE. HE SAID HE KILLED THEM!”

“I Harry, I as good as killed them.” Black said. “I persuaded them to change from me to Peter as their Secret-Keeper at the last minute....I’m to blame and I know it. The night they died I had arranged to check in on Peter and make sure he was still safe. But when I got to his hiding place he was gone, there was no sign of a struggle. It didn’t feel right. I was scared. I set off to your parent’s house. I saw their house destroyed and their bodies....I realized what Peter must have done. What I must have done.” His voice broke and he turned away.



“Enough of this.” Lupin said in a tone that gave me chills. “Ron, give me that rat.”

“What are you going to do with him if I give him to you?” Ron asked tensely.

“Force him to shoe himself. If he really is a rat then it won’t hurt. If he’s peter on the other hand.” Lupin replied. Ron just held Scabbers tighter.

“For Merlin’s sake Ron give him the eff-ing rat!” I cried. He glared at me but obliged. Sirius had already gotten Snapes wand and both he and Lupin pointed the wands at Scabbers. “

“One...two...THREE!” There was a flash of blue-white light and a short figure stood where Scabbers had been.

“Oh my god.” I muttered.

“Well hello Peter.” Lupin snarled.

“S—Sirius, R-Remus. My old friends.” He said in a squeaky voice. He glanced towards the door and saw me. I straightened and crossed my arms defensively over my chest. “My old friends.” Sirius raised his wand again but Lupin held it down.

“We’ve been having a little chat Peter. About what happened the night Lily and James died. You might have missed some of the finer points while you were down there squeaking around on the bed....”

“Remus!” Peter gasped. “You don’t believe him do you? He tried to kill me Remus!”

“So we’ve heard.” Lupin replied coldly. “I’d like to clear up one or two more things with you Peter. If you don’t mind.”

“He’s come to try and kill me again!” Pettigrew said pointing at Black with his middle finger because he seemed to be missing his index one. “He killed Lily and James and he’s here for me too!”

"No ones going to kill you until we've sorted some things out."

"What is there to sort out? I knew he'd come after me again! I've been waiting twelve years."

"You knew Sirius was going to escape Azkaban? When no ones done it before?"

"He's got dark powers the rest of us could only dream of! How else did he get out of there? I suppose He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named taught him a few tricks." Black started to laugh. A harsh mirthless laugh that totally freaked me out.

"Voldemort, teach me tricks?" he said. "What scared to hear your master's name?" He asked as Pettigrew flinched. "I don't blame you. His lot aren't very happy with you right now Peter."

"I don't know what you mean Sirius." Pettigrew mumbled still glancing at the door every so often.

"You haven't been hiding from me for twelve years. You've been hiding from them." Black said with a malicious glare. " I heard things in Azkaban Peter. I know. They think the double crosser double crossed them. Voldemort went to the Potters on your information and he met his downfall. What do you expect them to believe. And not all of his followers went to Azkaban did they? No some are still out there."

"You can't believe this Remus."

"I have a hard time trying to figure out why an innocent man would spend twelve years as a rat Peter." Lupin said.

"Innocent but scared. If Voldemort supporters were after me it's because I'd put their best man in Azkaban. Sirius Black the spy!"

"How dare you!" Black growled. "I, a spy for Voldemort? When did I ever sneak around with people who were stronger than me? But you Peter, I'll never understand why I didn't see you were the spy form the start. You always liked powerful friends to look after you didn't

you? It was us first. Me, James, and Remus.” Pettigrew muttered something about Black losing his mind. “Lily and James only made you there Secret-Keeper on my suggestion. I thought it was a perfect plan. A bluff. Voldemort was sure to come after me, he would never dream that you were Secret-Keeper. It must have been the best moment of your life betraying them to Voldemort.

I could hear Pettigrew muttering again about things like ‘lunacy’ and ‘far-fetched’ but his eyes darted more and more towards the door I was standing in.

“Professor Lupin?” Hermione asked. “Can---can I say something?”

“Certainly Hermione.” Lupin said more like himself.

“Well Scabbers---this man---has been sleeping in Harry’s dorm for the past three years. If he was working with You-Know-Who then why hasn’t he hurt Harry before? And Hannah was close too. It doesn’t add up.”

“There! Thank you! Thank you!” Pettigrew cried shrilly.

“How could a man who is supposed to be dead commit murder and right under Albus Dumbledores nose? Plus Voldemort's been in hiding for twelve years. They say he’s half dead. He didn’t want to skrew up again did he? You kept your ears open to any news of him, just incase your old protector regained strength and it was safe to rejoin him.” A thought suddenly struck me.

“Umm, Mr. Black---Sirius?” I asked. Black looked at me and a wave of shock passed over his face. Okay, that was weird, I thought. “If you don’t mind me asking, how did you get out of Azkaban if you didn’t use Dark Magic.” He looked at me as if pondering this.

“I guess I’m not really sure. I think the only reason I never lost my mind was because I knew I was innocent. It wasn’t a happy thought so the dementors couldn’t suck it out of me. It gave me a sense of self so when it all became too much I could turn into a dog. Dementors can’t see. They feed off emotion and thought.” Black paused. “I guess they could feel that I wasn’t as human when I was a

dog but they didn't notice anything odd. I suppose they just thought I was losing my mind." He paused again and I opened my mouth to say something but he kept talking. "I was too weak to have any hope of driving them away with out a wand. Then I saw Peter in that picture and I realized that he would be perfectly poised to act if he heard one hint that the Dark Side was gaining strength, he was ready to strike the moment he knew he had allies. He would be welcomed back. So I had to do something. I was the only one who knew he was still alive. It was as if someone had lit a fire in my head, and the dementors couldn't destroy it. My one happy thought. It gave me strength. So one night when the dementors brought me my food I slipped out of the opening. It's much harder for them to feel animal emotions and they were confused. I swam back as a dog to the main land and traveled here and have been living in the forest except when I came out to watch a Quidditch practice and the game. You fly as well as your father did Harry." He looked up at Harry and he didn't look away.

"Please believe me Harry, I never betrayed James and Lily. I could have died before I betrayed them." He turned to me. I was staring into the dark eyes so much like mine. "I would never had. He was like my brother." I nodded through the lump that was growing in my throat and the tears that threatened to over flow. Harry nodded too.

"NO!" Pettigrew dropped to his knees. HE was groveling as if our nods had been his death sentence. "Sirius it's me! Your old friend!" Black kicked at him and he recoiled.

"There's enough filth on my robes without you touching them!"

"Remus! You don't believe this do you? Wouldn't have Sirius told you they'd changed the plan?" He begged.

"Not if he thought I was the spy Peter." Lupin said calmly. "I assume that's why you didn't tell me Sirius?" he asked casually over Pettigrew's head.

"Forgive me Remus."

"Not at all Padfoot old friend." Lupin said rolling up his sleeves. And will you in turn forgive me for believing you were the spy?"

"Of course." Black said. He too was rolling up his sleeves. "Shall we kill him together then?"

"Yes I think so." Lupin said grimly.

"You wouldn't!" Pettigrew gasped. HE stumbled turning to face Ron. "Ron, haven't I been a good friend? You're on my side aren't you?"

"I let you sleep in my bed!" Ron roared outraged.

"Kind boy kind master, I was such a good rat wasn't I?"

"If you made a better rat than human it's not much to boast about now is it Peter?" Black snarled.

"Sweet girl," Pettigrew said turning to Hermione, "Clever girl, you ---- you wouldn't let them kill me would you?" Hermione lifted her robes out of Pettigrew's grasp and backed up against the wall looking horrified. He whirled on me this time.

"Hannah, you can't believe this can you?" I raised an eyebrow. "You can't let them kill you. You always liked me."

"Actually I hated you." I replied and saw Harry smile. "Allergies see."

"I never would have killed them." He begged. Then turned to Harry. "Harry, Harry you look just like your father. Just like him."

"HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO HARRY?" Sirius bellowed. "HOW DARE YOU FACE HIM? HOW DARE YOU TALK ABOUT JAMES IN FRONT OF HIM?"

"Harry, James wouldn't have wanted me killed." He looked at Harry with his watery rat like eyes. "He would have shown me mercy." Lupin and Black strode forward and grabbed Pettigrew by his shoulders and dragged him back.

"You sold Lily and James to Voldemort." Black said shaking. "You don't deny it?" Pettigrew burst into tears. It was pretty pathetic honestly.

"Sirius....Sirius...what could I have done? The Dark Lord....you have no idea. He has weapons you can't imagine! I was scared Sirius, I was never brave like you and James. I didn't want it to happen, he forced me."

"DON'T LIE! YOU WERE PASSING INFORMATION TO HIM ABOUT LILY AND JAMES LONG BEFORE YOU BECAME SECRET-KEEPER! YOU WERE HIS SPY!"

"He was taking over everywhere! What was there to be gained by refusing him?"

"What was there to gain fighting the most evil wizard who has ever existed? Only innocent lives Peter!" Black said his furry mounting.

"He would have killed me!"

"THEN YOU SHOULD HAVE DIED! DIED RATHER THAN BETRAY YOUR FRIENDS AS ANY ONE OF US WOULD HAVE DONE FOR YOU!"

"You should have realized that if he didn't kill you we would Peter." Lupin said standing shoulder to shoulder with Black, wand raised. "Goodbye."

"NO!" Harry shouted. "You can't kill him. You just can't." he said.

"Harry this man is the reason you don't have any parents." Black said pointedly. Then I got what Harry was feeling.

"I know. But we can bring him up to the castle. The dementors can deal with him then." He took a deep breath. I wanted to give him a hug but didn't want to move from the door. "He can go to Azkaban but don't kill him."

"Thank you Harry! Thank you so much! It's more than I deserve!" Pettigrew said.

“Shut up!” I snapped. “Don’t you get it? He’s not doing this for you. He’s doing it because his dad wouldn’t have wanted them to become killers just for your pathetic worthless skin.” I snarled with more venom than I had expected. Everyone stared at me as I glared at Pettigrew.

“Harry think what he did.” Black said.

“He can go to Azkaban. But it’s like Hannah said.”

“Alright. Peter we’re going to take you up to school but if you try to transform we will kill you.” Black said glancing at Harry who nodded.

“Right then,” Lupin said suddenly business like. “Ron. I can’t mend bones like Madam Pomfrey can, so I think we should just strap it up until we get to the castle.” HE hurried over to Ron, flicked his wand and Ron’s leg was in a splint. Ron stood up and put weight on his leg and didn’t wince.

“That’s better, thanks.”

“What about Professor Snape?” Hermione asked.

“There’s nothing seriously wrong with him, you four were just a little over enthusiastic. It’s probably best if we don’t revive him until we’re up in the castle so this ought to do it.” Another flick of his wand and it was as if invisible strings were attached to Snape’s arms and head.

“Two of us should be chained to this.” Black said nudging Pettigrew with his toe. “Just to make sure.”

“I’ll do it.” Lupin said.

“Me too.” Ron said savagely limping forward. Black conjured heavy manacles from thin air and within moments Ron, and Lupin were chained to Pettigrew. Crookshanks leapt off the bed and led the way back down the tunnel. Ron, Lupin and Pettigrew came next then a creepy looking Snape who seemed to just be floating along. Then Black, Harry and Hermione. I was in the very back. I was walking

along thinking when Harry motioned me forward. I slipped past Hermione and was next to Harry.

"This is Hannah." Harry said as if he had just finished explaining my role in life.

"I remember you." Sirius said. "That night, you were there too. I offered to take you both home but Hagrid said Dumbledore had other plans and who am I to argue with Dumbledore. But now's it's different. I suppose no one has told you but I'm your godfather Harry, and yours too I suppose Hannah." He said. Harry and I just nodded. "And since I'll be free once this is over, I was wondering if you two would like to come live with me."

"Leave the Dursleys?" Harry asked.

"Live with you?" I asked.

"Of course I thought you wouldn't too," Black said quickly, "I understand I just thought..."

"Are you crazy!" I exclaimed. "EW absolutely want to leave the Dursleys!"

"Do you have a place? When can we move in?" Harry asked. Black turned around to face us.

"You want to? You mean it?" A true smile broke over his face and the difference was startling. A shadow of who he used to be shone out.

"No." I said my voice dripping in sarcasm. "We don't want to at all. Of course! You don't even have to ask!" HE grinned again and I couldn't help but grin either. WE didn't speak the rest of the time. I fell back next to Hermione and she smiled letting me know she had heard. We finally reached the exit of the tunnel and we were able to stand up straight.

"One wrong move Peter." Lupin threatened his wand still pointed at Pettigrew's chest sideways. Then a cloud shifted and their party was bathed in moonlight. Lupin went rigid and I gasped.



"He didn't take his potion! He's not safe!" I said. I moved towards the group of three to get Ron but Black caught me around my chest.

"Leave it to me. Run!" Suddenly a large black dog was in front of me and charged towards Lupin. I stood rooted to the spot, unable to move. The dog bit the werewolf around the neck and threw him down. The wolf then threw the dog off. AS luck would have it, Sirius came flying through the air towards me and before I could move or even really realize it I was falling backward with high force. My head hit a rock and everything was black.

"Okay, so you're telling me that Hermione had a time turner and that's how she's been getting to her classes all year." I asked as we sat in a compartment on the Hogwarts Express. "And you guys used it to save Buckbeak and Sirius after Pettigrew escaped and Lupin turned into a werewolf?"

"Yeah. Pretty much." Harry said.

"And you also think that the servant Trelawney spoke of was Pettigrew?"

"Yes again." I sighed and rubbed my right shoulder with my left hand. I had dislocated my shoulder when I fell hence, me needing to catch up on everything.

"SO Sirius and Buckbeak are on the run." Harry nodded. "And you produced a full fledged patronus to ward off a hundred dementors?" He smiled and nodded again. "Well done! I'm impressed. And it was a stag which was what your dad transformed into right?"

"Yes ma'am. I think that's it. Anything we missed Hermione?"

"Nope. You know that Lupin was sacked and that's about it." Then she grinned. "Fudge wasn't very happy was he?"

"No he wasn't. Neither was Snape." Harry said. "Oh, you know when we disarmed him? He told Fudge that we were under the Imperious curse and Sirius had put us up to it. HE didn't even realize that you

were there or his case would have been out the window because you weren't even there for Sirius to curse you." I grinned and pictured it.

"Harry? What is that outside your window?" Hermione asked. We all looked and there was a little, what looked like an owl, bobbing outside the window. Harry opened the window and it flew in. It was possibly the smallest owl ever. Harry took the letter and read it out loud.

Dear Harry,

I hope this finds you before you reach your aunt and uncle. I'm not sure if they're used to owl post. Buckbeak and I are in hiding, I won't say where incase this owl falls into the wrong hands. I have some doubts about his reliability but he is the best I could find, and he did seem eager for the job.

I believe the dementors are still searching for me, but they haven't a hope of finding me here. I am planning to allow some muggles to glimpse me soon, a long way from Hogwarts, so the security from the castle will be lifted.

There is something I never got around to telling you. It was I who sent you the Firebolt---

"Ha!" Hermione said. "See! I told you to was from him!"

"Yes, but he didn't jinx it. Ow!" Ron said. The tiny owl had nibbled one of his fingers.

Crookshanks took the order to the Owl Office for me. I used your name but told them to take their gold from my Gringotts vault. Please consider it thirteen years worth of birthday presents from your godfather. Hannah, yours are coming.

I would also like to apologize for the freight I think I gave you and Hannah that night last year when you left your uncles house. I only wanted a glimpse of you before I headed north, but I think I alarmed you.

I am enclosing something else for you which I think will make next year more bearable. If you ever need me send word. Your owl will find me.

I'll write you again soon.

Sirius.

I Looked at Harry and smiled. He was holding a permission slip for Hogsmeade. Next year would be better for him if only for that. Not much else was said on the rest of the trip. AS we met the Dursleys at the barrier Harry was still holding the letter.

"Who's that from?" Uncle Vernon asked.

"Our godfather." Harry said.

"You don't have a godfather."

"Yes we do. He's an escaped murderer though." Harry continued.

"He likes to check in on us make sure we're all right. Make sure we're happy." I finished. And with one last look at the platform we were off. Just the summer was all that was between us and seeing it again.

A/N: I'm done! Thank God. Okay you know the drill. Read and Review please!

Disclaimer: See chapter 1.

A/N: Okay, so this year I have a feeling is going to suck for Hannah. Anywho...hope you like it.

"Yes Harry I will be up by five tomorrow." I said with a yawn, curling back under my piles of quilts I had even though it was summer. You see, I was sick. Like really sick. The kind of sick where you're freezing all the time and you don't have the energy to do anything but sleep. I hadn't even eaten in about a week, I was that sick.

"Okay. You can sleep once we're at the Burrow." He said as he scratched out a letter to Sirius. "I'm so excited. I can't wait."

"Obviously. Tell Sirius I say hi." I mumbled and snuggled back into my covers and was fast asleep.

"My wake up call came at a quarter to six the next evening. A loud crash downstairs sent Aunt Petunia screaming and I sat bolt up, regretting moving that fast. I stood up and raced downstairs in my p.j.'s. I slid into the kitchen then into the living room.

"What is going on?" Then I looked around and saw four of the nine Weasleys. "Never mind. I see fiery red hair do I even need to ask."

"Ah hello Hannah." Mr. Weasley said as the four of them turned to me. I crossed my arms over my chest and leaned against the door frame. "How are you?"

"Tired." I replied. Then I caught a glimpse of Harry's face who was tugging at his shirt. I looked at him then he pointed to my shirt. I looked down. Of course, I was still wearing my p.j.'s which consisted of a cami and really short shorts. "I'll be right back." I muttered quickly and ran up back stairs. I dug through my closet for something to wear. Most of my clothes had already gone into my trunk that I realized Harry must have packed yesterday. I ended up finding a skirt and a cute t-shirt as the only things that fit anymore. I had grown about two inches and had lost like a thousand pounds. Needless to say my clothes needed to be replaced. I opened the bedroom door and saw Fred and George Weasley standing outside.

"Hello Hannah" George said cheerfully.

"Hey George, Fred." I said suddenly regretting wearing the skirt.

"Hey," Fred said. "We just were sent up to get your trunks."

"Oh, okay. Well they're right over there." I pointed to the desk where the trunks were. "See you down stairs." I turned and headed back downstairs suddenly feeling worse than I had in the past week. I subconsciously rubbed my scar and entered the living room. Mr. Weasley was trying to make conversation with the Dursleys but was failing miserably. A few moments later Fred and George came down with the trunks.

"Alright then," Mr. Weasley said "I guess we'll be off. Anyone want to go first?" Mr. Weasley asked.

"I will." I said as I took a pinch of Floo powder and threw it into the fireplace. I stepped in and shouted, 'The Burrow.' The next thing I knew I was spinning through space and then I was standing in the Burrow. I stepped out of the fire place and brushed the ashes off of my clothes and out of my hair.

"You must be Hannah?" A voice said from in front of me. I looked up and saw the two oldest Weasleys. "I'm Bill and this is Charlie. We've heard all about you from Ron and the twins."

"Oh that's great." I said with a smile.

"All good things I promise." Charlie said. I smiled and then turned at the sound of someone else in the room. It was Fred who was just now emerging from the fireplace. He was grinning from ear to ear.

"What did you do?" I asked putting my hands on my hips. "You know what, never mind. I don't want to know." Fred just smiled even more. I wish I could say that his smile didn't make my heart melt but it did.

"Hannah!" A voice called from the doorway. I turned and was tackled by two figures both, sadly taller than I was. I staggered backwards

under their weight but I was laughing. AS we untangled ourselves from each other I saw Ginny and Hermione. Hermione had finally won the height battle that had been going on between us and was now like two inches taller than me. Ginny was only one inch taller but still. I was the shortest one here. Suddenly Mr. Weasley emerged from the fireplace and he rounded on Fred.

“That wasn’t funny Fred!” He roared looking the angriest I had ever seen him. “What on earth did you give that poor Muggle boy?” Fred’s evil grin spread even more.

“I didn’t give him anything. They fell out of my pocket.” He said, “I didn’t make him eat them.”

“You meant for them to fall out of your pockets. You did it on purpose!” Mr. Weasley roared. “You knew he’d eat it! You knew he was on a diet!”

“How big did his tongue get?” George asked eagerly.

“It was four feet long before his parents let me shrink it.” Harry and the Weasleys roared with laughter. I grinned but Mr. Weasleys’ anger was making it hard for me to actually laugh. “It’s not funny! That sort of behavior seriously undermines the wizard-Muggle relations! I spent my whole life campaigning against the mistreatment of Muggles and my own sons---“

“We didn’t give it to him because he was a Muggle dad!” George interrupted.

“We gave it to him because he’s a big bullying git.” Fred went on. “Right Harry?”

“Yeah he is Mr. Weasley.” Harry said earnestly.

“That’s not the point! You wait until I tell your mother---“

“Tell me what?” Mrs. Weasley said as she walked into the room. “Oh hello Harry dear. Hannah darling.” She said as she caught sight of Harry and I then turned back to her husband. “Tell me what Arthur?” I

glanced at Mr. Weasley and I knew that however mad he had been at the twins he wasn't going to tell Mrs. Weasley.

"It's nothing. Fred and George just---But I've had words with them and..." Mr. Weasley stammered.

"What have you done this time?" Mrs. Weasley snarled turning to Fred and George. I smiled at the 'this time' part. "If this has anything to do with the Weasley Wizard Wheezes---"

"Why don't we show Hannah and Harry where they're sleeping." Hermione said suddenly. Ginny and I nodded.

"They know where they're sleeping same as last time." Ron said.

"We'll all go." Ginny said pointedly.

"Oh," Said Ron, comprehension dawning on his face. "Yeah, right let's go."

"We'll go too." George said moving towards the door.

"Stay where you are." Mrs. Weasley snapped. And we took our leave.

"What was that?" I asked as we headed up to our rooms.

"Well Mum found a stack of order forms in the twins room." Ron explained. "Long price lists for stuff they invented. Joke stuff you know. Fake wands and such. It's brilliant. Who knew they'd been inventing this stuff."

"We've been hearing explosions out of there room for ages but never guessed they were making stuff." Ginny said.

"But some of the stuff was a little dangerous. They wanted to sell it at Hogwarts and mom exploded at them. She was mad anyway. They didn't get near as many O.W.L.'s as she expected."

"How many did they get?" I asked.

"Three." Ginny said.

"Seriously?" she nodded grimly. Just then a door opened and Percy poked his head out.

"Oh, I thought it was you thundering up the stairs." He said tartly.

"We were not thundering. We were walking. Excuse us for walking." Ron snapped. Percy glared.

"Hey Percy." I said to break the tension.

"Oh hello Hannah. Harry." He said. "I was trying to work but I can't get perfection with all that noise."

"Perfection is not attainable, but if we chase perfection we can catch excellence" I quoted. He looked at me like I was crazy and I just smiled. "See you later." And we walked on.

"He's working on a report about the thickness of caldron bottoms." Ginny sighed.

"Really?" Harry asked.

"Yep. He works for a Mr. Crouch at the Ministry. Worships him he does. It's always 'Mr. Crouch this' or 'Mr. Crouch that.' Pathetic really." Ron explained. We had reached Ginny's room and the three girls broke off and headed in.

"Sorry it's a bit smushed." Ginny said. "At least we don't have four people. It'll be Ron, Harry and the twins in their room. But I'm glad you guys are here." She said smiling.

"No, you're just glad Harry's here." I teased and she went scarlet.

"He'll never notice me. I'm just his best friend's little sister." She mumbled. "I don't want to risk heart break." She said.

"To love is to risk not being loved in return. To hope is to risk pain. To try is to risk failure, but risk must be taken because the greatest



hazard in life is to risk nothing.” I said. Hermione looked at me with a raised eyebrow.

“What’s with all the quotes?” She asked. I shrugged.

“I spent too much time at the library.” I said then sneezed. “Is Crookshanks in here?” I asked.

“No. He’s in the garden.”

“Oh. I guess that it’s my cold then.” I flopped onto Ginny’s bed and massaged my forehead. “I hate being sick!” I moaned.

“That makes sense Hannah!” Ginny exclaimed. I looked at Hermione then Ginny.

“What?”

“The risk quote. I get it! Thanks!” She hugged me and smiled. “I’ll go see if my mom has any cold remedies on hand.” She left the room still grinning. Hermione and I watched her.

“That girl has got spunk that’s for sure.” I said.

“You know, you should take your own advice.” Hermione said quietly. I sat up and looked her in the eye.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“The whole risk thing.” She explained. “You and Fred I mean.” My eyes widened.

“What the hell are you talking about?” I demanded.

“Hannah its o obvious. You’re crazy about him.” I moaned and fell back onto my back coughing.

“Is it really?” I asked.

“Sorta. Not that Fred notices or any of the guys but Ginny and I know.”

“Great.” I muttered.

“But he’s totally into you too. Did you see the way he was watching you downstairs?”

“No.”

“Well he was. And I’m sure the skirt didn’t hurt either.” I blushed and she grinned. “Let me guess. All your clothes were packed.” I nodded.

“I need new clothes anyway. I grew and shrank this summer.” I said.

“Stand up.” She ordered. I did. “You’re taller that’s for sure.” She said and she walked around me. “Hannah! You’re a stick!”

“I know! I haven’t eaten like all summer.” I said then collapsed onto the bed coughing and such. “I feel like crap.”

“Well get better before Tomorrow okay.”

“Okay.” I replied.

“If you’re up to it the guys were planning on a water fight.” She said.

“Really? When?” She looked out the window and smiled.

“Now.” We were out the door in five minutes with me in a pair of her shorts so it would be easier to actually function. We jumped in the small creek that ran along their house and started splashing the guys. Bill and Charlie were shooting jets of water at everyone with their wands. George and Fred, who were obviously not in trouble anymore, had buckets and that was their weapon. Harry and Ron had buckets too. So it was just Hermione and I who didn’t have any defense. Harry turned to splash me but I snatched his bucket wading farther into the creek. I tried to keep my balance on the rocks at the bottom. I scooped up a bucket of water to splash Harry when I was hit with two splashes from behind. I twirled to splash whoever it was but my ankle

caught in between two rocks. I heard a small crunch and a snap and dropped with a yelp. Within seconds everyone had gathered around me as I tried to stand up but no matter how much I gritted my teeth the pain was too much.

"Hannah can you put any weight on it?" Bill asked. I shook my head and tried to pry it free of the rocks. I finally did and the blood mixed with the water. Charlie grimaced at the size of it already. It was the size of Ron's owl. No joke. It was a micro owl but still. I closed my eyes and leaned my head back as the cold water washed over the cuts and the swollen muscles.

"Okay Hannah. We need to get you to the house." Bill said. "Do you mind if I carry you?" I shook my head not trusting myself not to scream if I opened my mouth. With one fluid motion, Bill picked up all 110 pounds, five feet three inches of me and walked carefully to the Burrow. "Mum will be able to fix you up in a jiffy." I nodded and closed my eyes trying not to cry. I knew everyone was behind us and I had to keep it together. I after all was the strongest of my friends. No way they were seeing my cry now. We were inside the Burrow by now and Bill set me down in a chair in the kitchen. Mrs. Weasley rushed in wand in hand. She shoed her sons away and knelt next to my ankle and set to work. With another sickening jolt of pain and snap my ankle was connected again. I bit my lip so I wouldn't yelp again. She cleaned it up and bandaged it up well. I took a deep breath and calmed down.

"You should be good now Hannah. It'll hurt for the next couple days but you can walk on it and such." She stood up and so did I. It hurt like hell but no way I was letting that on. But apparently she read my emotions pretty well. "Maybe you should just keep off of it for a few days."

"Mum!" Fred said. "Tomorrows the World Cup! She can't stay off it there."

"Then maybe she shouldn't go."

"NO!" Was the resounding answer from everyone in the kitchen. I looked at her and smiled.

"I'm fine, really." I took a few steps towards the stairs and stopped.  
"Ouch." I mumbled.

"At least have someone help you up the stairs." Mrs. Weasley begged.  
Before I could answer Fred jumped in.

"I'll do it." He walked over and offered his arm. I shook my head stubbornly and looked at him imploringly. He got it. We walked until we were out of the kitchen then I leaned against him.

"Damn that hurts." I said. He grinned a little at my colorful language.

"You better be better by tomorrow." He said.

"That's the second time I've heard that today. Once for my cold and now for this. But your mom said she had a cold remedy for me so I'm good on that front." He grinned and we continued walking. I tried not to lean on him as much so I could walk with out help tomorrow. We finally got to Ginny's room and I let go of him completely and regretted it. I managed not to fall only because I grabbed the doorframe. Fred rushed to my side and helped me up.

"You okay?" I nodded. "Maybe you shouldn't go tomorrow." He said.

"What are you? My mother?" I asked trying to regain my calm. This was much worse then a dislocated shoulder. Fred smiled.

"No, just a friend." He replied. I smiled but something broke inside of me.

"Just a friend. Right." I turned and opened the door, the turned back.  
"Well this is my stop dear sir." I said with a small mock curtsy that sucked. "Thank you."

"Anytime my dear." He replied in the same mock tone. He bowed and kissed my hand. My breath caught. 'He's just playing along with you Hannah.' I reminded myself but there was something in his eyes that said other wise. Then he straightened and left. I closed the door and leaned against it letting the tears of pain flow.

"Just friends. That's all and you know it." I chided myself. "Then why does it hurt so much?" A voice echoed in my head.

'To love is to risk not being loved in return....but risk must be taken because the greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing.' Well then, risk here I come.

I woke up to a gentle hand on my shoulder.

"Hannah, time to get up dear." Mrs. Wesley said. "Hermione will be out of the shower in a moment then you can go." I nodded and sat up. I looked around and saw Ginny sitting on the edge of her bed looking exhausted. I knew how she felt. Mrs. Weasley left to go wake up the boys. Hermione came back in but none of said a word. I showered and got dressed then headed down to the kitchen, my hair still practically dripping. The boys were already eating and it looked as if Hermione and Ginny had just walked in. The three of us sat down and ate in silence. Mr. Weasley was explaining that we would take a Portkey and about Muggle security and stuff my brain didn't comprehend at 4 am. We finished breakfast and by then the guys had perked up a bit. Hermione Ginny and I on the other hand were still half asleep.

As we walked to our Portkey the boys and Mr. Weasley talked about Quidditch and on any other day or even today at say...noon I would have joined them. My ankle was killing me and I was the slowest one. My hair was randomly changing colors every so often and Hermione and Ginny seemed content to just watch it. We finally came over the top of a hill and saw two figures standing by a boot. Yes a boot. We reached the two people and I sat down and rubbed my ankle. It hurt as I said earlier, like hell. I looked up when I heard talking and saw that the two people were none other than Cedric Diggory and his dad. I stood up bracing myself on the closets shoulder to me which happened to be Ron's.

"Hello." Cedric said with a smile. Everyone but Fred and George said hello in response . I don't think they ever forgave Diggory for beating us in the first match of the Quidditch season last year.

"Long walk Arthur?" Mr. Diggory asked.

"Not to bad." Ha! I thought easy for you to say. I thought. "We're just on the other side of the village there."

"We had to get up at two. I'll be glad when he passes his apparition test that's for sure. But I'm not complaining. It's the Quidditch World Cup!" Then he looked around at the Weasley kids, Harry Hermione and I and grinned. "Are these all yours Arthur?" He asked good naturedly.

"Oh goodness no. Just the red heads." He said with a smile. "The other three are Ron's friends from school. This is Hermione Granger and Harry and Hannah Potter."

"It makes it sound as if we're married." I whispered to Harry who grinned.

"Brace yourself. Here comes the 'OMG Harry Potter!'" I laughed this time. And sure enough he was right.

"Merlin's beard!" Mr. Diggory exclaimed. "Harry? Harry Potter?" He asked.

"Yeah." Harry said shooting me a look. I just smiled. This was his problem.

"Ced's told me about you of course. How he beat you in Quidditch." He swelled with pride. "I told him, I said, 'Ced, that'll be something to tell your grandchildren one day that will ---- that you beat Harry Potter!'"

"He feel off his broom dad!" Cedric tried to explain.

"Ahh! But you didn't fall off your broom did you? Always modest our Ced. Such a gentleman. I'm sure Harry'd say the same. One falls off his broom one stays on. Don't you think?" Mr. Diggory exclaimed.

"Yeah but at the same time Cedric didn't hear his mum and dad being murdered in his head when the dementors came round did he?!?" I

snapped. Mr. Diggory just looked at me then went on as if I hadn't said anything.

"We'll be leaving in a minute. We're not waiting on anyone else." He said promptly.

"Alright, you just touch the Portkey, just one finger will do." Mr. Weasley explained to Harry, Hermione and I. We clustered around the boot and got in position so we could all touch it.

"Three....two....ONE!" Mr. Diggory called. On one it felt as if a hook had been hooked behind my navel and were being pulled along a tube. WE landed, well more like crash landed, in a field. I had landed on my feet but then went down thanks to my ankle and another snap.

"Damn it!" I said lying on my back biting back tears again.

"Hannah!" Mr. Weasley said as he made his way over to me. He tapped my ankle with his wand and I felt my ankle reattach for the second time in two days. I stood up shakily and put barley any weight on it at all.

"Let's get going shall we?" I said and we set off.

We walked up the thousand flights of stairs to the Top Box. Prime Seats as the ticket checking witch had said. Well our prime seats were not helping my ankle at all. We finally reached the box and I leaned against the wall to get the pressure off my leg. Of course I had to break my ankle the day before the Quidditch World Cup. I sat down next to Hermione who was eagerly flipping through her program.

"Hannah this is just so exciting!" She almost squealed.

"I know. I can't wait." I replied. "Is Ludo Bagman doing the commentary?"

"I bet he is. He's the...."

"I know. Head of Department of Games and Sports or whatever. Percy's only said it about a thousand times." I said with a sigh. Then regretted it. Hermione looked a little hurt. "Sorry 'Mione."

"Call my 'Mione one more time and I swear I will break your ankle again." She threatened but a smile played at her lips. We sat there talking for a while before she spotted something in her program.

"It says here that before the match, the teams will present their mascots!" She cried.

"Oh that's always worth watching." Mr. Weasley said. "National teams bring creatures from their native land, you know, to put on a bit of a show."

The box filled gradually over the next half hour or so. When the Minister walked in Percy bowed so low that his glasses fell off and shattered. He repaired them remained sitting the rest of the time. The Minister, however, greeted Harry like an old friend. Big surprise right? Anyway, he introduced him to the Bulgarian minister which was pretty hysterical.

"Harry Potter you know?" He tried to explain. "Harry Potter. Oh come on. You must know who he is. The boy who survived You-Know-Who. You do know who he is...." Fudge was almost yelling at the poor bloke. Then the Bulgarian minister saw Harry's scar and began chattering away in...Bulgarian I guess, finally getting it.

"Knew we'd get there at some point." Fudge said. The he turned to see who else was there. "Ah, Barty's elf is saving him a seat, excellent...oh! Hello Lucius." I turned my head so fast that I thought I was going to get whiplash. And sure enough, there stood Lucius Malfoy his wife and their son Draco. Joy.

"Ah. Fudge." Lucius said holding out his hand to the Minister. "How are you? I don't think you've met my wife Narcissa or our son Draco?" Narcissa? Like narcissism? Really?

"Ah how do you do, how do you do?" Fudge said smiling and bowing to Mrs. Malfoy. He introduced the Bulgarian minister to them and



everyone else then Mr. Weasley. "You know Mr. Weasley I daresay?" HE said then turned away.

"Good lord, what did you have to sell to get seats here? Surely your house wouldn't have sold for that much." Mr. Malfoy drawled and I knew where Draco got it. I felt Fred tense next to me but he didn't make a sound. Then Fudge turned back to our happy little meeting.

"Lucius just gave a generous amount to St. Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. He's here as my guest." Fudge said. Typical Malfoys. They could easily buy tickets but why should they when they could be the Ministers guests? Gits. Just then Ludo Bagman burst in.

"Everyone ready? Minister are you ready?" he asked.

"Whenever you are Ludo." Fudge replied taking his seat as did everyone else. The Malfoys sat behind us which sent my nerves into over drive. Ludo took out his wand and pointing it to his throat said 'Sonus.' And spoke over the roar of the crowd.

The mascots from Ireland and Bulgaria were presented, Bulgaria going first. They brought Veela. By the end of their presentation Harry and Ron were looking like they were about to jump out of the box. Draco was standing in front of me and the twins had a look on their face that was pure bliss. It was quite disgusting really. Then Ireland's mascots came out. I like them a considerable amount more. They were leprechauns. They showered gold onto all of us and Ron shoved some in Harry's hand telling him that he now had to get him a Christmas present. And then the match began, and let me tell you, if you thought Quidditch was violent before this was like ten times worse. The poor Ireland Seeker, Lynch crashed into the ground after a brilliant Wronski Feint by the Bulgarian Seeker, Victor Krum. WE were all on the edge of our seats when Lynch pulled into a sharp dive and I knew he had seen the Snitch. Krum was soon after him and was drawing level with Lynch.

"They're going to crash!" Hermione shrieked.

"No they're not." Ron replied.

"Lynch is!" Harry and I roared. And sure enough, Lynch crashed full speed into the ground and Krum came up with the Snitch. My eyes flicked to the score board which read BULGARIA: 160 IRELAND: 170. We had won. I jumped up and was yelling along with the rest of the Weasleys and all of the Irish.

"What'd he catch the Snitch for?" Ron declared. "HE caught it when Ireland was one hundred and sixty points up. The idiot."

"He knew they'd never catch up." Harry said.

"The Irish Chasers were ay too good." I said.

"He wanted to end it on his terms." Harry finished.

"Well, he was very brave wasn't he?" Hermione said as she leaned forward to watch Krum land as a dozen mediwizards blasted their way through battling veela and leprechauns.

"Vell, ve fought bravely." The Bulgarian minister said.

"You speak English!" Fudge exclaimed. "And you let me mime all day?"

"Vell, it vos very funny." Ludo quieted his voice and turned to see Fred and George standing in front of him grinning waiting for their money they had won.

"Ah yes, how much do I owe you?" He asked.

That night there was a commotion as it got later. Except it got louder and closer to our tents. Hermione, Ginny and I sat up and peeked out of the front of the tent. We saw loads of masked figures marching, blasting tents out of the way. Above them were four floating people illuminated by the fires that some of the tents had started. I recognized one of the figures as our campsite manager, Mr. Roberts. I slipped on a pair of jeans and grabbed my jacket and we ran over to they guys tent. Well more like hobbled on my part.

“We’re going to help the ministry!” Mr. Weasley yelled as he, Bill, Charlie and Percy pulled their wands out. “You lot head to the forest and stick together!” They took off and we headed in the opposite direction. WE ran through the smoke and crowds trying to stick together. I heard someone shouting a stunning spell and I ran faster, ignoring my ankle. I tripped and crawled behind a bush as I regained my breath. I stood up and turned around. I had been in front of everyone. Where were they? I ran deeper into the forest trying not to collapse on my ankle. I was glancing all around me trying to spot red hair or black hair as I ran into someone. I looked up hoping to see one of the faces I was looking for. It was Malfoy. I groaned and tried to push past him.

“Where you going Potter.” He sneered.

“Away from you.” I spat back at him.

“Well, I’d watch it if I were you.”

“Why?”

“You’re a Mudblood Potter. They’re torturing muggles. You’ll be next.”

“And you would know this because your dad planned it right?” I snarled. He looked at me with a look of something between shock and terror. He pulled out his wand and pointed it my face.

“You would be wise to keep your mouth shut Hannah.” He whispered stepping towards me.

“Scared the truth’s gonna get out Malfoy? Scared daddy’s going to jail?” I asked.

“Just watch it.” He said taking one more step towards me. “I wouldn’t want your pretty little face ruined.”

“Well you don’t have to worry then.”

"You might not want to be sure of that." He said stepping even closer to me. I backed up but came against a tree. I slipped my wand out as well, just in case.

"Get away from me." I said through gritted teeth. He smirked but did as I said. I stepped towards him as he backed up. "Nice chatting to you Malfoy." I said then ran off. I ran for a while then stopped. How deep was I into the forest? I turned and started running back towards the campsite. I came out of the forest and ran as fast as I could back to our tent, ignoring the creepy green skull and the shouting that was a ways off but staying on high alert the whole time. I finally saw our tent and broke into an even faster run. I stumbled into it and was surrounded by everyone minus Mr. Weasley, Harry, Hermione and Ron.

"Hannah! What happened?" Fred asked as I sat down on one of the beds.

"Are you okay?" Bill asked. I nodded trying not to freak out. I looked at everyone's scared faces and realized this was a bigger deal than I realized.

"Where's everyone else?" I asked.

"We don't know. Dad went to go help with something else but we don't know what's going on." Charlie explained.

"Well should we go look for them?" I asked.

"No. We need to stay here incase they come back." I nodded but stood up to go to the front of the tent anyway but my ankle finally gave out. I managed to make it back to the bed and I fell on my back.

"My ankle really hurts." I said simply. Bill took a look at it and decided to let Mr. Weasley deal with it seeing as none of them were good with mending bones. So we sat and waited for the others to return. When they did arrive it was like everyone realized they had been holding their breath and we all sighed. Mr. Weasley dropped down next to my ankle and fixed it before he said anything.

“Did you catch whoever it was who conjured the Mark dad?” Charlie asked.

“No.” Mr. Weasley said. “We found Mr. Crouch’s elf with Harry’s wand but we have no idea who actually conjured the Mark.”

“What?” Bill, Charlie, and Percy exclaimed at once.

“Harry’s wand?” Fred asked.

“Mr. Crouch’s elf?” Percy repeated looking thunder struck.

“We found her stunned a few yards away from the Mark.” Mr. Weasley explained. “She says she didn’t have anything to do with it and that she only ran away from the tent when the voices and commotion got louder and closer. But she did leave after she was told not to. And then these three say that the voice that conjured it was much deeper than Mr. Crouch’s elf. But we still didn’t know who did it. Mr. Crouch fired his elf and then we headed back here. But what we need to know is how did the elf get Harry’s wand and who stole it in the first place.”

“Well, Mr. Crouch was right to get rid of an elf like that!” Percy said pompously. “Running away when he told her not to, embarrassing him in front of a group of Ministry workers. How would that have looked, if she had been brought up in front of the Department for the Regulation and Control---“

“She didn’t do anything wrong! She was just in the wrong place at the wrong time!” Hermione snapped. She had always gotten on well with Percy.

“Hermione, a wizard in Mr. Crouch’s position can’t afford to have a servant like that. Who runs amok with a wand, it’s absurd.”

“Se didn’t run amok! She picked it off the ground!” Hermione shouted.

“Will someone please explain what that skull was?” Ron interrupted. “It wasn’t hurting anyone or anything so what was the big deal?”

"I told you Ron! It was You-Know-Who's symbol." Hermione said.

"And it hasn't been seen for thirteen years." Mr. Weasley explained.

"So it was as if Voldemort had returned right? Seeing that again?" I asked.

"Yes. It was as if someone was trying to show support of the Death Eaters, his followers." Bill said.

"Oh." I replied. Everyone nodded. I looked around and caught Harry's eye. I wondered if this had anything to do with his scar hurting earlier in the summer. He seemed to be more prone to the scar hurting. Sometimes mine just tingled but when it did his was full on pain. He saw me looking at him and he shrugged as if reading my mind. I stood up. "Well, I'm heading to bed. Night you guys." Hermione and Ginny stood up with me and we headed back to our tent. We crawled into our beds silently and were fast asleep in no time.

A/N: I'm going to be frank. I hate this book. Sorry. There are parts that I enjoy, like the Yule Ball, but otherwise I'm like 'Argh! Just get it over with!' So I'm trying to figure out how Hannah's gonna work in this one...Any suggestions or ideas would be awesome seeing as I am now at a road block. PM me if you have an idea. Thanks and please review! =)

Disclaimer: See chapter one please!

A/K: I'm skipping through quickly as you can tell. Most likely, if all goes well, I will only have like three or four chapters in this year. I detest it so. Okay, onto the chapter.

So far, Harry had been the only one to resist, or partially resist the Imperius Curse Moody had cast on each of us. He ended up colliding with the desk in an attempt to not jump on the desk.

"Potter. Get up here." Moody barked as the class gave around of applause for Harry. I walked up to the front of the room and braced myself to fight it. "Imperio!" He said with a flick of his wand. I had been prepared for the feeling of peace that Hermione had described but it didn't come. I stood watching our professor in confusion. Well that was exciting. "Jump onto the desk." A small voice in my head said.

"Well that would be dumb." I said.

"What did you say?" Moody asked. I didn't realize I had spoken out loud.

"I said jumping on the desk would be dumb." Moody looked at me like I had just said I was from Mars or something. He flicked his wand at me again and the voice said the same thing.

"No." I said calmly, losing my patience. Moody sighed and lifted the curse, not that it mattered.

"Well it seems as if Mr. Potter has been out done by his sister. Miss. Potter you are, as it would seem, immune to the Imperius Curse. I would like to see about the Curciatus Curse but we are out of time. Class dismissed." I stood rooted to the spot as the rest of class filed out talking.

"Come on Hannah." Hermione said. "We're gonna be late to our next class." I nodded and, grabbing my stuff, followed them out. I glanced over my shoulder to see Moody standing where he had been as I had been the next victim. He looked at me with that creepy blue eye and

seemed to glare at me. I turned back to my friends and hurried from the classroom.

“The champion from Drumstrang is...” Dumbledore said dramatically. “Viktor Krum!” There was an explosion of applause through the Great Hall.

“No surprise there!” Ron bellowed to us over the roar. Dumbledore held up his hand for silence as more flames erupted from the goblet.

“The Champion from Beauxbatons will be... Fleur Delacour!” Dumbledore announced. More cheers came from the hall but not as many as Krum had gotten. The third and final series of flames erupted and Dumbledore caught the paper. “The Hogwarts champion is...Cedric Diggory!” There was a huge outburst of applause from all of Hogwarts. So there we had it. In a way I was glad it wasn’t anyone I was too close too. I mean, people had died in this thing after all. No way would I ever be okay if someone I was friends with died in a tournament like this. Though it would have been nice if Angelina had gotten it, just for Gryffindors sake. AS the cheering died down Dumbledore spoke again. “And we have our three champions! I know I can count on all of you, including the remaining Beauxbatons and Drumstrang students to support your champion in everyway. By cheering them on you will...” But he stopped mid sentence as another flame erupted from the goblet. He reached out his hand to catch it and read it, and then seemed to re-read it. Finally he spoke. “Harry Potter.” Hermione, Ron and I turned to Harry with eyes wide.

“You know I didn’t put my name in.” He whispered though I’m not sure who he was trying to convince. Himself or us.

“Harry! Up here please!” Dumbledore said. I pushed him forwards and he walked to the front, always the front and into a room Dumbledore pointed to. We all watched as he diapered then a low buzz of talking built up. How was this even possible? We had all seen Fred and George attempt and fail to put their names in so how did a fourteen year old do it?

“Students! If you please return to your houses at this time.” Dumbledore said as he swept out of the room to where the four



champions had disappeared. I sat numbly for a second trying to process this. My brother was a champion. Front and center again. Was this never going to end? I walked in silence up to the common room with Ron and Hermione, Ron was fuming and Hermione seemed terrified.

"People have died." She kept repeating under her breath. We reached the common room and I went straight upstairs. I was not going to deal with this right now. Not in the slightest. How was it that I was always in the shadows? It didn't make any sense. Well it did but that didn't mean I had to like it. I sighed and sat down on my bed and stared out the window.

"You okay?" a voice asked behind me. I turned and saw Ginny standing in the doorway.

"Yeah. I'm fine. I guess." I said with another sigh.

"No you're not." She said sitting on my bed. "Otherwise you'd be downstairs with everyone else." I looked at her in amazement. "What?" Then she realized someone. "Oh. You're scared something bad is gonna happen to him aren't you?" I nodded. "Relax. He'll do fine. He's an amazing wizard."

"I know but...he's the only family I have left. I mean...if one of your brothers died then you'd still have six others. Like if Fred died you'd be devastated of course but, but he's not the only one you have! Harry's all I have." I said. Then I felt awful. "Oh Ginny, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound so mean."

"Hannah, I get it." She said. "I have six other brothers. You have no one. I get it." I sighed. "Get some sleep. You're gonna be a nervous wreck for a while." She said with a smile, standing up. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Okay. Night."

"Night." I flopped back onto my bed thinking she was right. I did need sleep. But as I lay in my bed a few minutes later I found myself getting more wound up about this instead of relaxing. And it was over the same thing. Harry was in the spotlight. I lay awake fuming. How

did this always happen to me? I tried to relax as I sat up staring out the window at the moon lit grounds. I had an idea. I dug under my bed and found what I wanted. My canvas and paints Hermione had gotten me for my last birthday. I set it against the window, opening my paints and locating my brushes. I sat painting for a long time. I'm not sure how long but by the time I took a small break, Hermione, Lavender and Pavarti had all come back upstairs and were all asleep. I continued to paint until the light got pinker and the birds began to sing. I smiled and washed my brushes out and put away my paints, leaving my painting out to dry. I crawled into my bed pulling the curtains tight around my bed to block out the rising sun. I fell asleep and didn't wake up until around noon the next afternoon loving that it was Saturday. I looked at my painting to see how it turned out and I noticed something that I hadn't last night as it often was in my art. At the edge of the forest, there was a white stag. Always down along the tree line you could see a wolf peeking out between the trees. And finally the large black dog that was laying in the shade of a tree by the lake side. I smiled knowing that they could never be far from Hogwarts in my heart.

"Did he get the summoning spell?" I asked Hermione as we waited for Harry to emerge from the tent. I was still a little frustrated about the whole thing but now that it was the actual day I was a nervous wreck. Ron however was still extremely miffed. The whistle was blown and Harry emerged from the tent. I glanced at the dragon on the other side of the arena and tried not to totally lose it.

"Hannah, he'll be fine." Hermione said as if she had read my thoughts. "He had the spell down pretty well." I nodded and watched as Harry raised his wand and shouted something I couldn't understand. Nothing seemed to happen then Harry's Firebolt sped towards him and he hopped on.

"And he's off! Merlin's beard that boy can fly! Mr. Krum are you watching this?" I couldn't help but let a small smile tug at my mouth. Then the dragon shot fire at Harry and I covered my eyes not wanting to see what happened. I peeked out between my fingers and saw Harry diving down to get the egg. I was on my feet now along with the rest of the crowd. Then Harry snagged the egg. I shouted along with Hermione as we jumped up and down.

"He did it!" She screamed.

"I KNOW!" I said laughing and hugged her. "I know!"

"Our youngest champion is the quickest to get his egg! Well done Mr. Potter!" Bagman was shouting now. Hermione, Ron and I took off trying to get as quickly as we could through the crowd to the tent where Harry had been taken. We finally got out of the stands and raced to the tent. I was the first one in running straight into Harry.

"Harry! You did it!" I said giving him a tight hug.

"I know I did Hannah!" HE said hugging me back.

"You did brilliantly Harry!" Hermione said as I let go of Harry. "You really did!" But Harry had now spotted Ron.

"Harry, I reckon whoever put your name in the goblet was trying to do you in mate." He said quietly.

"Caught on have you?" Harry snapped. "It's okay, forget it."

"No, I shouldn't have..."

"Forget it!" Harry said again. They stood there then grinned at each other. Hermione burst into tears.

"You two are so stupid!" She said as she ran from the tent. I shook my head but followed the guys to the scoring area as Ron told Harry what everyone else had done. Then his scores were up. Madam Maxine gave him an eight, Mr. Crouch a nine, Dumbledore a nine, then Mr. Bagman a ten.

"He should have given me a nine." Harry said. "I got hurt." Then Karkaroff put up a four. The crowd exploded into shouts of rage.

"You biased piece of scum!" Ron shouted. "You gave Krum a ten!"

"Harry you're tied for first with Cedric!" I told him. He smiled.

“One down. Two to go.”

Later that day I watched Harry, Ron and Hermione leave for the Owlery and I whirled on Fred and George.

“Food.” I said simply and they were off. I turned to Lee and grinned. “Decorating is up to you my friend. WE don’t have too much time. They should be back in about fifteen minutes. But knowing Ron he’ll spill the beans on us. SO let’s get going!”

“You should go help Fred and George.” Lee said. I nodded and turned to the portrait hole. “Umm, where is the kitchen?”

“The picture of fruit in a bowl, first floor.” He replied and I was gone. Five minutes I was standing in front of it wondering how the hell I was supposed to get it to open when the twins came out.

“Can I help?” I asked.

“I think we’re good.” George replied. “You think she can do anything Fred?” He asked his brother.

“Nope.” I nodded but felt slightly disappointed. Lee didn’t need me to help and neither did Fred and George. I walked up with them but in silence. They seemed to be thinking which was weird but hey, there’s a first for everything right? We reached the common room and five minutes later Harry walked in. We cheered for him and he grinned a little later he opened his egg that emitted a loud high pitched wailing sound. I cringed and covered my ears as Fred yelled to close it. After that the party went on as normal. Neville actually turned into a canary thanks to Fred and Georges Canary Creams. The night dwindled away and I went upstairs thinking what on earth Harry was going to have to do next.

“The Yule Ball is a traditional part of the Triwizard Tournament. Held on Christmas Day it is a chance to...err...let your hair down.” McGonagall explained. I didn’t like the sound of it already. “It is open to fourth years and above but you may ask a younger student to go with you. But it is a formal event. I would be horrified if Gryffindor let

Hogwarts look a mess by your behavior. That is all. Class dismissed.”  
The bell rang and we left, gathering out stuff.

“Who do you want to go with?” Hermione asked.

“I don’t know. I don’t really care either.” I replied.

“Oh come on. You know you’d love to go with Fred.” She said.

“Hermione! Not so loud!” I hissed. But she just laughed. “And I suppose you’d like to go with Ron wouldn’t you.” I snapped back. She glanced at me.

“No. Of course not.”

“Don’t deny it.”

“I’m not.”

“Denial is not just a river in Egypt my dear.” I said.

“You’re a jerk.”

“I was taught to state the truth as I see it.” I said. She just glared and we kept walking. We sat in the common room that night as Harry complained about having to open the ball.

“It’ll be just awful.” He moaned.

“Oh come on. You can’t be that bad a dancer.” I said. He just glared at me. Lots of people seemed to be doing that lately. I rolled my eyes and returned to my Transfiguration essay.

“Hey Hannah?” a voice said. I looked up and saw Fred.

“Hey yeah?”

“Would you mind talking to me for a second?” he asked. I glanced at Hermione who was trying not to laugh.

“Sure.” I stood up and followed him to where he had been sitting.

“Okay. I need to ask you something.”

“Obviously. Shoot.”

“Well, how do you think the best way for a guy to ask a girl to a dance is?” I blinked in surprise. He was asking me this why? A small flame of hope leapt in my chest and I scolded myself. He’ll never like you, I reminded myself. But my heart didn’t care.

“Umm, well I guess just asking her would be fine. I know I wouldn’t want an over the top thing. But it really depends on the girl. But that’s the best way to go I think.”

“Thanks Hannah. I owe you one.” He said returning to his paper. So that was it. Okay. I stood up and walked back to my seat.

“What did he want?” Ron asked.

“Nothing.” I said. And that was the truth. He wanted nothing and that was all he would ever want.

something.

A/K: Okay. The last chapter sucked, I know. And I hope this one will be better. A little Fred action will be going on so that should make it better. But warning: This chapter and the next one might be pretty short. As I've said, I hate this year so...yeah. Hope you like this chapter!

The last day of term and Snape is giving us a quiz! So instead of just relaxing tonight, I'm studying for our test. Damn Snape.

"A beazor is the stone you get from the goat right?" I asked Hermione as I reviewed the list of antidotes.

"Yeah." She said. "Ron, can you at least pretend to study?"

"Why? It's not like it matters. I won't remember anything even if I do study so why pretend?" She sighed then turned to Harry.

"Shouldn't you at least be trying to figure out the egg?"

"I've got two months Hermione!" Harry exclaimed. "Give it a rest."

"Yeah well, what if it takes more than a week to figure it out?" She snapped. But before Harry could respond, Ron's Exploding Snap card castle, well exploded in his face singeing his eyebrows. I burst out laughing as he scowled.

"Nice look Ron, it'll go well with your robes." Fred said from behind me. He and George sat down on the couch with Harry, Ron and Hermione as Ron felt his forehead for the missing eyebrows.

"Ron. Can we borrow your owl?" George asked.

"He's off delivering a letter. Why?"

"Because George wants to ask him to the dance." Fred said, his voice dripping in sarcasm.

"We wanted to send a letter you stupid prat." George snapped.

“Who do you keep writing?”

“Nose out or I’ll burn that too.” Fred said waving his wand. “SO you lot got dates yet?” He asked. The small flame of hope that had been lit a few weeks ago flared.

“Nope.” I said the same time that Ron said no.

“Well you’d better hurry up mate, or all the good ones will be gone.” Fred said.

“Well who are you going with?” Ron asked. The flame flared again.

“Angelina.” Fred replied promptly. The flame died.

“You’ve asked her then?” I asked. He looked at me and grinned not yet. “Oi! Angelina!” He called over to her. She turned and looked at him.

“What?”

“Want to come to the ball with me?”

“All right then.” She said and turned back to her conversation with Alicia.

“Easy as pie gents.” Fred said ginning. He caught my eye and I quickly looked away. I was so stupid! I let my hopes get up. Damn emotions.

“Who you going with George?” I asked.

“Katie.” He replied with a small smile.

“Good for you!” I said. I knew he had had a crush on her for the longest time.

“Well we better go get a school owl then George. See you later.” The stood and left.



"Their right Harry. We should get a move on. We don't want to get stuck with a pair of trolls." Hermione turned scarlet.

"A pair of what?" She asked stonily.

"You know. Like Eloise Midgen." He explained.

"Her acnes loads better now and she's really nice Ron!"

"Her nose is off center."

"Oh I see. You'll only go with a perfect girl no matter how awful she might be!" Hermione bristled.

"Yeah."

"I'm going to bed!" She snapped and ran upstairs.

"She's got a point." I said finishing my last antidote and following her.

The following Friday, and last day of term, I was sitting at dinner with Hermione, who was still miffed at Ron for the whole date thing. I sat talking to her about her plans for the ball.

"And I'm not sure what to wear. I want to look really nice for Viktor you know and..."

"Whoa! Wait! You're going with Krum?"

"Yeah. Didn't I tell you?"

"No. I thought you were going with Ron." She turned red and shook her head.

"I don't qualify for what he's looking for." She said.

"Hermione you're gorgeous. He's just too thick to see it." That cheered her up a bit.

“Well I’m glad Ginny’s going.” She said as if it ended that part of the conversation. I nodded. I still didn’t have a date and it was less than a week away. I was at freak out point now. Just then three figures came and sat across from us. It was Fred, George and Lee. I sighed and took a sip of my pumpkin juice.

“Hey Hannah. Hey Hermione.” Fred said.

“Hey.” Hermione replied.

“Hi.” I responded.

“Have dates yet you two?” George asked. “I would think it shouldn’t be too hard for two such pretty girls as you to get dates.” Hermione grinned.

“I have a date.” She said grinning.

“Who?”

“It’s a surprise.” She said with a sly grin.

“Oh! Little Miss. Perfect is being mischievous.” Fred said with a grin that sent the flame roaring. “How about you Hannah? Have a date yet?”

“No.” I said briskly.

“What?”

“You heard me. I don’t have a date.” I repeated frustrated.

“Wow.” He said simply.

“How about you Lee?” Hermione asked trying to get the conversation away from my helpless love life.

“Well, I...I was about to ask...umm I was gonna ask you Hannah.” He said. I froze. I lifted my head and met his eyes. But not Lee’s. I met Fred’s eyes.

"I'd love to." I said still looking at Fred. He blinked and I looked towards Lee. "I'd love to Lee." I said with a smile. He smiled back.

"Good." He said.

"We better get going Hermione." I said standing up. "I'll see you guys later." I waved and walked out, Hermione following me.

"Hannah! You have a date!" She said grinning. I plastered a smile to my face and nodded. I loved Lee, I really did but, I just would have so much rather gone with Fred. We walked in silence all the way back to the common room. As we entered we saw Harry and Ron.

"Hey. Why weren't you at dinner?" I asked.

"Because----oh shut up you two---because they've just been turned down by girls!" Ginny snapped. Harry and Ron stopped laughing.

"Oh really?" Hermione said. "I bet Eloise Midgen is starting to look really pretty now huh Ron. I'll bet you can find someone who will have you."

"Hermione, you're a girl." Ron said.

"Well spotted." She replied icily.

"Well, you could go with one of us!"

"No, I can't."

"Oh come on."

"I'm already going with someone else Ron."

"No you're not! You just said that to get Neville away."

"Oh did I?" She snapped. "Well, just because it's taken you three years to realize I'm a girl doesn't mean no one else has noticed Ron!"

“Okay okay. We know you’re a girl. That do? Will you come now?”

“I already said I’m going with someone else!” She said storming up the stairs to the girls dorms.

“She’s lying.” Ron said quickly.

“No, she’s not.” I said.

“Then who’s she going with?”

“I’m not gonna tell you. That’s her business.”

“Ginny! You could go with Harry and Hannah you could go with me!”

“No, I’ve already got a date.” Ginny said.

“Who?”

“Well, I...Neville asked me after Hermione said no and I...I wouldn’t be able to go otherwise so I said yes. I’m sorry.” She said. “I’m going to go get some dinner.” And she left.

“Well Hannah, do you want to go to the ball with me.” Ron asked.

“I can’t. I already have a date.” I replied.

“You too?”

“Yes Ron. I have a date. Is it that hard to believe?” I snapped.

“Well no I just didn’t know.” HE said covering up his mistake.

“Who is it?” Harry asked.

“Lee.” I said simply then headed upstairs.

“Lee? Is she insane?” I heard Ron ask.

"No I'm not. He's a nice guy and he asked okay!" I spun a round and went upstairs, falling into bed with silent tears streaming down my face. Was it so hard to get a guy to notice you? To get the guy? I sighed and tried to cover up my shaking shoulders that were outlined by moonlight. I closed my eyes and fell asleep. A sleep full of dreams of Christmas, a large black dog, and Fred.

The season of joy. Isn't that what the Christmas season is supposed to be? Well this Christmas was far from it. The days leading up to Christmas consisted of Hermione trying to figure out what she was going to wear and Ginny asking us about dating tips.

"Ginny, we are the worst people to ask." I snapped, finally reaching my breaking point on Christmas Eve. "Have you not noticed that neither one of us has had a boyfriend before?" She looked at me like I had just slapped her. "Ginny, I'm sorry. I'm just really worn out right now."

"No I'm sorry. I shouldn't be pestering you two so much. You have boy troubles too. I get it." She said standing up from the common room chair. "I'm gonna try to find Luna. I'll see you guys later." She climbed out of the portrait hole and I set down my colored pencils.

"Good lord I'm tired." I said rubbing my eyes. "I might get to bed early tonight."

"Too late for early Hannah. It's already like ten." Hermione said from behind her copy of Peter Pan. I sighed.

"Well I'll see you in the morning." I said collecting my supplies and standing up.

"I really like your portrait of Fred." She said. I stopped and turned to look at her.

"What portrait?"

"The one in your folder you have under your bed." She replied simply.

"And you know it's under my bed how?"

"You pulled some stuff out the other day and left it out so I looked through it. You're really talented." She said setting her book down. "I especially like the painting with Padfoot, Moony and Prongs." I smiled. I liked it too,

"I was thinking I could give it Sirius next time I see him. He might like it don't you think?"

"He'd love it."

"Well I'll see you in the morning. Night."

"Night." I walked upstairs and crawled into bed. I lie awake for a while thinking about when the next time I saw Sirius would be. Harry had talked to him before the first task but I hadn't gotten the chance. But I hoped I would be able to soon. I rolled over and soon fell fast a sleep. I woke the next morning to squealing and thank you's. I sat up and saw Lavender and Pavarti sitting on the formers bed opening their presents. I saw the small pile of presents at the end of my bed and smiled. It was Christmas! I grabbed the first one and tore into it. It was a copy of Peter Pan from Hermione. Just then Hermione herself came and bounced down on my bed grinning, and holding a bunch of unopened presents.

"Thanks Hermione!" I said leaning across the bed giving her a hug.

"You're welcome! Thanks for Peter and the Starchatcers! I can't wait to read it!" She said hugging me back. After that we finished opening all of our presents. I got a sketch pad from Ron, a couple canvases from Harry, oil pastels from the twins and Mrs. Weasley's traditional sweater. This year it was black with a silver star on it. I held it close to my face inhaling its sweet, familiar smell. I loved the smell of the Burrow and Mrs. Weasley that didn't fade for at least three weeks. I folded it back up and grabbed my last present. I opened it and saw a small, old fashioned silver key and a note. I picked up the note and read it silently.

Dear Hannah,

Happy Christmas! I know I didn't get to talk to you when I talked to Harry last but I will make it up to you. I'm afraid you've been a bit neglected in all of this and I am truly sorry. One of these days when people aren't out to kill Harry we'll all be a family. I promise. I'll talk to you soon.

Much love,

Sirius

P.S.: The key is charmed to unlock any door.

I smiled and held the small key in my hand. This could definatley come in handy, I thought as I slipped it on to the chain of my necklace. It fell cold and smooth against my chest. The proof I had grown since first year was the fact that the necklace had fallen to my stomach then. Now it only fell around the middle of my ribs. With gifts done, Hermione and I took showers and headed down to the common room. We saw Harry and Ron already sitting on our normal couch and they joined us as we went to breakfast. The day went by in a blur. Before we knew it, it was five o'clock and Hermione and I were leaving a wonderfully fun snowball fight to get ready. Joy.

"What, you need three hours?" Ron called to us.

"Apparently." I called back.

"Who are you going with?!?!" He tried again but Hermione just waved and smiled. I glanced back one more time and saw Fred, George, Ron and Harry looking as if someone had told them that Quidditch had been made illegal. I grinned and Hermione and I headed back to get ready.

"Okay." Hermione said as we reached our dorm. "Showers first?"

"Yeah. You go ahead; I'll lay out our robes and stuff." She nodded and set for the shower. I opened her trunk and found the periwinkle robes and laid them flat across her bed, the small matching heels at the foot of it. I then pulled out my red and white robes. I smiled and held them up to me and faced the mirror. The red some how

accented the green in my naturally hazel eyes. I did the same with them as I had with Hermione's. About half an hour later Hermione emerged in sweats and a t-shirt, hair wrapped in a towel.

"Okay, your turn. I'll wait to get dressed after we do all the make-up. Then I'll do my hair after I get dressed." She said matter of factly.

"Okay Hermione." I said with a grin. I then hopped in the shower, letting the warm water flow over my cold muscles relaxing my shoulders especially. Half an hour later I emerged looking just like Hermione had. She was now sitting on her bed staring at her robes absentmindedly.

"Come on Hermione. Time to get made-up." I said. And that's what we did. For the next hour we did make up, getting every little piece just right. This was the part that made me want to scream. Then finally we were done, well with that part. Hermione went to get changed as I put all the make-up stuff away and when she came back she looked stunning. Her light periwinkle blue robes fit her perfectly and made her look like a whole different person.

"Hermione! You look amazing!" I gasped as I saw her. The size difference in her teeth was more noticeable than normal and it made me smile. "You look....wow Hermione!" I said.

"You think so?" She asked looking in the mirror. Then a small smile lit her face. "I guess I do look...different at least." Then she turned to me. "Okay, go get dressed missy!" I grinned and obeyed. I reentered the bathroom and Hermione squealed.

"Hannah! You....Hannah!" I smiled and turned to the mirror. I was taken aback by the girl staring back at me. She didn't seem at all like who I thought I was. She seemed older, more mature than I was. Her eyes were full of fire and mystery, like she knew something you didn't. Was this what everyone else saw when they looked at me?

"Yeah, it is." Hermione said. I hadn't realized I had voiced my thoughts. "Come on, now's the hard part." She said with a smile.



“Okay. You first.” She sat down and I worked her hair into a sleek knot at the back of her head. It took me forever to get her hair to stay back and not frizz up. I used a lot of Sleekeazy’s Hair Potion on that hair style let me tell you. Then it was done.

“How does it look?” I asked as she examined it in the mirror.

“I love it Hannah!” Then we switched spots. Twenty minutes later my long, dark hair was wavy, that was my doing not Hermione’s, and there was a small rose clip holding some of the waves back, the other falling elegantly around my shoulders. I met Hermione’s eye in the mirror and we smiled. That look was all that was needed to tell each other that it was done. Three hours of preparation and it was time. Hermione slipped her shoes on and left with a promise she’d find me at the all. She had to meet Krum in the Great Hall and that was why she was going down early. I sat on my bed staring at my hands, my stomach churning. I had about ten minutes until Lee was going to meet me in the common room and I didn’t know what to do. SO I decided to write a letter to Sirius. I sat at my desk and began to write.

Dear Sirius,

Happy Christmas yourself! Thank you for the key! I’m sure it’ll come in handy. I promise your present is coming. It’s just a little fragile and I don’t want it to die so I’ll give it to you when I see you and you can take it. I hope that the time to talk will come soon. I’ll keep you updated on all the things Harry misses.

Lots of love,

Hannah

I had just sealed the envelope as Talia swooped into my window. I grinned at her timing and sent her off quickly. I sighed and did a quick double check on my outfit before slipping on my shoes and heading down stairs. As I reached the common room I saw that most everyone was already there with their partners. I didn’t see Harry but Ron was standing with Lee, Fred and George so I thought maybe that Harry had already gone down. I walked up to the small group and smiled.

“Hey guys.” I said. Angelina and Katie turned to me, both beaming.

“Hi Hannah.” Katie said. “You look great.”

“Yeah you look gorgeous!” Angelina agreed.

“Thanks.” I said with a small smile. I looked at the four boys and grinned. Lee looked really good actually. Fred and George did too. I had never really pictured them as people who would clean up well but they did. And Ron, well Ron’s dress robes just made everything awful.

“You ready to go down?” Lee asked.

“Yeah. Did Harry already go down?” I asked.

“He headed down about five minutes before you got down.” George said. I nodded and then Lee and I left. I looked back at the rest of the group and saw George and Katie and Fred and Angelina following us. George gave me a quick wink and Fred just looked at me. I smiled and turned back forward trying not to trip going down the stairs. As we got to the Great Hall I saw the champions and their partners lined up waiting to go in. Harry gave me a small thumbs up and Hermione just beamed. I smiled at both of them and continued walking into the Hall, sitting at a table with Lee, Fred and George joined us with Katie and Angelina behind. About twenty minutes later, Dumbledore looked down at his plates and said ‘Pork chops’ and they appeared. I got the idea and looked down at my own plate.

“Steak, medium rare.” I said distinctly and a juicy looking steak appeared with a small salad on the side. I grinned and began eating. We all talked about the upcoming task and Quidditch for the majority of the meal. After everyone was done Dumbledore stood up and everyone followed suit. The tables flew back against the walls and a small stage appeared with a cello, drums, several guitars, a lute and bagpipes. The Weird Sisters walked onto it followed by a round of applause. They started playing a slow, almost mournful tune and the champions went to dance. Harry was awful. I’ll just leave it at that. But the other three seemed to be doing fine. After a bit, other couples

began to make their way to the floor. Lee turned to me with a grin and offered his hand. I took it and we joined the others.

“Just a warning, I’m not the best dancer.” I said as we began.

“That’s alright. I’m sure I can make up for that.” Lee replied with a smirk.

“Have you always been this hot headed?”

“Yes. You just haven’t spent enough time with me.” I tilted my head back and laughed gently. We danced for two songs then I begged to stop because my feet were going to die. Lee agreed and we maneuvered off the dance floor. He went to get punch and I saw Harry and Ron. I went over to them and smiled. They, and their dates, however did not smile back. I was about to ask why when suddenly two boys came up and asked the Patil twins to dance. They got up and left without a word.

“Bad night?” I asked. The two boys simply nodded. “Oh. Well that sucks.”

“Yeah.” Ron said simply. Then his eyes narrowed and I turned and saw why. Hermione was coming up, arm in arm with Krum. Krum broke off to get punch and Hermione came over. I saw Lee pass Krum and say hello.

“Isn’t this amazing?” Hermione asked.

“It is!” I agreed. “I’m loving it! I mean, my feet are killing me but otherwise it’s great!” Harry and Ron just shrugged.

“You look lovely Hermione.” Lee said as he joined us. She beamed and said a quick thank you. Then he turned to me. “I’m going to go over and talk to Fred and George, is that okay?”

“Yeah, that’s fine. I’ll see you in a bit then.” He smiled and walked off. I turned back to the conversation that had begun between my friends.

"He's from Drumstrang!" Ron spat. "He's competing against Harry! Against Hogwarts!" He glared at Hermione with a venom. "You're fraternizing with the enemy!"

"The enemy? Are you serious?" Hermione said appalled. "As if I would want anyone but Harry to win!"

"You've got a funny way of showing it then!"

"Ron. I don't have a problem with Hermione coming with Krum if that's what you're worrying about." Harry said. But Ron ignored him.

"Why don't you go find Vicky, he'll be wondering where you are." Ron hissed.

"Don't call him Vicky!" Hermione snarled. And with that she stood up and walked away.

"Well handled Ron." I snapped. Padama sighed and turned to Ron.

"Are you going to ask me to dance at all?" She asked him

"No." She sighed again and stood up, joining her sister.

"You are such a baby Ron." I said. "Can't you just let Hermione have a good time? Or are you really that selfish to not let her have fun if she's not here with you?" I asked. He just scowled. "Fine. Whatever." I turned and walked to the edge of the dance floor simmering. Boys were such idiots. I stood there watching the crowd and I saw Lee dancing with Katie. I then looked for George wondering who he was with and saw him with Angelina. I couldn't find Fred which I found very strange.

"Where's Lee?" A voice from behind me asked. "Ditch you after two songs? Well, I suppose he did wait for about four more while you talked to your won friends." I turned and saw Fred grinning at me.

"Apparently I'm not the only one getting ditched." I said nodding towards George and Angelina who were a centimeter away from each other.

“Not the point.” Fred said quickly.

“I guess Lee thought Katie was better looking and since George stole Angelina he took his chance.” Fred grinned.

“I suppose.” We stood watching everyone dance for almost three songs in total silence. I watched Hermione and Krum dance and was amazed at how graceful Hermione was. I was wondering if she was always this graceful and the twenty pounds of books just made her look awkward or if this was a new found thing when Fred turned to me again.

“Would you like to dance?” He asked. I looked at him in surprise.

“What?”

“Would you like to dance? It seems as if we both have been ditched so do you want to dance?” I stood there for a minute before my brain started working.

“Sure.” I said taking his extended hand and we moved to the center of the floor. As he pulled me closer a new song started to play. It was slower than the last one but it was beautiful none the less.

Through the darkness,

I can see your light...

And you will always shine and I can feel your heart in mine

“This is a muggle song isn’t it?” Fred asked.

“Yeah. It is.” I replied trying to focus on breathing with only a few inches between us.

Your face I’ve memorized...

I idolize just you...

I look up to...everything you are

In my eyes you do no wrong

I've loved you for so long and after all is said and done....

You're still you...

After all, you're still you...

I looked up into Fred's eyes and smiled just a bit. HE smiled back but there was something in his eyes that made me think that there was more behind his smile.

You walk past me...I can feel your pain

Time changes everything; one truth always stays the same....

You're still you

After all...You're still you

Fred pulled me just a little closer and looked down at me with the same smile I'd seen for the past four years. But tonight something felt different.

I look up to....everything you are

In my eyes you do no wrong

And I believe in you although you never asked me too

I tightened my grip on Fred's hand by a fraction of a squeeze and felt my heart twist at the words in this song. How true were they to my situation with him? They were dead on! His hand slid from my shoulder blade to my lower back, pressing gently on it, making my step closer to him. I could practically feel the energy in the air around us.

I will remember you and what I've put you through

And in this cruel and lonely world I have found one love....

You're still you...

I looked again into his eyes as the music faded and the next slow song began to play. I was vaguely aware that we had stopped moving but the movement around us hadn't we were closer than ever now and I could hardly breathe. He smiled just a bit as his hand holding mine slid to my wrist then my shoulder. He began to pull me closer then stopped. He let go of my shoulder and I wanted to stop him. I didn't want him to leave. But he was. He took my hand again and kissed it. In an instant I was back at the Burrow the day I had broken my ankle in front of Ginny's room. The clock chimed five to twelve and the moment was gone. He straightened up and with a smile walked away. I stood rooted to the spot and watched him. Something had just changed between us. I could feel it. I slowly made my way off the dance floor and out of the hall. I walked out the front doors and looked up at the stars in the sky, the song still playing in my head. One phrase stood out stronger than the rest.

And I believe in you although you never asked me too

And he did believe in me. He was the one who tried to make me feel included when Harry was getting all the attention. I hadn't asked him too yet he still did. He took the time and energy to. I smiled and let the cold air washing over me. The past four years had been difficult but after all that time he was still him. Fred was still Fred.

A/N: Do you like it? I'm so happy now! It's started! AHHH! How exciting!

Disclaimer: I'm not smart enough to think of amazing plots like this. But I am however smart enough to create Hannah's perspective.

A/N: Okay, I wondered about this part since I started this story. And I'm still not sure I did it right but I'm gonna try. Oh and just something I forgot to say in the last chapter, music will be coming in a lot more from here on out. That's all. Hope you like!

"Too late it's gone it won't come back." I quoted from the clue that the egg had given Harry. "Kinda morbid isn't it?" We were flipping through books to try to find some way Harry could breathe underwater for an hour. So far we hadn't found anything helpful.

"There has to be some way to do it!" Hermione said aggravated. "They wouldn't set an undoable task!"

"Yeah they would." Ron said. "Just go down to the lake, stick your head in and ask the merepeople to give back whatever they took, see if they chuck it out. Best you can do mate."

"Real helpful Ron." I said with a sigh. I slammed my book and leaned back in my chair, forgetting I was sitting sideways and fell off. I laid halfway on the floor, half on the chair giving up.

"I should have learned to be an Animagus like Sirius." Harry said putting his head down on whatever book he was looking through now.

"It takes years to become an Animagus Harry. Then you have to go register and..." Hermione started.

"I was joking Hermione." Harry said with a yawn.

"This is no use!" Hermione snapped, slamming her own book shut. "Who on Earth wants to make their nose hair grow into ringlets?"

"I wouldn't mind." Said a voice. "It'd be a talking point wouldn't it." I sorta sat up to see who it was and saw the twins. I flopped back into my position that was actually really comfortable and sighed.

"What do you want?" I asked.



"We were looking for you four." George said. "McGonagall wants to see Hermione and Hannah."

"Why?" Hermione asked.

"I dunno. She was looking a bit grim though." Fred replied.

"Oh, that's definatley something you tell someone right before they have to go talk to someone." I snapped sitting up in normal position.

"Well regardless, we're supposed to take you to her office." George said.

"Okay." Hermione said sounding a little nervous. "We'll meet you in the common room alright? Try to bring as many books as you can back." Harry and Ron nodded and Hermione, Fred, George and I left.

"What do you reckon she wants?" Fred asked.

"You two didn't get into trouble did you?" George teased.

"No. Well...maybe." I said with a grin. Hermione laughed a little.

"Typical you two. You really ought to follow our example." George said with a very Percy-esc manner.

"Oh because you two are such angel children right?" I replied.

"You would be surprised." Fred said.

"Oh I'm so sure." I laughed and saw him smile. I realized this was the first time that we had talked since the Yule Ball. That memory came back and I stopped smiling and kept walking. He must have remembered too because he didn't say anything for the rest of the time either. We reached McGonagall's office and knocked.

"Come in." Was the curt reply. We opened the door and walked in. "Ah, Miss. Granger, Miss. Potter. Please sit down. Thank you Mr. Weasley, Mr. Weasley." She said with a nod towards the door. Fred

and George turned and left. The door shut with a small snap and Hermione and I faced McGonagall. I then noticed Dumbledore standing behind her and two other people in two of the four chairs provided. "Sit down, sit down." She urged again and we obeyed. She removed her spectacles and looked down at us, sending a small shiver down my spine. "I'm afraid I have some...well news." She said. I glanced around the room and saw Cho-Chang and a small very nervous looking girl.

"What? What happened?" Hermione asked nervously.

"As you know, the second task is tomorrow morning." We all nodded and she continued. "I'm sure you know from Harry, Miss. Granger and Miss. Potter, but for those of you who don't, the champions have to retrieve that which is most important to them." She paused again and we nodded once more. "You have been...identified as the champions most important...most valuable things...I suppose."

"What? What do you mean?" Cho asked.

"You will be held under the lake as the champions try to retrieve you. Miss. Granger, Mr. Krum will try to rescue you, Miss. Chang, Mr. Diggory, Miss. Delacour your sister and Miss. Potter I'm sure you can guess who your champion is." She said with a small smile.

"How are we supposed to, like stay alive for an hour underwater?" I asked.

"You will be put in a deep sleep that will numb you for an hour. You won't know that anything is going on around you."

"But what happens when the hour is up, if our champion doesn't get us?" Hermione asked.

"Nothing. You will be perfectly fine." She said. I glanced at Hermione and knew we were both thinking the same thing.

"Well Harry won't get that memo." I muttered and Hermione nodded.

"Alright." Dumbledore said clapping his hands. "I'm going to put you four in a sleep now. You will be, perfectly safe I promise." We all nodded and he turned to Fleur's sister, waving his wand over her head. She slumped down in her chair and he turned to Cho, then Hermione then me. "See you on the other side." He whispered with a sparkle in his eye. He waved his wand again and I was filled with an immense relaxation, and I was asleep.

My head emerged from the lake and I coughed up a mouthful of water. I turned to Harry, treading water and grinned. Then I saw Fleur's sister.

"Why'd you bring her?" I asked.

"Fleur never showed up and I couldn't just leave her." He said trying to stay afloat." I threw my arms around him best as I could and laughed.

"Harry you nimrod!" I laughed.

"What?" He asked alarmed untangling himself from me.

"She would have been fine!"

"But the clue..."

"Do you think Dumbledore would actually let us drown?" He shook his head sheepishly and I laughed again. "Come on." I took hold of the girls arm and we swam to shore. I saw Madam Maxine trying to restrain Fleur who was looking hysterical. Hermione, Cho and all the other champions and hostages were standing watching us. I saw Ron, Ginny, Fred and George standing not far behind all looking rather pale.

"Gabrielle! Gabrielle! Is she alive? Is she hurt?" Fleur was demanding as she broke free from Madam Maxine's hold. I pushed Gabrielle up onto the shore and Fleur dragged her the rest of the way and brought her into a firm hug. I then pulled myself out of the lake and was immediately wrapped in a warm blanket by Madam Pomfrey.

"You alright?" She asked, looking me over.

"I'm fine." I said coughing. "Wet and cold but otherwise I'm fine." She gave me a thermos and I drank it. It was some sort of potion but it warmed me up instantly. I turned and saw Hermione rushing towards Harry and me.

"Harry! You did it!" Harry nodded proudly and she hugged him tightly. I glanced over to the waters edge and saw Dumbledore obviously conversing with a merperson. He apparently spoke mermish. He stood up and turned back to the rest of us.

"Judges conference if you please." He said and everyone flocked to him.

"You saved 'er," Fleur said to Harry breathlessly. "Even though she was not your 'ostage."

"Yeah." Harry said gruffly. Then Fleur swooped down and kissed him twice on each cheek. Then she turned to me.

"And you...you 'elped." She said. I nodded and she hugged me tightly. "Thank you." Then Ludo Bagman's voice echoed around us.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have reached our decision. Merchieftainess Murcus has informed us of exactly what happened at the bottom of the lake. And so we have decided to award these out of fifty points to each of the champions." HE took a break and checked the sheet of parchment in his hand. "To Fleur Delacour, though she demonstrated a excellent use of the Bubble-Head Charm, was attacked by grindylows and failed to retrieve her hostage. We award twenty-five points."

"I deserved zero." She said shaking her head.

"Cedric Diggory also used the Bubble-Head Charm, was the first to retrieve his hostage, though he returned one minute out of the time limit. We award him forty-seven points." There was a great cheer from the Hufflepuffs. "Viktor Krum used an incomplete form of Transfiguration, but it was effective and was second to return. We

thus award him forty points.” There was more applause from the stands and Karkaroff clapped the hardest.

“Finally Mr. Potter. Mr. Potter used gillyweed to great effect to save his sister. Though he was the last to return the Merchieftainess has informed us that he was the first to arrive to the hostages but because of his sheer determination to get everyone out safely he stayed behind.” Hermione and I looked at Harry in exasperation.

“Most of the judges think this showed moral fiber and have decided to award him...forty five points.” The stands erupted in cheers again and Hermione, Ron and I joined in.

“There you go Harry!” Ron said clapping him on the back. “You weren’t being thick at all.”

“You were showing moral fiber!” I said over the roar. Fleur was clapping hard too but Krum seemed annoyed and tried to get Hermione to talk to him.

“The third and final task will take place at dusk on the twenty-fourth of June.” Bagman continued. “The champions will be notified one month before hand of what will be coming. Thank you all for your support of the champions.” Madam Pomfrey ushered us all back to the castle for a change into warm clothes. I glanced back at the thinning crowd and saw three heads of red hair watching. Two turned away but one kept watching. I saw that it was Fred and sort of waved but Madam Pomfrey ushered me on. I reached the main doors and took one look back. He was gone.

Be at stile at end of road out of Hogsmeade (past Dervish and Banges) at two o’clock on Saturday afternoon. Bring as much food as you can.

“Are you kidding me?” I asked after reading the letter from Sirius. “He’s back? Is he mental?”

“Well he’s something.” Ron said as we made our way down to the dungeons.

"I can't believe him. If he gets caught..." Harry said then just trailed off.

"Well he's made it this far right? And at least the place isn't swarming with dementors anymore." Hermione offered. We walked into the dungeons and I was torn. I wanted to see Sirius again but there was no way in hell that I wanted to see him if it risked him being thrown back in Azkaban. We passed a group of giggling Slytherins.

"You might find something to interest you in there Granger." Pansy said as she threw a copy of Witch Weekly at Hermione. She caught it in surprise just as Snape opened the classroom door and ushered us in. We sat in the back and waited for a moment to read whatever it was. Once Snape turned his back Hermione rifled through the pages and found what we wanted. There was a head shot of Harry in color and we read.

### Harry Potter's Secret Heartache

A boy like no other perhaps---yet a boy suffering all the usual pangs of adolescence, write Rita Skeeter. Deprived of love since the tragic demise of his parents, fourteen-year old Harry Potter thought he had found solace in his steady girlfriend at Hogwarts, Muggle-born Hermione Granger. Little did he know that he would shortly be suffering yet another emotional blow in a life already littered with personal loss. Miss Granger, a plain but ambitious girl, seems to have a taste for famous wizards that Harry alone cannot satisfy. Since the arrival at Hogwarts of Viktor Krum, Bulgarian Seeker and hero of last Quidditch

World Cup, Miss. Granger has been toying with both boys' affections.

Krum, who is openly smitten with the devious Miss. Granger, has already

invited her to visit him in Bulgaria over the summer holidays, and

insists that he has "never felt this way about any other girl."

How ever, it might not be Miss. Granger's doubtful natural

charms that have captured these unfortunate boys' interest.

"She's really, ugly" says Pansy Parkinson, a pretty

and vivacious fourth-year student, "but she'd be well making up

a Love Potion, she's quite brainy. I think that's how she's doing it."

Love Potions are, of course banned at Hogwarts

and no doubt Albus Dumbledore will want to investigate these claims.

In the meantime, Harry Potter's well-wishers must hope that,

next time, he will bestow his heart on a worthier candidate.

Hermione threw the magazine on the table, fuming. As the magazine fluttered to the table, a glance of a picture caught my eye. It was of a girl who looked just like me. But I only saw it for a second so I couldn't be absolutely positive. As we unpacked the ingredients for our potion Ron turned on Hermione.

"I told you!" He hissed. "I told you not to annoy Rita Skeeter! She's made you out to be some sort of---of scarlet woman!"

"Scarlet woman?" Hermione scoffed. Ron said something, his ears turning red but I didn't really catch it. My mind was still on the picture in the magazine. What if it was me? What was the article about? I hadn't done anything to Rita, why would she write something on

boring old me? Just as I began to form all the worst ideas Hermione turned to me.

“How did she know?” She asked.

“What?” I asked, snapping out of my contemplation.

“How did Rita know Viktor asked me to come visit him?” She shook her head as if trying to clear her head. “It doesn’t make sense. I mean, she wasn’t even at the task!”

“Hermione, you are asking the wrong person.” I said sighing, grinding my beetles like I was supposed to be doing.

“Fascinating though your social life undoubtedly is, Miss. Granger, I must ask you not to discuss it in my class. Ten points from Gryffindor.” Snape said from behind us. I rolled my eyes and admitted a slightly audible sigh. Snape glared at me then caught sight of the copy of Witch Weekly sitting on the table.

“Ah, reading magazines under the table as well?” He asked snatching it up. “Another ten points from Gryffindor.” He flipped through it’s contents and his eyes found the stupid article. “Oh but Potter must keep up with his press cuttings.” He then proceeded to read the entire article aloud. I could feel the steam coming off of Harry in waves as he tried to keep his temper down. Hermione had turned a deep scarlet and even Ron seemed to be blushing. HE finally finished and sneered at the four of us.

“Well I better separate you three then. Weasley, stay there. Granger, by Miss. Parkinson, Potter by my desk. No Harry not Hannah. And Hannah, over by Mr. Malfoy.” We all relocated trying our best not to make Snape take any other points from us today at least. As I tried to ignore Malfoy’s taunts and jeering remarks, I found it harder to. I somehow managed to keep my head down the rest of the lesson and the week was done. All I had to do now was find a way to smuggle extra food to Sirius tomorrow.

“Hannah come on!” Hermione said over her shoulder. “We’re going to be late.” The sun had finally peeked out from behind it’s shield and it



was warm enough for us to not wear our coats. I had stopped at the small book store to grab a Witch Weekly. Since Potions yesterday I had been going crazy to figure out about the picture.

"I'll meet you there." I said waving my hand at her. "I'm fast, I'll catch up." She sighed but ran to catch Harry and Ron. I slipped to the back of the store, grabbed a copy, paid and was gone. I saw the three of them and Sirius, in his dog form of course, heading up the road. I shoved the magazine in my bag and ran to catch up with them. I was still a ways off when they started to climb up a mountain covered in boulders. I groaned and glanced at my shoes. The one day I decide to wear heeled boot I have to climb a mountain. It took me twice as long to reach the cave were the rest of them were sitting. As I reached the mouth of it I lost my footing and slipped, sending rocks crashing down. Harry poked his head out and helped me up. I sat down and took off my boots, rubbing my sore and now blistered feet. There was a small pop and Sirius turned back into himself.

"Hannah!" He said with a grin. "You gave us quite a start." He must have changed back into the dog when he heard me.

"Yeah well," I said holding up my boots. "The price I pay to appear taller." He grinned at me then turned to Ron.

"She's got the measure of Crouch better than you have." He said shaking his head. "If you want to know what a mans like, take a look at how he treats his inferiors, not his equals."

"So because he sends his house elf to save him a seat and doesn't show, that means he's a bad person?" Ron asked.

"Not necessarily. But it gives us reason not to fully trust him." Sirius ran a hand over his face thinking. "But all these absences of his, like the World Cup. And then he tries so hard to restart the Triwizard Tournament but never shows. I'll bet he's never taken a sick day before or I'll eat Buckbeak."

"So you know Crouch then?" Harry asked. Sirius' eyes darkened and he looked every bit as frightening as the first night we'd seen him.

“Oh I know Crouch. He was the one who sent me to Azkaban without a trial.”

“What?” Ron, Hermione and I asked together.

“You’re kidding me.” Harry said.

“Can you even do that?” I asked. “I mean, it seems really like, going against every justice system ever.”

“I’m not kidding. At the time it didn’t matter much. With Voldemort gone, they were getting Death Eaters by the buckets.” Sirius said taking another bite of chicken. “Crouch used to be the head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. Didn’t you know that?” We shook our heads and he went on. “He was tipped to become the next Minister Barty was. He was always power hungry. But never a Voldemort supporter. He was always very out spoken against the Dark Side. But then again...no you wouldn’t understand, you’re too young.”

“That’s what my dad said.” Ron said irritated. “Try us.”

“Okay, I’ll try you.” Sirius said with a laugh. “Imagine that Voldemort is powerful now. You don’t know who his supporters are, you don’t know who’s working for him and who isn’t. You know he can control people so they do awful things without choice. You’re terrified for those you care about. More news comes of death and torture. The ministry is in disarray, they don’t know what to do, what to tell the Muggles who are dying too.” Sirius paused and looked at us to make sure we followed him.

“Crouch’s intentions might have been good at first, I don’t know. But he rose quickly through the Ministry and started imposing harsh measures against Voldemort’s supporters. Aurors could kill rather than capture. He had plenty of supporters who backed him but some of us thought he was crazy.” Sirius finished pacing and flopped back down by a loaf of bread. “But then something unfortunate for old Barty happened. His son was caught with a bunch of Death Eaters.”

“Get out!” I exclaimed.

"His own son?" Hermione asked.

"Yep." Sirius replied. "They led him right past my cell when they brought him in. He went quiet pretty quick though. They all go quiet except when the shriek in their sleep." Sirius' eyes dulled for a moment as if he were back in that wretched place and I found myself reaching out to touch his shoulder, making sure he was still here. He jerked a little but then relaxed.

"So he's still in Azkaban?" Harry asked.

"No. He died a year later."

"He...Died?" Hermione asked.

"Yep. And not long after I heard that his wife died. So Crouch lost it all in the end." It was quiet for a second as the words sunk in.

"So that's why he got freaked out when Karkaroff showed up right?" I asked. "I mean, he was an old Death Eater. And come to think of it, Snape didn't look too happy either."

"Snape's probably scared that Karkroff's gonna rat him out to the rest of them." Ron snapped.

"Dumbledore trust's Snape." Hermione pointed out. Ron just rolled his eyes.

"Then why does Moody want to get into Snape's office so bad?" Ron asked.

"It wouldn't surprise me if Mad-Eye has searched everyone of the teacher's offices. He's a little neurotic." Sirius said.

"What time is it?" I asked suddenly.

"Half past three." Hermione answered.

"We'd better go." I said standing up and dusting off. "It was great to see you again Sirius." I said with a smile.

"Likewise my dear." He replied with one of his rare smiles. Then he turned to Harry. "I don't want you risking anything to see me. Just send me notes here and keep me updated. I don't want anyone to have a chance of attacking you."

"No one's tried to attack me yet except a dragon and a couple of grindylows." Harry replied. But Sirius scowled.

"I'm serious Harry..."

"Duh, that's your name dude." I said. He scowled at me this time.

"I'll breath freely again when this tournament is over. And among yourselves, call me Snuffles okay?" We all nodded and walked down to the village with Sirius at our heels as a dog.

## Another Potter Heartbreak

Hannah Potter, the lonely sister, isn't as lonely as one might think.

While Harry is the one basking in the limelight, Hannah strives for a different

kind of attention. The kind teenage girls often want. The attention of a boy.

Lee Jordan, Hannah's escort to the legendary Yule Ball, was shunted aside, as a new face captured her heart. But is it really all that new?

Fred Weasley is in fact and old friend of both Hannah and Harry. One of

the older brothers of good friend Ron Weasley, Fred has been around a while.

My sources inform me that not even two dances into the ball, Hannah

left Lee for Fred. Though she might have been happy for awhile, it didn't last. The last dance of the night was shared between the two old 'friends' but Fred left without a word after it, much to Hannah's heart ache. My sources say she stood on the dance floor with tears falling. Was Fred simply using Hannah?

Do we have another Granger in the love life of the Potters? Or was it simple happen stance that led these two together?

"Oh you have got to be kidding me!" I said as I read the article. This could not be happening! The article was just like Harry's but shorter, complete with a shot of me laughing at something. I realized that it was from the Yule Ball and my insides clenched even more. "Damn you Rita Skeeter!" I muttered as I packed up my things and headed to the common room. Harry, Ron and Hermione had gone down to the kitchen to give Dobby some socks Harry had got him and maybe talk to Crouch's old elf, Winky. I entered the room still simmering about the article and saw Ron, Hermione and Harry sitting in our usual spots. I joined them, flopping onto the couch next to Ron.

"Hey." I said trying not to sound as pissed as I felt.

"Hey." Hermione said. "Listen, we got to talk to Winky and it was strange." She said. I nodded and she continued. "She said that her master must be needing her and then she said something about his greatest secret."

"And then Hermione made them mad by bringing up spew." Ron snapped.

"It's not spew! It's..."

"S.P.E.W." We all said at once, Ron and Harry laughing. Hermione ignored them and turned to me.

“Well, what do you think?”

“I dunno Hermione.” I said running a hand through my hair. “She seems to think that Crouch needs her and he has a secret. That’s not a lot to go on.” I didn’t mean to but I snapped at her a little.

“Someone’s touchy.” A voice behind me said. I didn’t even need to look to know it was George I had heard his voice so much. That and they were the only other people in the room.

“I am not.” I snarled.

“Oh yeah definatley not.” Fred said as they both came around to face us. I rolled my eyes and just tried to ignore them. “What’s got your wand in a knot?”

“Nosy friends like you!”

“Oh come now.” George said. “We’re not that bad.”

“Yeah, you are.” I stood up and started to walk away but as I tried, Fred grabbed my bag and took it. It opened and my books and the Witch Weekly magazine fell out. It was marked to the page of the article and Fred grabbed it.

“What’s this?” He asked looking at it.

“Nothing! Give it back.” I said trying to grab it. But being five three while he was at least five six was not going to work. He held it out of my reach and began to read aloud.

“Another Potter Heartbreak. Oh, nice title. Catchy. I like the picture too.” He said smirking. “Hannah Potter, the lonely sister, isn’t as lonely as one might think. While Harry is the one basking in the limelight, Hannah strives for a different kind of attention. The kind teenage girls often want. The attention of a boy.” Fred stopped and raised his eyebrows. “Lee Jordan, Hannah’s escort to the legendary Yule Ball, was shunted aside....”

"Oh, nice word choice." George said.

"Let me finish George." Fred snapped. "...was shunted aside as a new face captured her heart. But is it really all that new? Fred Weasley is in fact...." His eyes widened as he trailed off.

"What? What is it?" George demanded. When Fred didn't answer George grabbed it and read it aloud again much to Fred's protest. "Fred Weasley is in fact and old friend of both Hannah and Harry. One of the older brothers of good friend Ron Weasley, Fred has been around a while. My sources inform me that not even two dances into the ball, Hannah left Lee for Fred. Though she might have been happy for awhile, it didn't last. The last dance of the night was shared between the two old 'friends' but Fred left without a word after it, much to Hannah's heart ache. My sources say she stood on the dance floor with tears falling. Was Fred simply using Hannah? Do we have another Granger in the love life of the Potters? Or was it simple happen stance that led these two together?" George finished and grinned at Fred and I as we both turned red. "How sweet you two!"

"George give them a break." Hermione said but she was smiling too. I hated her. Ron and Harry were rolling on the floor laughing. I grabbed my bag and took off up the stairs. I heard them calling me but I couldn't face them now. I was on the verge of tears and they were not, NOT seeing me cry about this. Not this.

A/N: I am soooooooo mean! Haha! Thank you Kate for helping me with this. And hope the rest of you liked! Leave a review if you please!

CHP21